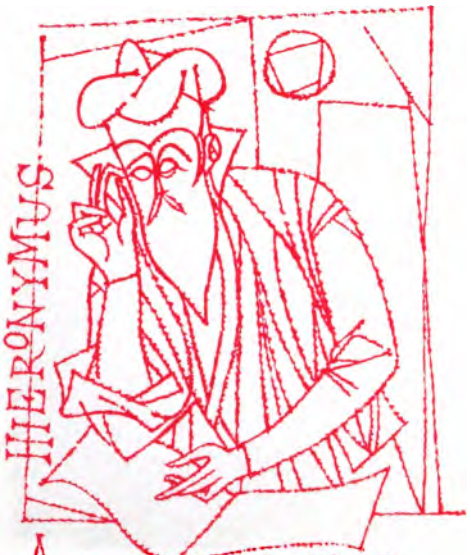

Paul R. Frothingham
1890.

# HYMNS OF FAITH AND LIFE.

# HYMNS OF

# FAITH AND LIFE

*COLLECTED AND EDITED*

BY THE

REV. JOHN HUNTER

TRINITY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, GLASGOW

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1 Cor. 14, 15

GLASGOW

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# PREFACE.

THIS Hymn-Book is not published with any intention of rivalling existing collections. It has a purpose of its own.

In preparing it I have carefully tried to avoid hymns written to express scholastic and sectarian interpretations of the Christian facts and truths. The hymns most suitable for common worship are those which give expression to the fundamental experiences and persuasions of the soul, and to the largest and simplest aspects of Christian faith and life; whose statements are so undogmatic and comprehensive that they are not restricted by private interpretation, but may be sung by the devout and thoughtful without any strain to the mind and conscience. By the omission of a verse, or line, or word here and there I have been able to retain some old and excellent hymns, which, on account of their phraseology, are in danger of being lost to a large and ever-increasing number of worshippers. Wider service for a hymn may well be urged as a

sufficient justification for the slight alteration which secures it.

I have also sought to avoid hymns unreal, exaggerated, and sensuous in their sentiment and language.

The Christian conception of the Kingdom of God, as existing now and here, and of the essential divineness of the present life has determined the selection of many hymns. God is the Living God, and the God of the living. To-day is as sacred as yesterday, and the eternal realities are as near to us now as they will be hereafter. Though this life at its best is but a prophecy of a larger and lovelier life, yet hymns which pour contempt on the present, and are full of longings for death and future felicity, savour more of medieval asceticism and pessimism than of the Mind and Spirit of Jesus Christ.

The 'larger hope' finds expression in not a few hymns. Whatever be the mystery of the future, there can be no doubt that the most Christian disposition is that which takes counsel, not with fear, but with faith. It is not easy to believe that, in a universe over which 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ' reigns, immortality can be a curse even to a small minority of souls; while there may and must be many scenes and stages of discipline, there can be little if any room for an unending woe. The hope of the final and universal triumph of good in the creation, and in the hearts and lives of all God's

children, grows as naturally out of the Christian ideas and the Christian spirit as the harvest of autumn out of the sowing of spring.

But while seeking for hymns which express the larger ideas and wider and more generous sympathies and aspirations of our day, and giving the preference to those most imbued with the modern spirit, yet I hope that I have not failed to give fairly adequate expression to the faith which is common to all ages and sections of the Christian Church, to the trusts and hopes and experiences which know neither creed nor sect, neither to-day nor yesterday, but are the same always and everywhere.

My labour in preparing this selection of hymns will be amply rewarded if the book helps in some modest measure the cause of a progressive and Catholic Christianity, the building of the Universal Church—

> Lofty as the love of God,
> Ample as the needs of man.

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mistake. I also offer my apologies to authors whose hymns, owing to the difficulty of obtaining addresses, I have used without their permission. In more than one case I have written to four or five different addresses without receiving any answer.

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Only those *Psalms* or parts of Psalms which are suitable for Christian Worship have been used for the purpose of chanting. Eight Canticles are taken from the *Ten Services of Public Prayer*, with the permission of the Editors. The Canticle 'We praise Thee in Thy power' is taken from the writings of Professor F. W. Newman. Some of the verses in the remaining Canticles are from *Psalms* by Keshub Chunder Sen, and from *Psalms and Litanies* by the late Dr. Rowland Williams. The *Te Deum* is given in an alternative form.

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JOHN HUNTER.

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*September*, 1889.

# ORDER AND SUBJECT OF HYMNS.

DOXOLOGIES.

# HYMNS OF FAITH AND LIFE.

1. *Be joyful in the Lord.* L.M.

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3. O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints His name adore!
With praise and joy for evermore. Amen.

*W. Kethe*, 1561.

## 2. *Worship the King.* 10.10.11.11.

1. O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3. The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

*Sir R. Grant.*

## 3. *Worship the Lord.* 12.10.12.10.

1. O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

2. Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3. Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## 4. *Universal Worship.* L.M.

1. O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

2. Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well;

3. From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4. To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5. O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

*J. Pierpont.*

5. *O taste and see that God is good.* C.M.D.

1. THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind ;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool ;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

2. The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high ;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3. The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell ;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live :
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

*T. T. Lynch.*

6. *Bless the Lord.* S.M.

1. STAND up and bless the Lord,
Let young and old rejoice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3. O for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4. There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5. God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6. Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

*J. Montgomery.*

7. *In spirit and in truth.* 8.8.7.

1. GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee;

2. Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

3. By Thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By Thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from Thee;

4. And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice Thy praises pealing,
Must Thy noblest homage be.

5. Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see.

6. Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee.

*W. J. Fox.*

## 8. *Worship.* L.M.

1. O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2. That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—
Our spirits' light, Thy Spirit's grace.

3. That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

4. Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would ~~need~~ no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

*N. L. Frothingham.*

9. *Hear and Save.* 7·7·7·5.

1. GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive, and save.

2. When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

3. When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill;
Lord, accept and save.

4. Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive, and save.

5. Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Father, hear and save.

6. And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

*Eliza F. Morris.*

10. *Hear Thou in Heaven.* 7·5·7·5·7·5·7·5·8.8.

1. WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;

When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

2. When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high

3. When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the suppliant knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

4. When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,

Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

5. When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 11. *The Eternal God.* C M.

1. OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7. Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 12. *The Rock of Ages.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The everlasting Thou!

2. Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3. O Thou, who dost not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Lead us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

*E. H. Bickersteth.*

## 13. *God our Refuge.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In every generation;
Thy people still have known Thy grace,
And blessed Thy consolation;
Through every age Thou heardst our cry;
Through every age we found Thee nigh,
Our strength and our salvation.

2. Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience provéd;
But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy name we still have lovéd:
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremovéd.

3. Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever;
Our helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never:
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee;
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever.

*T. H. Gill.*

## 14. *The Unchanging God.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known!
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part;
Still, still Thou art our own.

2. Ancient of Days! we dwell in Thee;
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.

3. Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

4. Darkness and dread we leave behind;
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
New Births of Grace, new raptures bring;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

5. To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode.
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

*T. H. Gill.*

15. *The Everlasting.* S.M.

1. O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

2. O Everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,—
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings!

3. O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me, too!

4. O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day!

5. O Everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace:
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

*Horatius Bonar.*

16. *God our Light.* L.M.

1. LORD, of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star
Centre and sun of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2. Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3. Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

4. Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love:
Before Thy ever blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## 17. *God in All.* L.M.

1. O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee,

2. We shrink beneath Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

3. And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4. Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

5. Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

*John Sterling.*

## 18. *Inexhaustible Love.* C.M.

1. THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And helps our misery.

2. Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul abound;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

3. Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

4. Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

5. Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure. *C. Wesley.*

## 19. *The Manifold Grace of God.* C.M.

1. THOU Grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,

Wherein at last our souls must fall:
O Love of God most free.

2. When over dizzy heights we go,
A soft hand blinds our eyes;
And we are guided safe and slow:
O Love of God most wise.

3. And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace:
O Love of God most strong.

4. The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control:
O Love of God most kind.

5. But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name:
O Love of God within.

6. And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free,
To rise o'er sin and fear and death:
O Love of God! to Thee.

*Eliza Scudder.*

## 20. *God is Wisdom, God is Love.* 8.7.8.7.

1. GOD is Love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2. Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;

But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3. Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4. He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love. *Sir J. Bowring.*

## 21. *Eternal Light.* 8.6.8.8.6.

1. ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee!

2. The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3. O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

4. There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate in God:

5. These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

*Thomas Binney.*

## 22. *Whom have I but Thee?* 10s.

1. THOU Life within my life, than self more dear,
Thou veilèd Presence infinitely near,
From all my nameless weariness I flee
To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

2. Below all depths Thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest gloom I see Thy light arise,
Above the highest heaven Thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

3. Take part with me against those doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

4. How can I call Thee who art always here,—
How shall I praise Thee who art still most dear,—
What may I give Thee save what Thou hast given,—
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

*Eliza Scudder.*

## 23. *The Unsearchable God.* 11.10.11.10.

1. I CANNOT find Thee! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell:
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

2. I cannot find Thee! E'en when most adoring
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not [there!

3. Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth: there, O God, Thou art!

4. I cannot lose Thee! Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam:
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

*Eliza Scudder.*

## 24. *He is not far from any one of us.* C.M.

1. O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

2. What heart can comprehend Thy name
Or, searching, find Thee out,
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about?

3. Yet though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

4. O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see!

5. And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 25. *Filial Fear and Love.* C.M.

1. MY God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2. How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored!

3. How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be;
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4. O how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5. Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6. No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,
With me Thy sinful child.

7. Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
To know Thy righteousness at last,
And lose ourselves in Thee.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 26. *The Beneficence of God.* C.M.

1. O GOD ! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

2. Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold ;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

3. Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,—
Most worshipful of attributes,—
Thine awful Holiness.

4. There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still ;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

5. All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

6. All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

7. O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

*F. W. Faber.*

## 27. *God in the Soul.* C.M.

1. GO not, my soul, in search of Him,
Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

2. For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

3. Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

4. And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with His glory shine!

5. Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee
And show thee of His own.

6. O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend!

7. Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find Him there!

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 28. *The Sense of God.* C.M.

1. O NAME, all other names above,
What art Thou not to me?
Now I have learned to trust Thy love
And cast my care on Thee.

2. Thrice blessèd be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

3. And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when Thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God.

4. The thought of Thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 29. *Love, Light, Life.* 7.7.7.5.

1. LOVE of love! as deep and free
As the all-absolving sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2. Light of lights ! with morning shine,
Lift on us thy Light Divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3. Light of lights ! when falls the even
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven ;
Shed a holy calm.

4. Life of life, our Father be ;
May we live and die to Thee ;
Till with saints hereafter we
Bear the glorious palm.

*G. Rorison.*

## 30. *Love in all.* C.M.

1. THOU God art Love—though dimly now
Thy glorious name we trace,
It gleams through all Thy works below,
It shines in Jesus' face.

2. Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is
The Living Voice they find ;
The Incarnate Word lights up the abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

3. Thy ways are Love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.

4. Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine ;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

5. Thy heaven is the abode of Love,
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee.

*J. D. Burns.*

## 31. *The thought of God.* C.M.

1. ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

2. Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

3. At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

4. I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

5. To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

6. Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessèd thought of God!

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 32. *God Omniscient.* L.M.

1. LORD, Thou hast formed mine every part,
   Mine inmost thought is known to Thee ;
   Each word, each feeling of my heart,
   Thine ear doth hear, Thine eye can see.

2. Though I should seek the shades of night,
   And hide myself in guilty fear,
   To Thee the darkness seems as light,
   The midnight as the noon-day clear.

3. The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
   All own Thee ever-present there ;
   Where'er I turn, Thou still art nigh,
   Thy spirit dwelling everywhere.

4. O may that Spirit ever blest
   Upon my soul in radiance shine,
   Till, welcomed to eternal rest,
   I taste Thy presence, Lord divine !

*Robert Allan Scott.*

## 33. *Wisdom, Light, and Love.* C.M.

1. MOST ancient of all mysteries,
   Before Thy throne we lie ;
   Eternal Wisdom, Light, and Love ;
   Most Holy Trinity.

2. How wonderful creation is,
   Thy work, which Thou didst bless ;
   'Tis but the hiding of Thy power,
   Divine Almightiness.

3. How beautiful the angels are,
   Thy saints, in radiant dress,
   They're but the shadow of Thy light,
   Eternal Loveliness.

4. Infinite Goodness, Thou art dear
To Thy poor creatures' heart:
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art.

5. We look up in our littleness
To Thy majestic state;
Our comfort is Thou art so good,
And that Thou art so great.

6. O Glorious in Thy holiness,
Our souls to Thee would fly;
Give them the wings of faith and love,
Our God to sanctify.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 34. *The Eternal Word.* C.M.

1. IN the beginning was the Word:
Athwart the chaos night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.

2. Thy Word, O God! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife,
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

3. And, as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

4. O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on, and never cease,
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace!

5. Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong,
Thy summons shall have heard,
And Thy creation be complete,
O Thou Eternal Word!

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## 35. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God.* L.M.D.

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

*J. Addison.*

## 36. *God and Man.* L.M.

1. WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see, from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining house of God.

2. But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

3. This earth with all its dust and tears,
Is His, no less than yonder spheres;
And raindrops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by His immediate hand.

4. The rock, the wave, the little flower,
All fed by streams of living power,
That spring from one Almighty will,
Whate'er His thought conceives, fulfil.

5. And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be like all things round,—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's grey shore.

6. Not this our doom, Thou God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine:
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome;
But man is most Thy favoured home.

7. We view those halls of painted air,
And own Thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to Thee, O Lord,
Is he whose thoughts to Thine accord.

*John Sterling.*

## 37. *God in Creation.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. THOU art, O God, the life and light
   Of all this wondrous world we see;
   Its glow by day, its smile by night,
   Are but reflections caught from Thee:
   Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
   And all things bright and fair are Thine.

2. When day, with farewell beam, delays
   Among the opening clouds of even;
   And we can almost think we gaze
   Through golden vistas into heaven;
   Those hues that make the sun's decline
   So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,
   O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
   Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
   Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
   That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
   So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4. When youthful Spring around us breathes,
   Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
   And every flower the Summer wreathes
   Is born beneath Thy kindling eye:
   Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
   And all things fair and bright are Thine.

*Thomas Moore.*

## 38. *The Divine Nearness.* L.M.

1. THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest,
   In pathless wood or mountain crest,
   Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
   O God, in Thy paternal care.

2. Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

3. In busy mart or crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness!

4. And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing:
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last through all eternity!

5. And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

*Baptist W. Noel.*

## 39. *The Universal Presence.* L.M.

1. FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory fills the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2. Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Omnipotent, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3. We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But this we know,—that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

4. Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Upheld by this consoling thought,
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

*Frederick H. Hedge.*

## 40. *The Word of God in Nature.* C.M.

1. THERE is a Book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2. The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that Book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3. The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

4. One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5. The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

6. Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

*J. Keble.*

## 41. *Thou God seest Me.* 8.8.4.4.8.8.8.

1. O LORD, in me there lieth nought
But to Thy search revealèd lies ;
For when I sit
Thou markest it,
No less Thou notest when I rise ;
The closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to Thine eyes.

2. Thou walkest with me when I walk ;
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find Thee there,
And everywhere ;
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk,
But, yet unuttered, Thou dost know.

3. Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me ;
The sable veil
Shall vainly fall,
With day unmasked my night shall be :
For night is day and darkness light,
O Father of all lights to Thee.

*Sir Philip Sydney*, 1602.

## 42. *Love and Law.* L.M.

1. ONE Lord there is, all lords above ;
His name is Truth, His name is Love,
His namè is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

2. But ah ! to wrong what is His name ?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame

To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

3. Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

4. If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,—

5. Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.

*W. B. Rands.*

## 43. *O Love of God.* L.M.

1. O LOVE of God! how strong and true,
Eternal and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2. O Love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate:
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

3. O wide-embracing, wondrous Love!
We read Thee in the sky above;
We read Thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

4. We read Thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;

Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

5. O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in Thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest!

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 44. *The Rock of Ages.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. ROCK of Ages! shelter me!
Let me stay myself on Thee!
When the billows o'er me roll,
When temptations sweep my soul,
Save me in the evil hour!
Keep me, O Eternal Power!

2. Naught have I to offer Thee;
All I have Thou gavest me.
All my best desires are Thine;
Mine the sin, and only mine.
Thou who didst my life create,
Leave me not to meet my fate!

3. All in vain with sin I strive,
Till Thy will my will revive.
Find, O Father, find Thy child
Wandering in the dark alone;
Let Thy love upon me shine;
Stir me with the love divine!

4. When I fail of mortal breath,
When my powers sink in death,
Then, Almighty to sustain,
Let not all my hope be vain;
Let me rise from that dread sea,
Rock of Ages, stayed on Thee!

45. *The Grace of God.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. 'MID life's strange vicissitude,
Seeming evil mixed with good—
'Mid its pleasure and its pain,
'Mid its losses and its gain,—
Be Thou still my staff and rod,
All-sustaining grace of God!

2. Like a pilgrim here I pass,
Darkly see as through a glass;
Little know I of the way,
What shall be I cannot say;
Let Thy light upon me shine,
All-sufficient grace divine!

3. 'Mid my ever-changing mood
One that changeth not is good;
And His word within I have,
He will guard the life He gave;
Thus I sing along the road
Steadfast in the grace of God.

46. *God our Salvation.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

2. Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,—
The Lord will give thee peace.

*J. Montgomery.*

47. *Love and Life.* 8.8.8.8.6.

1. O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2. O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3. O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4. O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

*George Matheson.*

48. *The Divineness of Law.* C.M.D.

1. FATHER, we come not as of old,
Distrustful of Thy law,
Hoping to find Thy seamless robe
Marred by some sudden flaw,—

Some rent to let Thy glory through
And make our darkness shine,
If haply thus our souls may know
What power and grace are Thine.

2. Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not
From earnest hearts and true;
The glory of Thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through;
And on its trailing hem we read,
As Thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

3. And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign;
Thy order and Thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine;
These are Thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore;
These are our confidence and peace;
We cannot wish for more.

*John W. Chadwick.*

49. *The Universal Love.* 8s. 6 lines.

1. LET all men know, that all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain.

2. That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth we may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day!

3. And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last!
Let all men count it true that love,—
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

*R. C. Trench.*

## 50. *The Universal Providence.* L.M.

1. ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of Thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.

2. The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from Thy awful throne.

3. Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the wingéd hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

*W. C. Byrant.*

## 51. *The Angels of God.* C.M.

1. FAIR are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me;
How many messengers God hath,
If we had eyes to see!

2. Thine angels speak, but still must we
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.

3. Lo! all things are Thine angels, Lord,
That bring my God to me:
O for the ear to hear their word!
O for the eye to see!

## 52. *The Mystery of God.* L.M.

1. NO human eyes Thy face may see;
No human thought Thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow!

2. And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

3. And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know th' Eternal Mind;

4. Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride,
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

5. So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

*T. W. Higginson.*

## 53. *Wrestling with God.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
   Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
   My company before is gone,
   And I am left alone with Thee;
   With Thee all night I mean to stay,
   And wrestle till the break of day.

2. Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
   Thy new, unutterable name?
   Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
   To know it now resolved I am;
   Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
   Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

3. My prayer hath power with God; the grace
   Unspeakable I now receive;
   Through faith I see Thee face to face,
   I see Thee face to face, and live!
   In vain I have not wept and strove;
   Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

4. 'Tis Love! 'tis Love, Thou lovest me!
   I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
   The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
   Pure, universal love Thou art;
   To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
   Thy nature and Thy name is Love. *C. Wesley.*

## 54. *The Divine Holiness.* 11.12.12.10.

1. HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
   Gratefully adoring our songs shall rise to Thee,
   Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
   Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

2. Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

3. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

*R. Heber.*

## 55. *The Divine Mercy.* 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1. WHOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
O for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.

2. The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose;
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close.
To God we cried in strong despair,
He heard, and came to help our prayer.

3. Above the storm He stood,
And awed it to repose;
He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes.
He set us in a spacious place,
And there upholds us by His grace.

4. Whom should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
O for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.

*H. F. Lyte.*

## 56. *The Lord is King.* L.M.

1. THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2. The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature spcak His praise.

3. Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And the thin boundary between.

4. Wisdom divine can ne'er mistake,
Nor Might decay, nor Love forsake;
His children then should ever sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King."

*Josiah Conder.*

## 57. *The Mystery of Life.* C.M.

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
   Of never-failing skill,
   He treasures up His bright designs,
   And works His sovereign will.

3. Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take!
   The clouds ye so much dread
   Are big with mercy, and shall break
   In blessings on our head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
   But trust Him for His grace;
   Behind a frowning providence
   He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
   Unfolding every hour;
   The bud may have a bitter taste,
   But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
   And scan His work in vain:
   God is His own interpreter,
   And He will make it plain.

*W. Cowper.*

58. *The Breadth of the Love of God.* 8.7.8.7.

1. THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
   Like the wideness of the sea;
   There's a kindness in His justice
   Which is more than liberty.

2. There is no place where earth's sorrows
   Are more felt than up in heaven;
   There is no place where earth's failings
   Have such kindly judgment given.

3. There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

4. For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 59. *The Holy Place.* C.M.D.

1. THE Lord is in His Holy Place
In all things near and far!
Shekinah of the snowflake, He,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.

2. He hides Himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by Him possessed;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find Him not by seeking long,—
We lose Him not, unsought.

3. Our art may build its Holy Place,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holy knows
No tread, no touch of hand;

The listening soul makes Sinai still
  Wherever we may be,
And in the vow, "Thy will be done!"
  Lies all Gethsemane.

*W. C. Gannett.*

60. *Where is thy God?* S.M.

1. WHERE is thy God, my soul?
  Is He within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
  In which thou hast no part?

2. Where is thy God, my soul?
  Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
  His light in every one?

3. Where is thy God, my soul?
  Confined to Scripture's page;
Or does His Spirit check and guide
  The spirit of each age?

4. O Ruler of the sky,
  Rule Thou within my heart:
O great Adorner of the world,
  Thy light of life impart.

5. Giver of holy words,
  Bestow Thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
  Engage the varying hour.

6. In Thee have I my help,
  As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
  And serve Thee when I'm glad.

*T. T. Lynch.*

61. *The Inward Witness.* 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.

1. 'WHERE is your God?' they say:
Answer them, Lord most holy!
Reveal Thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly:
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
Of silent high desire.

2. Come not in flashing storm,
Or bursting frown of thunder:
Come in the viewless form
Of wakening love and wonder;—
Of duty grown divine,
The restless spirit, still;
Of sorrows taught to shine,
As shadows of Thy will.

3. O God! the pure alone,—
E'en in their deep confessing,—
Can see Thee as their own,
And find the perfect blessing:
Yet to each waiting soul
Speak in Thy still small voice,
Till broken love's made whole,
And saddened hearts rejoice.

*James Martineau.*

62. *The All-embracing Love.* L.M.

1. O LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee.

2. All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

3. Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st;
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 63. *No escape from Love.* L.M.

1. SWEET are His ways who rules above,
He gives from wrath a sheltering place;
But covert none is found from grace,
Man shall not hide himself from love.

2. What though I take to me the wide
Wings of the morning and forth fly,
Faster He goes, whose care on high
Shepherds the stars, and doth them guide.

3. What though the tents foregone, I roam
Till day wax dim lamenting me;
He wills that I shall sleep to see
The great gold stairs to His sweet home.

4. What though the press I pass before,
And climb the branch, He lifts His face;
I am not secret from His grace
Lost in the leafy sycamore.

5. What though denied with murmuring deep
I shame my Lord,—it shall not be;
For He will turn and look on me,
Then must I think thereon and weep.

6. The nether depth, the heights above,
Nor alleys pleach'd of Paradise,
Nor Herod's judgment-halls suffice:
Man shall not hide himself from love.

*From Holy Songs and Carols.*

## 64. *The Indwelling God.* L.M.

1. GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea!
Maker of all above, below!
Creation lives and moves in Thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

2. Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is Thy power; Thy law is there.

3. We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear Thy word, "Let there be light!"

4. But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold:
Thine image and Thyself are there,
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 65. *The All-surrounding Glory.* 10s.

1. FATHER, Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Not far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

2. In finding Thee are all Things round us found ;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside ;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

3. Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near.

*Jones Very.*

## 66. *The Silent Spirit.* C.M.

1. UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed ;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

2. Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

3. Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place ;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

4. In quietude Thy Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour ;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

5. Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice :
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 67. *Protection on Land and Sea.* C.M.

1. HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2. In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3. When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will!
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5. In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore:
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6. Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

*J. Addison.*

## 68. *God is Good.* C.M.

1. I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin:

2. Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings :
I know that God is good.

3. Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

4. The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above :
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love !

5. And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 69. *God our Home.* C.M.

1. O LORD, in whom are all my springs,
Joyful to Thee I come ;
My grateful heart exultant sings
To know Thou art its home.

2. The shelter of Thy glorious arms
How strong and safe and sweet;
From sense and sin, from all alarms,
I fly to this retreat.

3. Here is my sure and tranquil rest
In every troubled hour ;

Weary I lean upon Thy breast
And feel its soothing power.

4. In that dear place of purest love
What wings encircle me;
Naught in the world can ever move
My trusting heart from Thee.

5. My Lord! if now I find in Thee
So blest and sweet a home,
What shall the heavenly mansion be
When to its door I come?

## 70. *Rest in God.* 8.6.8.6.8.8.

1. I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2. Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road,—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3. Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4. Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 71. *Love, and Love alone.* 8.7. D.

1. GOD and Father, great and holy!
Fearing nought we come to Thee;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For Thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus,
"Thou art Love, and Love alone."

2. Though the world in flames should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Love of Thee our heart should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And though heavens Thy name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising,
"Thou art Love, and Love alone."

*Frederick W. Farrar.*

## 72. *God is Love.* 8.4.8.4.

1. I VEXED me with a troubled thought,
That God might be
A God whose mercy must be bought
With misery.

2. But there's no wrath to be appeased
In heaven above;
No wrath with bitter anguish pleased,
For God is Love.

3. No pleasure from our suffering
The Lord could steal,
Or anguish of the meanest thing
He made to feel.

4. But on Himself the grief He took,
The pain and loss
And shame of sin, and its rebuke
Upon the Cross.

5. For love rejoiceth not in pain
Of good or bad,
But beareth all, and still is fain
To make us glad.

6. Love circles us with mercies sweet,
And guides our way,
And sheds its light around our feet
By night and day.

7. O love of Jesus! love of heaven!
O holy Dove,
Teach all the ransomed and forgiven
That God is Love.

*Walter C. Smith.*

## 73. *God is Love.* 8.8.8.4.

1. LET every voice for praise awake;
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make,
Our God is Love!

2. Uncounted gifts, from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is Love!

3. How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear!
Our God is Love!

4. O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody,
Our God is Love!

5. Then, when the brief, low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore,
Our God is Love!

*T. Davis.*

## 74. *The Sufficiency of Love.* L.M.

1. WATCHING all through the weary night,
In darkness, lonely and forlorn;
I hail the blessèd morning light,—
Thy love is brighter than the morn.

2. Praying, but tempted and cast down,
Tried from without and from within;
I fail, and fear to lose my crown,—
Thy love is stronger than my sin.

3. Waiting to draw my dying breath,
No arm to stay, no art to save;
I shudder to belong to death,—
Thy love is deeper than the grave.

4. O love! so bright, so deep, so strong,
When this brief span of life is o'er,
Teach me to sing the heavenly song,
And lead me to the shining shore.

*H. R. Haweis.*

## 75. *God's Hold of Man.* C.M.

1. 'TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

2. No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord! Thou changest not:
The same Thou art alway.

3. I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then come down
Darkness and cold unrest.

4. Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,—
In this alone rejoice with awe;
Thy mighty grasp of me.

5. Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art.

6. Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
Let Thy Almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

7. The purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go;

8. Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul;
Nor lorn when clouds o'ercast;
Since Thou within Thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

*J. Campbell Shairp.*

## 76. *Stayed on Thee.* 10s.

1. NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

2. It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

3. Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

4. 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 77. *The Will of God.* L.M.

1. WHEN spring's soft breath, and softer showers
New life infuse in birds and flowers,
This song, O Lord, shall then be ours—
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.

2. When autumn cometh, golden-crowned,
With treasures of the fertile ground,
Bright, joyous, let the anthem sound—
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.

3. When children's merry laugh and play
Make sweetest music through the day,
Most heartily we love to say—
This is Thy will,—Thy will be done.

4. When friends are ours, and joys increase,
When sickness, want, and tumults cease,
This thought comes with divinest peace—
It is Thy will,—Thy will be done.

5. O Father, in our hearts instil
Right thoughts of Thy joy-giving will;
All things for good are working still—
Thy perfect will,—Thy will be done.

## 78. *The Will of God.* 8.8.8.4.

1. O GOD, not only in distress,
In pain, and want, and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done.

2. But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
Thy will is done.

3. In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.

4. In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.

5. And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.

6. Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

*F. Smith.*

## 79. *The Saviour Comes.* C.M.

1. HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2. He comes the prisoners to release,
In cruel bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3. He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4. He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

*P. Doddridge.*

## 80. *Messiah comes.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. RECEIVE Messiah gladly,
And lift the downcast eyes;
Ye people, speak not sadly,
He makes the fallen rise;
In all your habitations,
Complaint and sighing cease;
The long desire of nations
Brings everlasting peace.

2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3. He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls in bondage lying,
Are precious in His sight.

4. He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of Love.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 81. *Incarnation.* C.M.

1. O LOVE, O Life, our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white,
We trace the noon-day sun,—

2. So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

3. The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the cross and throne.

4. Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 82. *God in Christ.* L.M.

1. O GOD! Thou in Thy love didst make
Thyself incarnate for our sake,
To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife.

2. Thou in our very flesh didst come,
And make this sinful earth Thy home,
All human life to soothe and save
Up from the cradle to the grave.

3. There's not an hour of life below,
A want, a weakness, or a woe,
In which, to help the human heart,
Thou didst not bear Thyself a part.

4. Thou who wast rich, becoming poor
To give us riches that endure;
Thou who wast high, becoming low
That we might to Thy stature grow.

5. Lowly to us, O Lord, as Thou
In Thy humility dost bow,
So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become divine!

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## 83. *Emanuel.* L.M.

1. AND art Thou come with us to dwell,
Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our Lord;
And is Thy name Emanuel,
God present with His world restored?

2. The world is glad for Thee! the rude
Wild moor, the city's crowded pen;
Each waste, each peopled solitude
Becomes a home for happy men.

3. The heart is glad for Thee! it knows
None now shall bid it err or mourn;
And o'er its desert breaks the rose
In triumph o'er the grieving thorn.

4. Thou bringest all again; with Thee
Is light, is space, is breadth, and room
For each thing fair, beloved, and free,
To have its hour of life and bloom.

5. Each heart's deep instinct unconfess'd;
Each lowly wish, each daring claim;
All, all that life hath long repress'd,
Unfolds undreading blight or blame.

6. Thy reign eternal will not cease;
Thy years are sure, and glad, and slow;
Within Thy mighty world of peace
The humblest flower hath leave to blow.

7. And with Thy guiding help we pierce
Life's labyrinth now no longer vain;
The love that frees the universe
Hath made its broken story plain.

8. The world is glad for Thee, the heart
Is glad for Thee! and all is well,
And fixed and sure, because *Thou art*,
Whose name is called Emanuel.

*Dora Greenwell.*

## 84. *Redeeming Love.* C.M.

1. PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

2. O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3. O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4. O generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

5. And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

6. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

*J. H. Newman.*

## 85. *The Divine Humanity.* C.M.

1. TO Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

2. For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

3. For Mercy has a human heart;
   Pity, a human face;
   And Love, the human form divine;
   And Peace, the human dress.

4. Then every man, of every clime,
   That prays in his distress,
   Prays to the human form divine:
   Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

5. And all must love the human form,
   In every race and zone,
   Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
   There God hath built His throne.

*William Blake.*

## 86. *The Lord is Come.* L.M. D.

1. THE Lord is come! On Syrian soil
   The child of poverty and toil;
   The Man of Sorrows, born to know
   Each varying shade of human woe:
   His joy, His glory, to fulfil,
   In earth and heaven, His Father's will;
   On lonely mount, by festive board,
   On bitter Cross, despised, adored.

2. The Lord is come! Dull hearts to wake,
   He speaks, as never man yet spake,
   The truth which makes His servants free,
   The royal law of liberty.
   Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
   His living words our spirits stay,
   And from His treasures, new and old,
   The eternal mysteries unfold.

3. The Lord is come! In Him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace;
Throughout those words and acts divine
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine;
And from His inmost Spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

4. The Lord is come! In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light;
In every Church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come!

*A. P. Stanley.*

## 87. *The Earthly and the Heavenly.* C.M.

1. O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2. This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

3. Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

4. O mighty grace, our life to live,
   To make our earth divine :
   O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
   And lift our life to Thine.

5. Yes, strange the gift and marvellous
   By Thee received and given !
   Thou tookest woe and death for us,
   And we receive Thy heaven.

*T. H. Gill.*

## 88. *Hallelujah.* 7·7·7·4·

1. THROUGH the starry midnight dim
   O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
   Loud awoke the angels' hymn,
   Hallelujah.

2. And the shepherds who their sheep
   Kept among the meadows steep,
   Feared, but soon had joy as deep,
   Hallelujah.

3. "Fear not," cried the angel bright,
   "There is born to you this night
   A Saviour, Jesus, King of Light."
   Hallelujah.

4. "He is Christ the Lord ; arise,
   Seek Him where He lowly lies,
   In a manger, hid from eyes."
   Hallelujah.

5. Joyful were the shepherds then,
   When the Gospel tidings ran,
   "Peace on earth, goodwill to Man."
   Hallelujah.

6. And all heaven, at the word,
Sang aloud—"O be adored,
In the highest, God the Lord."
Hallelujah.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 89. *The Bright and Morning Star.* 11.10.11.10.

1. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2. Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels behold Him in slumber reclining,
Brother and Lord and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to Him are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

*R. Heber.*

## 90. *The Star of Bethlehem.* C.M.

1. AS shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
   Flit o'er the summer grass,
   So, in Thy sight, Almighty One!
   Earth's generations pass.

2. And while the years, an endless host,
   Come pressing swiftly on,
   The brightest names that earth can boast
   Just glisten, and are gone.

3. Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
   A lustre pure and sweet;
   And still it leads, as once it led,
   To the Messiah's feet.

4. O Father, may that holy Star
   Grow every year more bright,
   And send its glorious beams afar
   To fill the world with light.

*W. C. Bryant.*

## 91. *The Continuous Incarnation.* L.M. D.

1. IN every new-born little child;
   In every soul that finds the light;
   In every truth that comes to men;
   In every conquest of the right;
   In every sigh of human love,
   That comfort brings to hearts forlorn,
   Again the angels wake their songs,
   Again the Prince of Peace is born.

2. And they who hope, and work with cheer,
   And bear in patience what they must;
   And wait for sorrow's far-off fruit,
   And fill their lives with lowly trust,—

Their eyes, made clear from films of sin,
By faith's pure love, and love's increase,
Shall always see the star that lights
The birth-place of the Prince of Peace.

3. And they whose loving wills are one,
With that sweet life which is the law;
All round about their feet shall shine,
A light the sages never saw.
And they who cherish child-like hearts,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Shall every day hear angels sing;
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

## 92. *The Childhood of Jesus.* C.M.

1. BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly pass away.

4. O Thou, whose infant feet were led
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine;

5. We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask His grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

*R. Heber.*

## 93. *He grew in Wisdom and Stature.* C.M.

1. O HAPPY pair of Nazareth,
Who saw the early light
Of Him who dawned upon the world
As dawns the day on night.

2. Within their home they saw the Child
That lived the perfect love,
A love like that which rules the heart
Of the great God above.

3. His childish voice and kindly tone,
His pure and patient face,
His tender mercies, shown to all,
With never-ceasing grace;

4. The way He bore His youthful cross,
The reasons for His tears,
The kind of things which gave Him joy—
Unchanged through growing years,—

5. At home and in the playground throng,
They saw these heavenly ways,
And grew increasingly to speak
With words of reverent praise.

6. That simple, lovely, wondrous life
Betrayed itself from heaven;
He was the Child that should be born,
The Son that should be given.

7. He grew in stature and in praise,
By honest hearts adored,
Till in that home where He was born
His brothers called Him Lord.

*B. Waugh.*

## 94. *The Baptist and Christ.* S.M.

1. A VOICE by Jordan's shore!
A summons stern and clear;—
Reform! be just! and sin no more!
God's judgment draweth near!

2. A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear;—
Love God! thy neighbour love! for see,
God's mercy draweth near!

3. O voice of Duty! still
Speak forth; I hear with awe;
In Thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

4. Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak Thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move
To Thy pure liberty!

*S. Longfellow.*

## 95. *The Temptation.* C.M.

1. JESUS our Lord! who tempted wast
In all points like as we,
And didst achieve in that dread fight
Undoubted victory;

2. Teach us, when angered at our lot
Our faithless souls repine,
Man liveth not by bread alone
But every word divine;

3. When we would rush on danger's point,
And dare the lifted sword,
Speak in our ears the warning voice,
"*Thou shalt not tempt the Lord;*"

4. And when, deceived by pride or power,
Earth's idols we espouse,
Teach us that God is God alone,
And on us are His vows.

5. Thus shall we more than conquerors
With Thee pass through the strife;
And angels come and minister
Around the heirs of life.

*Henry Alford.*

## 96. *The Lord of Love.* 7·7·5·7·7·5·

1. WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2. Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3. When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4. Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

5. Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above. *Stopford A. Brooke.*

97. *The Childlike Heart.* 8.8.8.6.

1. IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to His knee.

2. He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.

3. "Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike hearts your hearts within,
Unto My kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

4. Master, I fain would enter there ;
O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

5. Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

6. All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thine heaven.

7. And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

8. O happy thus to live and move ;
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

9. Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

10. So when far fled from earth, I come,
Before Thee, happy and forgiven,
The heavenly host may cry with joy,
"A child is born in heaven."

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

98. *Of such is the Kingdom.* C.M.

1. WE need Truth's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can ;
God hath His small interpreters ;
The child must teach the man.

2. We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him !

3. Of such the kingdom !—Teach Thou us,
O Master, most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine !

4. The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds ;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gates unfold.

5. Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall ;
The mind of pride is nothingness ;
The childlike heart is all. *J. G. Whittier.*

99. *The Miracle of Love.* C.M.

1. DEAR Friend ! whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,
Change water into wine,—

2. Come, visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

3. Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
   Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
   When Jesus visits us, to turn
   Life's water into wine.

4. The social talk, the evening fire,
   The homely household shrine,
   Shall glow with angel-visits when
   The Lord pours out the wine.

5. For when self-seeking turns to love,
   Which knows not mine and Thine,
   The miracle again is wrought,
   And water changed to wine.

*J. F. Clarke.*

## 100. *The Divine Religion.* L.M.

1. O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,
   Yet bending brow and eye severe
   On all which pains the holy sight,
   Or wounds the pure and perfect ear,

2. Beneath Thy broad, impartial eye,
   How fade the lines of caste and birth;
   How equal in their sufferings lie
   The groaning multitudes of earth;

3. Still to a stricken brother true,
   Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
   As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
   The worshipper of Gerizim.

4. In holy words which cannot die,
   In thoughts which angels longed to know,
   Christ gave Thy message from on high,
   Thy mission to a world of woe.

5. That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to Thee.

*J. G. Whittier.*

101. *Redeeming Power.* L.M.

1. LORD, I was blind: I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2. Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.

3. Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4. Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou has quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5. Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity. *W. T. Matson.*

102. *Be not Afraid.* 7s.

1. WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,—
"*It is I; be not afraid.*"

2. When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—
"*It is I; be not afraid.*"

3. When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,—
"*It is I; be not afraid.*"

4. When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,—
"*It is I; be not afraid.*"

5. When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,—
"*It is I; be not afraid.*"

*W. W. How.*

## 103. *Light, Life, and Way.* 10s.

1. O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once didst come in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe :—

2. We look to Thee ; Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3. Yes ! Thou art still the Life ; Thou art the Way
The holiest know ; Light, Life, and Way of heaven !
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

*Theodore Parker.*

## 104. *The Divine Healer.* C.M. D.

1. THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2. And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3. Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

*E. H. Plumptre.*

## 105. *Hosanna.* C.M.

1. HOSANNA unto David's Son!
The Hebrew children cry;
Hosanna to the lowly One!
The Gentile youth reply.

2 Hosanna for His blessings given!
Sang such as felt His hand;
Hosanna touched by Him from heaven
Sings still our blessed band.

3. From East to West in shrines of praise,
As in the courts above,
The children their hosannas raise,
He breathed for them such love.

4. Kingdom, of which He said they are,
Below or in the skies,
Come, shine in glory thence afar,
Until our spirits rise!

*Cyrus A. Bartol.*

## 106. *Thy Way is in the Deep.* C.M.

1. THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with Thee:
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

2. Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

3. A moment may His hand be lost,
Drear moment of delay!
We cry, "Lord, keep the tempest-tost,"
And safe we're borne away.

4. The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes Himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

5. O happy soul of faith divine!
   Thy victory how sure!
   The love that kindles joy is Thine,
   The patience to endure.

6. Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel,
   And wipe our tears away:
   'Tis Thine, to order all things well,
   And ours to bless Thy sway.

*James Martineau.*

## 107. *Peace be Still.* C.M.

1. LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
   The dark and stormy wave;
   And trusted in His Father's arm,
   Omnipotent to save!

2. When darkly round our footsteps rise
   The floods and storms of life,
   Send Thou Thy Spirit down to still
   The elemental strife.

3. Strong in our trust, on Thee reposed,
   The ocean path we'll dare,
   Though waves around us rage and foam,
   Since Thou art with us there.

*S. G. Bulfinch.*

## 108. *Follow Me.* 8.5.8.3.

1. ART thou weary, art thou languid,
   Art thou sore distrest?
   "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
   Be at rest!"

2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3. Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,—
But of thorns."

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer, Yes!"

*Stephen the Sabaite.*
*Tr. J. M. Neale.*

## 109. *The Transfiguration.* 10s. 6 lines.

1. STAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill:
A little longer, let us linger still;
With all the mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the Awful Presence still abide;

Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

2. Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air;
This life is not the life that waits us there:
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go;
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

3. "No!" saith the Lord, "the hour is past,—we go;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there!
Here we sought God that we might know His will;
There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still."

4. If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

*Samuel Greg.*

## 110. *On the Mount.* L.M.

1. NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

2. Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies.

3. Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

4. Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

5. The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 111. *It is Good to be Here.* L.M. D.

1. LORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received, on Horeb's height,
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2. Lord, it is good for us to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three,
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last, best creed is Love.

3. Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine ;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4. Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee ;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice ;
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
"This is My Son ! O hear ye Him !"

*A. P. Stanley.*

## 112. *The Lord of Charity.* 8.5.8.5.

1. THOU, who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st Thy face to die,
By Thy holy, meek example
Teach us Charity !

2. Thou, who that dread cup of anguish
Did'st not put from Thee ;
O most Loving of the loving,
Give us Charity !

3. Thou who reignest, by Thy meekness,
Over earth and sky,
O, that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us Charity !

4. Send us Faith, that trusts Thy promise ;
Hope, with upward eye ;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us Charity !

*Henry Alford.*

## 113. *The Cleansing of the Temple.* 10s.

1. DESCEND to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord,
Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ; behold, we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in Thy way.

2. Thy road is ready, Lord ; Thy paths made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet,
And hark, hosannas loud, Thy footsteps greet.

3. Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord, here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin ;
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

4. Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor ;
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place
Which Thou hast chosen, there to set Thy face.

5. And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of Thy finished victory,
The temple stones shall cry, and loud repeat
" Hosanna ! " and Thy gracious footsteps greet.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

## 114. *Remember Me.* 7s. D.

1. WHEN the paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,

When around the festal board
Sate the apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread –
"This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me."

2. Years have passed : in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rocked by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
"Drink and eat ; remember Me."

3. When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed,
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deepening gloom ;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, "Remember Me."

4. When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light ;
Then, O Friend of human-kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart in spirit free ;
Then may we remember Thee.

*A. P. Stanley.*

## 115. *The Loneliness of Jesus.* L.M.

1. O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2. The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3. Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind,
And on His lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4. Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay His head.

5. Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through His poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

*William Russell.*

## 116. *The Last Supper.* C.M.

1. THE winds are hushed; the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps; 'tis night's calm noon,
And all the streets are still.

2. How soft, how holy is this light!
And hark! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

3. Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain;
'Tis resignation, not despair,
'Tis triumph, though 'tis pain.

4. 'Tis Jesus and His faithful few
That pour that hymn of love;
O God may we the song renew
Around Thy board above!

*J. Pierpont.*

## 117. *Gethsemane.* L.M.

1. A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away!"

2. Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth, for all her children, saith,
"O God! take not this cup away!"

3. O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4. Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, lifts up the hand.

5. O King of earth! the Cross ascend:
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

6. Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

*James Martineau.*

## 118. *Watching with Christ.* 8.8.8.6.

1. SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And His appointed way?

2. When harassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,
We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep.

3. O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
When, slumbering at that fearful hour,
They all forgot Thy pain,—

4. Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
That we be faithful through the watch
Our souls shall keep with Thee!

*J. G. Whittier and*
*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 119. *Gethsemane.* 8.6.8.4.

1. FATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son,—

2. O, in the anguish of our night,
Send us down blest relief;
And, to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow the grief!

3. And Thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done!—

4. By Thy meek Spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Our Saviour, when the stroke doth fall,
Hallow our grief!

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

## 120. *Gethsemane and Calvary.* 7s.

1. WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to Thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

2. There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

3. When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To Thy scenes of fear and woe;

4. There behold His agony
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See His anguish, see His faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

5. Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

*J. R. Wreford and S. Longfellow.*

## 121. *Betrayed. Is it I?* 12 11.12.11.

1. "ONE of those," He sigh'd at supper, "should betray Him;"
And they fear'd, albeit for love content to die;
And we love, but lips of men no more do say Him,
Love's desponding words of wonder, "Is it I?"

2. Still all confident, all calm in these our stations,
Having known His word, we name Him, not afraid;
But from age to age He moves among the nations,
And in souls of men is born—and is betray'd:

3. By unkindness, for His sake, to brethren parted,
By the casting out of sinners to their shame,
By the folding in of sinners fouler hearted,
By all hard things done and said in His great name—

4. And for Him, by narrow thoughts of His blest passion,
Evil envy, words untrue, and counsels cold;
By their rising who should stoop in lowly fashion
To the low, by lust of ease, by greed of gold.

5. O my Master, can it be? Do I betray Thee?
Wash me clean of this dark stain before I die.
Give an answer of deep peace to me, I pray Thee,
To me mourning at the supper, "Is it I?"

*From Holy Songs and Carols.*

## 122. *The Beauty of the Lord.* L.M.

1. HOW beauteous were the marks divine
That in Thy meekness used to shine;
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God.

2. O! who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light!
O! who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

3. O! who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before!
So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,
So glorious in humility.

4. And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

*A. C. Coxe.*

## 123. *Save Me from this Hour.* L M.

1. O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on Thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

2. Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the Cross, before Thee rose.

3. Did not Thy Spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn shuddering from the death of shame.

4. Onward, like Thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast Thy path of duty tread,
And rise through death to endless day!

*S. G. Bulfinch.*

## 124. *Gethsemane and Calvary.* 6.6.6.6.6.6.8.

1. WHERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary.
Where, through each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most high,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

2. When in the olive shade,
His long last prayer He prayed;
When on the Cross to heaven
His parting Spirit given,
He showed that to fulfil
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

3. No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn;

Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves His foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

4. Delighting to the last
In memories of the past;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

5. O by those weary hours
Of slowly ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die.

*A. P. Stanley.*

## 125. *Stabat Mater.* 8.8.7.

1. FOES were wrought to cruel madness;
Friends had fled in fear and sadness;
Mary stood the Cross beside:

2. At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

3. Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified:

4. But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
Mary stood the Cross beside.

5. And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified;

6. But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the Cross beside.

*W. J. Fox.*

## 126. *Perfect through Suffering.* 8.8.7.

1. "IT is finished!" Man of sorrows,
From Thy Cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

2. While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,
Sufferer victorious.

3. Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be;

4. Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee;

5. Still to Thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

6. Honoured be Thy Cross for ever,
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither Thou hast gone before.

*F. H. Hedge.*

## 127. *Good Friday.* 7.7.7.

1. DAY of loss and day of gain,
Day of peace and day of pain,
We would think of Thee again!

2. Then did death, which struck so high,
Doom its very self to die
In the hour of victory;

3. Christ, on the accursèd tree
Bound to set the sinner free,
Triumphed in His agony.

4. Wonder of all wonders known!
Christ upon the Cross alone
Made the whole world's sins His own!

5. Father! Thy love is all my plea,
Thy Son did live and die for me,
Therefore to the Cross I flee.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## 128. *Dying Love.* 8.8.8.6.

1. O DEEP the passion, great the woe,
The Lord endured to slay the foe;
That we the depths of Love might know,
The Love that dies for man!

2. Yet in the woe, a joy as deep
Mingled, and laid the pain asleep;
And we are glad, although we weep
With John, beneath the Cross.

3. For through the gloom that veiled the hill,
A heavenly vision came to fill
His heart with joy ineffable;
The Vision of the End:—

4. The whole of mankind gathered in,
His sheep, his own belovèd kin,
Saved from themselves, and saved from sin,
By God the Father's Love.

5. Then sank His head upon His breast,
Then was His heart, at last, at rest,
Holy and undefiled and blest!
"All is fulfilled," he said.

6. O Jesu, who thus died that we
Might know Life's deepest mystery,
Lead us, through Love like Thine, to see
Our Father, face to face.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 129. *It is Finished.* 7s.

1. "IT is finished"—all the pain,
All the sorrow, all the strain;
Death has freed the Lord of life
From the burden of His strife.

2. "It is finished"—all the days,
Led through many weary ways;
Now at last His eyelids close
On the hatred of His foes.

3. "It is finished"—all the toil
Sin and trial could not spoil;
Never could His spirit fleet
Till the work was all complete.

4. "It is finished"—all the Word
Poor, and sinners, gladly heard;
All the Father's love made known,
Human goodness fully shown.

5. "It is finished"—all the love,
Deep as His that dwells above;
Saving others, all He gave,
But Himself He would not save.

6. "It is finished"—Hark! the cry,
Uttered in love's agony,
Is the seal, below, above,
Of the Victory of Love.
Hallelujah.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 130. *Love and Sorrow.* L.M.

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 131. *Our Calvary.* 10.4.10.4.

1. GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn:
Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

2. Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's Son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from sense and sin must know
Its Calvary.

3. Yet we must crave neither for joy nor grief,
God chooses best:
He only knows our sick soul's best relief,
And gives us rest.

4. More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
The Father, in His tenderness divine,
Learneth to bless.

5. He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain:
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to move;
Our faith the rain.

6 In His hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire:
Above, beside, around us, there is One
Will never tire.

7. What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In Him we trust.

8. For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From His great love.

*Frances P. Cobbe.*

## 132. *Beneath the Cross.* 8s. 5 lines.

1. DESPISÈD is the man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows He hath worn,—
For whom He bears the bitter scorn,
The shameful robe, the scourge, the thorn.

2. We all like sheep have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way:
But He the path of death hath trod,
And humbly kissed affliction's rod,
To lead our stricken souls to God.

3. O let us cast each vice away,
Beneath the Cross each passion lay;
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour lifted high,
And every sin and folly fly.

*C. Dawson.*

## 133. *The Lessons of the Cross.* 7s.

1. NEVER further than Thy Cross;
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things are dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2. Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
Sin, which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the Cross for us.

3. Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny:
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4. Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.

5. Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend—
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.

*Elizabeth Charles.*

## 134. *The Cross our Symbol.* 8.7.8.7.

1. IN the Cross of Christ I glory:
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

5. In the Cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

*Sir J. Bowring.*

135. *Strength from the Cross.* 7s.

1. TO the Cross, O Lord, we bear
All the spirit's darker care;
By the sense of sin oppressed,
In the Cross we seek our rest.

2. There the way of peace appears,
Calm and bright 'mid strife and tears;
There the spirit's rest we see,
Found alone, O God, in Thee.

3. By the patience of Thy Son,
By the prayer, "Thy will be done,"
By the love, so strong in death,
Blessing with the latest breath,

4. Teach us, Lord; our souls inspire;
Kindle fresh the sacred fire;
Melt our hardness, end our pride,
Make us one with Him who died.

*Thomas Hincks.*

136. *Fellowship in Suffering.* 7s.

1. WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

2. Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

3. Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

4. When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

5. When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our swift departing souls,
When we pray—"Our Father, Hear,"—
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

*H. H. Milman.*

137. *Fellowship in Suffering.* 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. SAVIOUR! needs the world no longer
To rejoice beneath Thy light?
Have we lovers sweeter, stronger,
Beams for us a sun more bright?
Are we weary
Of Thy mercy and Thy might?

2. Mighty One, so high above us,
Loving Brother, all our own,
Who will help us, who will love us
Like to Thee who all hast known—
Who hast proved
Darksome grave and heavenly throne?

3. Who so gentle to the sinners
As the soul that never fell;
Who so strong to make us winners
Of the height He won so well?
Always victor
Make Thine own invincible!

*George Dawson.*

## 138. *Fellowship in Sacrifice.* L. M.

1. WHEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

2. We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

3. Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to His Cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

4. And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of Thine unmeasured loving heart.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 139. *The Divine Sympathy.* L. M.

1. O LOVE Divine, that stoopst to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care:
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

2. Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear;
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## 140. *Easter.* 8.8.8.4.

1. PAST are the Cross, the scourge, the thorn,
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And brightly breaks the Eastern morn.
Hallelujah!

2. Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.
Hallelujah!

3. And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near;
Soon shall the heavenly day appear.
Hallelujah!

4. And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the gloom our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies.
Hallelujah!

5. Then let us raise its glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign.
Hallelujah!

*A. C. Jewitt.*

141. 7s.

1. JESUS CHRIST has risen to-day,
Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day.
Alleluia !
Lately on the Cross undone,
Alleluia !
Now His victory is won.
Alleluia !

2. Hymns of joy then let us sing
Alleluia !
Unto God, our heavenly King.
Alleluia !
Death is slain since Christ is raised,
Alleluia !
God the Conqueror be praised.
Alleluia !

3. We shall follow where our Lord,
Alleluia !
To the Father's throne has soared ;
Alleluia !
And above the heavens sing
Alleluia !
Alleluia to our King.
Alleluia !

142. *The Day of Resurrection.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. THE Day of Resurrection !
Earth ! tell it out abroad !
The Passover of gladness !
The Passover of God !

From Death to Life Eternal,
  From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
  With hymns of victory.

2. Our hearts be pure from evil,
  That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
  Of Resurrection-Light;
And, listening to His accents,
  May hear so calm and plain,
His own *All hail!* and hearing,
  May raise the victor strain!

3. Now let the heavens be joyful!
  Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
  And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
  Their notes let all things blend,—
For Christ the Lord is risen,—
  Our Joy that hath no end.

*St. John Damascene, tr. J M. Neale.*

## 143. *The Angel by the Tomb.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. THE mourners at the break of day
  Unto the garden-sepulchre;
With darkened hearts to weep and pray
  For Him, the Loved One buried there:
    What radiant light dispels the gloom?—
    An angel sits beside the tomb.

2. The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
  All sepulchred beneath the snow,

When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low :
The Spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

3. Then mourn we not belovèd dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray :
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day :
Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

*S. F. Adams.*

## 144. *He is Risen.* L.M.

1. AROUND a table, not a tomb,
He willed our gathering-place to be ;
When going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said,—" Remember Me."

2. We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay ;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.

3. Nay ! sculptured stones are for the dead !
Thy three dark days of death are o'er ;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore !

4. Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
O Master ! are Thine own possess'd ;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

5. Nay, relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend ;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn !
" With you each day until the end ! "

6. Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb,
We keep Thy sacred feast with Thee;
Until within the Father's home
Our endless gathering-place shall be.

*Elizabeth Charles.*

## 145. *The Walk to Emmaus.* 10s.

1. 'TWAS at this hour, upon the world's great day,
Two men of sorrow went upon their way;
Of bitter death they made their bitter moan,
And One drew nigh, and with them walk'd unknown.

2. So draw Thou nigh to us, dear and dread Lord;
So to earth's mourners sacred hope afford;
If yet we know Thee not, reveal our need,
Show us Thyself, the dead Christ, risen, indeed.

3. 'Twas at this hour the Sacred Wayfarer,
With strange, sweet yearning made their hearts to stir;
Then when He would go on, as one constrain'd
Of prayer, "Abide with us;" return'd, remain'd.

4. So, Lord, abide with us, day is far spent;
Be Thou constrain'd to this Thy dear intent;
Hast Thou done all, and shall that all be vain?
Blest Wayfarer, reveal Thyself again.

5. 'Twas at this hour they won Him to their board,
And suddenly, behold, it was the Lord!—
For He took bread, and bless'd it,—and anon
He gave it to them.—And the Lord was gone.

6. So, go not now ; abide, and bless, and break,
Till all our bread is holy, for Thy sake ;
O Life, be Life indeed, true faith afford,
Let us cry, also, "We have seen the Lord."

*From Holy Songs and Carols.*

## 146. *Toiling all Night.* C.M.

1. THE livelong night we've toiled in vain,
But at Thy gracious word
We will let down the net again ;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord.

2. So, day by day, and week by week,
In sad and weary thought
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.

3. At morn we look and naught is there,
Sad dawn of cheerless day ;
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay ?

4. There is a stay—and we are strong ;
Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand.

5. In His own time ; but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride :
Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried.

6. Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.

7. To our own nets ne'er bow we down ;
   Lest on the eternal shore
   The angels, while our draught they own,
   Reject us evermore :

8. Or if, for our unworthiness,
   Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
   In disappointment Thou canst bless,
   So love at heart prevail.

*J. Keble.*

## 147. *The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* L.M.

1. WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
   The house of God not made with hands,
   A great High Priest our nature wears ;
   The Saviour of mankind appears.

2. Though now ascended up on high,
   He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
   Partaker of the human name,
   He knows the frailty of our frame.

3. Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
   A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
   And still remembers, in the skies,
   His tears, His agonies, and cries.

4. In every pang that rends the heart,
   The Man of Sorrows had a part :
   He sympathizes with our grief,
   And to the sufferer sends relief.

5. With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
   Let us make all our sorrows known,
   And ask the aid of heavenly power,
   To help us in the evil hour.

*M. Bruce.*

## 148. *Ascension.* 7s.

1. HE is gone; a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight
High in heaven where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken:
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2. He is gone; toward their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3. He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and me may yet be one.

*A. P. Stanley.*

## 149. *Jesus yet lives.* C.M.

1. JESUS has lived, and we would bring
The world's glad thanks to-day,
And at His feet, while anthems ring,
A grateful offering lay.

2. Jesus has died ; but His pure life,
So perfect and sublime,
Remains to conquer sin and strife,
In every age and clime.

3. Jesus yet lives : above, below,
Triumphant over death ;
And in His name we face each foe,
And win the fight of faith.

4. Jesus yet lives ; and O ! may we,
While in this valley dim,
So feel our glorious destiny
That we may live like Him.

*W. R. Alger.*

## 150. *Jesus our Leader.* 7.6.7.6.

1. O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward we will tread
With Jesus as our Fellow
To Jesus as our Head !

2. O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

3. The Cross that Jesus carried
Ye carry in His love :
The crown that Jesus weareth
Ye too shall wear above.

4. The Faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To hear His voice will turn.

5. The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.

6. What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

7. O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

*Joseph of the Studium, tr. J. M. Neale.*

151. *The Unseen Master.* 8 7.8.7.

1. ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He speaketh
While His hands uphold and guide.

2. Grief nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.

3. Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

152. *The Present Christ.* C.M.

1. CHRIST cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

2. But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3. The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4. O not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

5. In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

6. The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 153. *Christ Liveth.* C.M.

1. IMMORTAL by their deed and word
Like Light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

2. The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

3. And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

4. Earnest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear.

5. Spirit of Jesus, still speed on,
Speed on Thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all His will obey.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 154. *Suffering and Joy.* C.M.

1. THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

3. To them the Cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

4. They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

*T. Kelly.*

## 155. *Immortal Love.* L.M.

1. STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
   Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
   By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
   Believing where we cannot prove;

2. Thou seemest human and divine,
   The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
   Our wills are ours, we know not how:
   Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

3. Our little systems have their day:
   They have their day and cease to be:
   They are but broken lights of Thee,
   And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

4. We have but faith: we cannot know;
   For knowledge is of things we see,
   And yet we trust it comes from Thee;
   A beam in darkness: let it grow.

5. Let knowledge grow from more to more,
   But more of reverence in us dwell;
   That mind and soul, according well,
   May make one music as before.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

## 156. *Christ with Men through Men.* 11.10.11.10.

1. O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
   Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
   We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
   Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief:—

2. Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast:—

3. Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again:—

4. And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

*J. Ellerton.*

## 157. *Redemption draweth nigh.* 6s. D.

1. LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

2. Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3. Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky:
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

4. He comes, the wide world's King;
He comes, the true heart's Friend;
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye:
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 158. *An Aspiration.* 10s.

1. O THOU, by God ordained to lead the race
In mighty march and grand procession on;
King, Prophet, Saviour,—show us Thy face
And let us know Thee as ourselves are known.

2. Come, Prophet, teach the world! Thy sacred truth
Alone this doubt can cure, can light this gloom.
Make real that unseen world's undying youth,
Which turns to dreams the terrors of the tomb.

3. Come, King, and reign o'er those who yearn to prove
Life's task full-matched with their strong souls' desire;
Who long for work deserving human love,—
Not to live idly, nor unwept expire.

4. Come, Saviour; in our sin and need and pain,
Treading the path where Thy dear feet have gone,
Help us through Thy full life to live again,—
And be, through Thy deep peace, with God at one.

*J. F. Clarke.*

## 159. *God All in All.* 7s. D.

1. HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2. "Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See! the battle flags are furled,
Pain and evil cease to move;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Love.

3. He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign—when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
O rejoice! beneath His rod
Death and sin and hell shall fall;
Hallelujah! Man in God,
God in Man, be all in all.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 160. *The Comforter.* 8.6 8.4.

1. OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2. He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3. And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

4. And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

*Harriet Auber.*

## 161. *Prayer for Spiritual Strength.* L. M.

1. THOU Power and Peace! in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove!

2. For ever lend Thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts which Thou hast made
Fit temples of Thy grace divine.

3. Nor let us quench Thy blessed light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit, Comforter!

## 162. *A Prayer for the Spirit.* L.M.

1. FOUNTAIN of life, most pure, most bright!
Sun of the soul, the spirit's light!
Great Source of joy, and End of rest,
For ever blessing, ever blest!

2. As the young dayspring's glorious birth
Calls into life rejoicing earth,
And with new beauty, love, and power,
Robes field and stream and tree and flower:

3. As cooling dews, like gentle sleep
On hearts that bleed and eyes that weep,
In the sweet hour of evening's calm
On feverish earth shed heavenly balm:

4. Shine on our souls, in mercy shine,
Thou living Beam, thou Fire divine!
Bid sin's distracting turmoil cease,
Thou Comforter, thou God of peace!

5. Descend, Almighty, from above
On beams of light, on wings of love;
And every soul a temple be,
Meet, holy Lord, for heaven and Thee!

## 163. *The Strengthening Spirit.* L.M.

1. SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love!
Who dwell'st enthroned in light above,
Descend, and bear us on Thy wings
Far from these low and fleeting things.

2. 'Tis Thine the wounded soul to heal:
'Tis Thine to make the hardened feel;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the grovelling spirit rise.

3. Compassed by foes on every side,
By sin and sore temptation tried,
Where can we look or whither flee,
If not, great Strengthener, to Thee?

4. Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
With burning zeal our souls inspire:
Come, like the south wind, breathing balm;
Our joys refresh, our passions calm:

5. Come, like the sun's enlightening beam;
Come, like the cooling, cleansing stream:
With all Thy graces present be:
Spirit of God! we wait for Thee.

*Wm. Lindsay Alexander.*

## 164. *Spirit Divine.* C.M.

1. SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2. Come, glorious Light! to waiting minds,
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

3. Come, cleansing Fire! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
That all our souls an offering be
To love's redeeming name.

4. Come as the dew! on hearts that pine
   Descend in this still hour,
   Till every barren place shall own
   With joy Thy quickening power.

5. Come, Wind of God! sweep clean away
   What dead within us lies,
   And search and freshen all our souls
   With living energies.

*A. Reed and S. Longfellow.*

## 165. *Pentecost.* L.M.

1. LOOK up, O man! behold the same
   Celestial throngs of old who came,
   For thee descends the spirit-host;
   Thine all the tongues of Pentecost.

2. This common earth, by mortals trod,
   Is hallowed by the present God;
   And His great heaven is all unfurled
   In light and beauty o'er the world.

3. While others see the chance and change,
   Thy soul the heavenly spheres may range,
   And there discern, with finer sense,
   The heart of God's great Providence.

4. The lonely chamber of thy rest
   Shall beam with many an angel guest,
   And Nature lay her tribute sweet
   Of health and beauty at thy feet.

5. No creed shall blind thy freeborn might,
   No shadow veil the heavenly height;
   But sorrow from thy soul shall cease,
   And God's own presence give thee peace.

*Thomas L. Harris.*

## 166. *Holy Spirit.* 7s.

1. HOLY Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2. Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3. Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

4. Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5. Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 167. *The presence of the Spirit.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2. Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3. Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4. Silent Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would quiet be:
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5. Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

6. Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be:
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 168. *Inspiration.* L.M.

1. MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of Life, O hear our call,
And pour Thy living spirit in!

2. Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy beauty shines in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt Thou from the willing mind
Withhold Thy light and love and power.

3. Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from Thine own altar-fire.

4. That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

*S. C. Beach.*

## 169. *Inspiration.* L.M.

1. O FOR that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2. O for the spirit which of old
Proclaimed Thy love and taught Thy ways,
Forth in Isaiah's thunder rolled,
Breathed in the psalmist's tenderest lays.

3. O for that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Jesus' breast and sealed Him thine;
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine.

4. Is not Thy word as mighty now
As when the prophets felt its power?
The ancient days remember Thou,
The ancient inspiration shower.

## 170. *To-day Sacred as Yesterday.* C.M.

1. OUR God! our God! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us Thy radiant steps appear;
We watch Thy glorious way.

2. Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy Word.

3. Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth He not still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

4. Come, Holy Ghost! in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.

*T. H. Gill.*

## 171. *The Breath of God.* S.M.

1. BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

*Edwin Hatch.*

## 172. *The Inmost One.* L.M.

1. HOW near to us, O God, Thou art!
Felt in the movement of the heart;
Nearer than self Thou art to each;
The truth of Thine indwelling teach.

2. With feverish restlessness and pain
We strive to shut Thee out—in vain!
To darkened mind and rebel will
Thou art the only Dayspring still.

3. Eyes art Thou unto us, the blind;
We turn to Thee, ourselves to find:
We cannot open a door of prayer,
But Thou art seeking entrance there.

4. O Father—Spirit! more than near!
Through all our thought Thy voice we hear;
Our life would welcome Thy control,
Immanuel! God within the soul.

5. Thou fill'st our being's hidden springs;
Thou giv'st our wishes heavenward wings;
We live Thy life, we breathe Thy breath,
And in Thy presence is no death!

## 173. *The Living God.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow.
Our eyes behold Thy works of might;
On us full beam Thy wonders bright;
The living God we know.

2. We joy not only to be told,
How with Thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode.
We of Thy presence bright can tell,
Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell;
We feel the living God.

3. Thou settest us each task divine;
We bless that helping hand of Thine,
This strength by Thee bestowed.
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause—Thine own the might,
We serve the living God.

4. Ah! soon we droop! ah! soon we tire;
Our fainting hearts new strength require,
Again would quickened be.
We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;
To Thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to Thee.

5. O more than satisfy our need ;
Our most divine desire exceed ;
Our constant Quickener be.
Thou living God, possess us still ;
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blessèd life in Thee.

*T. H. Gill.*

## 174. *The Present Word.* 10s.

1. IN sacred books we read how God did speak
To holy men in many different ways,
But hath the present age no God to seek ?
Or is God silent in these latter days ?

2. The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light, and all the shade around,
Were aught but issues of almighty will.

3. So then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the fresh, green sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To the pure spirit, is a word of God.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

## 175. *Speak, Lord.* 7.6.7.6.D.

1. SPEAK, for Thy servant heareth ;
Thus give us grace, O Lord,
To listen and to answer
Whene'er Thy voice is heard ;
Whether we wait expectant
Its sound to guide us home,
Or all unsought, unwelcome,
Its sudden warning come.

2. Above the whirl of traffic,
Above the stir of life,
Amidst the songs of pleasure,
And o'er the din of strife,
May never cease within us
Thy whispers soft and clear,
Nor ready hearts replying,
Speak, Lord, Thy servants hear.

3. And in the latest conflict,
When strength and faith are low,
And all our schemes of comfort
Are baffled by the foe;
Amid life's feeble throbbings,
Yet nearer and more near;
May Thy sweet tones of solace
Speak, and Thy servants hear.

*Henry Alford.*

## 176. *The Universal Spirit.* C.M.

1. ENDURING soul of all our life,
In whom all beings blend;
Unchanging peace 'mid storm and strife,
Our Parent, Home, and End.

2. Through Thee the worlds with all they bear,
Their mighty courses run;
Through Thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendour clothes the sun.

3. Where'er the living soul looks out
From eyes of beast or bird,
Or tendril yearns in time of drought,
Or forest leaf is stirred,—

4. Thy Spirit breathes, Thy way is seen,
O Fount of living force!
Who art, and hast for ever been,
The world's eternal Source.

5. The thoughts that move the heart of man,
And lift his soul on high,
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety.

6. These are Thy thoughts, Almighty Mind,
This skill is Thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.

7. No noble work was e'er begun
Which came not first from Heaven:
No loving deed was ever done
Without Thine impulse given.

8. O fill me now, Thou living Power,
With energy divine;
Thus shall my will from hour to hour
Become, not mine, but Thine.

*C. S. Oakley.*

## 177. *The Inward Word.* L.M.

1. THE wondrous voice within the mind
Is all unheard amid our din;
In outward things we seek to find
What only can be found within.

2. A larger, fuller life we need,
Divine release from inward ill,
The right to hear our spirit plead,
And learn therein the eternal will.

3. Above us shines the azure height
So calm and free beyond our strife;
But beams not thence the inner light,
The guiding law of moral life.

4. Around us striving passions spread
Their blinding mists before our eyes;
And 'midst the jars by factions bred
The living truth unheeded lies.

5. O! here amid these voices vain
That but distract the trusting soul,
Thou, Inward Word, our light maintain,
And guide us to Thy perfect goal.

6. We win Thee not by searching far,
In sky above or earth around;
Thy voice divine, where'er we are,
Must ever in ourselves be found.

*James Bell.*

## 178. *Spirit of Grace.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. SPIRIT of Grace, Thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead!
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife,
The patient pilgrim still is led!
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come!

2. Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free!
Live Thou in me, O Life divine!
Until my deepest love be Thine.

3. O Breath from far Eternity!
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert-sand;
And where Thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

*G. Tersteegen.*

## 179. *A Litany of the Spirit.* 7.7.7.5.

1. COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
Comforter Divine.

2. We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3. Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4. Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5. Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast—
There Thy presence be confessed;
Comforter Divine.

*G. Rawson.*

180. *More Light and Truth.* C.M.D.

1. WE limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind.
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

2. Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
That universe, how much unknown!
That ocean unexplored!
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

3. O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend Thy love:
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred;—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

*G. Rawson.*

181. *Father, Son, and Spirit.* L.M.

1. GIVE praise to Him who built the hills;
Give praise to Him the streams who fills;
Give praise to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar!

2. Give praise to Him who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight!

3. Give praise to Him whose love has given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night!

4. Give praise to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The Fount of joy and holiness!

5. To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Thee, eternal God! we raise
Our humble, fervent song of praise.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 182. *Father, Son, and Spirit.* 7s. D.

1. HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eyes beheld them good;
While they sang, with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2. Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;

Lightly by the world esteemed;
From that world by Thee redeemed;
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3. Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing:
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King,
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord—
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

*J. Montgomery.*

## 183. *His Mercies aye endure.* 7s.

1. LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2. He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3. All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4. He hath, with a pitying eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5. Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton.*

## 184. *All Thy works praise Thee.* 7s.

1. HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King :
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

2. Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

3. Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

4. All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5. Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom His bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

6. Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

*J. Austin*, 1668.

## 185. *Glory to God.* 7s.

1. LET the whole Creation cry
Glory to the Lord on high !
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
" God is good, and therefore King."

2. Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love !
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

3. Chant His honour, ocean fair !
Earth, soft rushing through the air ;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud, and storm,
Rain and snow, His praise perform.

4. All the elemental powers,
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Vales and mountains, burst in song !
Rivers, roll His praise along.

5. Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth ;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at Heaven's gate.

6. All the beasts that haunt the woods,
And the fish that cleave the floods,
Insects, and all creeping things,
Loud exalt the King of kings.

7. Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with His word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the rushing of the song.

8. Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw ;
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, "The Lord is good and great."

9. Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold ;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.

10. From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone !

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 186. *Benedicite.* 8.7.8.8.7.

1. ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

2. Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored ;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

3. Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

4. Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared ;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

5. Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured ;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

6. Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

7. Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver ;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

*John Stuart Blackie.*

## 187. *All things praise Thee.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. ALL things praise Thee—Lord most high,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee ;
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.

2. All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.

3. All things praise Thee—round her zones
Earth, in fragrant, brilliant tones,
Rolls a ceaseless choral strain,
Roaring wind, and deep-voiced main,
Rustling leaf, and humming bee,
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.

4. All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud;
Summer, winter, all to Thee
Glory render:—Lord, may we.

5. All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee:
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.

*G. W. Conder.*

## 188. *A Thanksgiving.* C.M.

1. BE light and glad; in God rejoice,
Who is our strength and stay;
Be joyful, and lift up your voice
To God the Lord alway.

2. Sing praise, O sing unto the Lord
With melody most sweet;
Let heart and voice in one accord,
As is most just and meet.

3. Ourselves, O God, we wholly bind,
A sacrifice to be;
In token of our thankful mind,
O God most dear, to Thee.

4. To Thee we cry, and also breathe
Thanksgiving, laud, and praise,
For Thy good gifts we now receive,
And hope for all our days.

5. We praise Thee, mighty Lord, on high,
With heart and hearty cheer;
To Thee we sing, we call, we cry,
O Lord our God most dear.

6. Thou art the worker of our wealth,
Our safeguard and our stay:
O Lord, grant now Thy people health;
On Thee we wait alway.

*Adapted from Metrical Anthems*, 1578.

**189.** *Praise.* 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1. NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2. O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given;
We lift our hearts to Him
Who reigns in highest heaven:
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore.

*Rinckart, tr. C. Winkworth.*

## 190. *Thanksgiving.* 8.7.8.7.

1. LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy life-time gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives;

2. Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love;

3. For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee.

4. Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be lowly wise:
Dreary mist or cloudy slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes.

5. Hearty be our work and willing,
As to Thee and not to men;
For we know our souls' fulfilling
Is to give it Thee again.

*T. W. Jex Blake.*

**191.** *We thank Thee.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. THOU Father of our spirits,
Whence love and bounty roll
Unstinted, like a river,
To every human soul:
We thank Thee for our coming
Into this world of Thine,
For power to see its beauty,
And make our lives divine.

2. For the green earth we thank Thee,
With beast and bird and tree;
The sky that o'er us floateth,
So blue and bright and free.
Thanks for the morning sunshine,
And the encircling air,
For sight of earth and heaven,
Thy universe so fair.

3. For parents and for kindred;
For home of childhood's years,
Its tender care and shelter,
Its gladness and its tears:

For loving help and guidance
In hours of sorest need;
For heroes, saints, and sages,
Of lofty thought and deed.

4. Thanks for the world's great gospel,
That dawned on Eastern shore:
"God loves the bird, the flower,
He loveth man much more;
For no neglects nor follies
Will God a man e'er shun;
For ever and for ever
He loves and seeks His son.

5. And man for man his brother
Throughout the world shall care;
And plenty, freedom, wisdom,
Each shall with other share:
Who in man's form appeareth
Beneath the outspread sky,
Shall call forth awe and service,
As home of Deity!"

6. Thanks for the holy circle
In deathless union joined,
Who with us work and worship,
Or sleep beneath the ground:
O that our lives so gifted,—
Our daily thoughts and ways,
May gladly raise to heaven
Unbroken hymns of praise.

*T. W. Chignell.*

**192.** *Bless the Lord.* 8.7.8.7.8.7.

1. PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3. Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4. Angels, in the height adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

*H. G. Lyte.*

## 193. *Praise the Lord.* 8.7.8.7.

1. PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3. Praise the Lord, for He is glorious :
Never shall His promise fail.
God hath made His saints victorious :
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4. Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

## 194. *Blessèd be God for ever.* 8.8.8.8.

1. BLESSÈD be Thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest.

2. God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessèd be Thy name for ever.

3. God of evening's peaceful ray,
God of every dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea,
Breathing of eternity !

4. Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night :
God of life that fade shall never,
Glory to Thy name for ever.

*James Hogg.*

## 195. *Rejoice !* 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1. REJOICE ! the Lord is king :
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals ! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2. His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet His thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3. He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4. He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn:
O happy mortals! raise your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5. Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days!
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

*John Taylor.*

## 196. *Thanksgiving.* 10s.

1. WE bless Thee, Lord, for all this common life
Can give of rest and joy amidst its strife;
For earth and trees and sea and clouds and springs;
For work, and all the lessons that it brings.

2. For Pisgah gleams of newer, fairer truth,
Which ever ripening still renews our youth;
For fellowship with noble souls and wise,
Whose hearts beat time to music of the skies;

3. For each achievement human toil can reach;
For all that patriots win, and poets teach;
For the old light that gleams on history's page,
For the new hope that shines on each new age.

4. May we to these our lights be ever true,
Find hope and strength and joy for ever new,
To heavenly visions still obedient prove,
The Eternal Law, writ by the Almighty Love!

*J. M. White.*

## 197. *Our God we thank Thee.* 8.4.8.4.8.4.

1. OUR God! we thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

2. We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

3. We thank Thee, too, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4. For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5. We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6. We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
Upon Thy breast.

*A. A. Procter.*

**198.** *Thankfulness.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. LORD! we are thankful for the air,
For breath of life, for water fair,
For break of morn, for noonday light,
For alternation of the night,
For place in Thine infinity,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

2. For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry cloud, and summer sun,
For seed-time and the autumn store,
For due succession evermore,
For flower and fruit, for herb and tree,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

3. For beauty and delight of sound,
That float Thy universe around,
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of streams, for help of words,
For music of the earth and sea,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

4. For daily toil that we endure,
For labour's recompense secure,
For wholesome zest of appetite,
For food, and drink, and slumbers light,
For vigorous health and pulses free,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

5. For fellowship with human kind,
For pure emotions of the mind,
For joy, that were not joy sincere,
Unless for sorrow's previous tear;
For hope, and love, and sympathy,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

6. For conscience, and its voice of awe—
Thy whisper when we break the law,
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom, mighty as benign,
For all we are, and hope to be,
Lord! we are thankful unto Thee.

*Charles Mackay.*

## 199. *Praise.* 11s.

1. IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

2. Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy Justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3. To all, life Thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all:
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.

4 To-day and to-morrow with Thee still are now;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, Lord, hast Thou;
Nor passion doth fever, nor age can decay,
The same God for ever that was yesterday.

5. Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
But of all Thy rich graces this grace, Lord, impart—
Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

6. All laud we would render; O help us to see,
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee;
And so let Thy glory almighty impart,
Through Christ in the story, Thy Christ to the heart.

*Walter C. Smith.*

## 200. *Praise.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. LORD of power, Lord of might;
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call;
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

2. Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

3. Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4. Full of years and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

*G. Thring.*

## 201. *All things from God.* C.M.

1. FATHER, I well may praise Thy name
In sounds of flowing song;
And in glad words aloud proclaim
That I to Thee belong.

2. I see Thy light, Thy world's wide scope,
I hear Thy wind abroad:
All things that give me life and hope
Are from my Father, God.

3. This living soul, which I call mine,
Doth feel and know and love;
It is an utterance of Thine,
A breathing from above.

4. So I would fill a higher part,
Self-acting, like to Thee ;
Therefore I'll stir my inmost heart
To live in action free.

5. This be my action, henceforth now,
Ever to will the good ;
And then when strength is failing, Thou
Wilt give my spirit food.

6. And through the grace of Him who willed
To do Thy will on earth,
With truth my spirit shall be filled,
And reach its place of birth.

*George MacDonald.*

## 202. *All Thy mercies.* C.M.

1. WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise :

2. O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart !
But Thou canst read it there.

3. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4. Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

5. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

6. When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

7. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

8. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

*J. Addison.*

## 203. *O give Thanks.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. O GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2. O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3. O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care!
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4. O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for sinful man to die;
In the path Himself has trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

*J. Conder.*

## 204. *Praise and Prayer.* L.M.

1. GREAT Lord of all! our Father, God!
With song and prayer we worship Thee:
Thy beauty breathes its joy abroad;
Thy love's warm tide flows full and free.

2. In morn and evening's twilight glow
Thy tender greeting, Lord, we feel;
And midnight heavens with silent show,
Thy watchful, patient love reveal.

3. But not in realms that sense can sound,
Springs the pure fount which life imparts;
Its blessed source alone is found
In reverent, loving, trustful hearts.

4. O may that living fountain dwell
In us, replenished from above;
And through our thirsting spirits swell,
The rising tides of life and love.

5. What consecration, God of grace!
Thy love doth over all things spread,—
Fair nature's light, and friendship's face,
And tender memories of the dead.

6. Our holy dead! in Thee they live;
With them, to-day, we live in Thee.
To us, O Life Eternal! give
The life of faith in love made free.

*Charles T. Brooks.*

205. *Our Sacrifice of Praise.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

2. For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

3. For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

4. For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;

Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

5. For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

6. For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love;
Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

*F. S. Pierpoint.*

## 206. *For all Thy gifts.* L.M.

1. THOU One in all, Thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all Thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to Thee our grateful praise.

2. We bless Thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

3. For life that Thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like Thine,
For duties that our hands employ,—
We bring our offerings to Thy shrine.

4. Be Thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets Thy children free,
The law that binds us to Thy Throne,
The love that makes us one with Thee.

*S. C. Beach.*

## 207. *The Lord of all.* C.M.

1. SING forth His high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
The mighty Lord of all.

2. His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The loving Lord of all.

3. His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
The saving Lord of all.

4. He every thought and every deed
Doth to His judgment call,
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.

5. When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at His feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.

6. Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent His blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 208. *Alleluia.* 10.10.7.

1. SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven: O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

2. Ye Powers, who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3. The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4. In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5. Ye who have gain'd at length your palms of bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6. There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7. This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8. While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9. Almighty God, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore: to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

*Spain, Eighth Century; tr. J. Ellerton.*

## 209 *In everything give Thanks.* C.M.

1. LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice;
My very praise is Thine.

2. I praise Thee while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace.

3. Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour;
Bright dreams and fancyings strange;
Blessings when season's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range.

4. Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unask'd, unhoped have come;
And choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

5. Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When looking up I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.

6. I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

7. And such Thy loving force be still
'Mid life's fierce shifting fray;
Shaping to truth's self's froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

*J. H. Newman.*

## 210. *The Blessings of Salvation.* L.M.

1. ALMIGHTY Father! Thou didst frame
Our souls and bodies by Thy will;
The matchless glories of Thy name
Our sole allegiance follows still.

2. O righteous God! Thy love unchanged
Gives every child an equal place;
And hearts Thy terrors have estranged
Melt in the sweetness of Thy face.

3. O loving God! our thanks we pay
That Thou didst send Thy Son on earth,
Our Lord, our Light, our Truth, our Way,
First-born of the immortal birth.

4. O Father, by His spirit moved,
May we be one with Him in Thee!
O make us love as He did love,
And with His freedom make us free.

*Wm. Everett.*

## 211. *Praise.* 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1. O PRAISE the Lord our God,
In clouds and darkness dwelling,
Yet Fount of shadeless light,
All light of earth excelling!
He guides us on to age
Through sunlit paths of youth;
He glads our longing eyes
With full unveiléd truth.

2. That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly;
To all who learn or teach,
Give wisdom pure and holy.

In solemn awe we bend,
All wondering round Thy throne,
And Thee, our Lord, our Life,
Our Joy, our Gladness own.

3. O Lord of truth and light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us Thy laws to know,
Our daily task-work blessing!
Teach us Thy love to see,
O'er earth and heaven outspread,
While wisdom, conquering fear,
With highest faith shall wed.

*E. H. Plumptre.*

## 212. *Praise for the Records of Revelation.* 8.6.8.4.

1. TO Thee, O God, we render thanks,
That Thou to us hast given
A light that shineth on our path,—
A light from heaven,—

2. That Thou into the hearts of men
Didst breathe Thy Breath Divine,
And mad'st their lips the source from whence
Flowed words of Thine:—

3. The words that speak of lives that live,
And life beyond the grave,
Of Him who came that life to give,—
Those lives to save:—

4. Who lived on earth, on earth who died,
To set His servants free,
And left this message as their guide,—
"Remember Me."

5. Then teach us humbly so to tread
The path that Saviour trod,
Till by His quickening spirit led,
We meet our God.

*G. Thring.*

## 213. *The Voice of Praise.* C.M.

1. LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

2. Life up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.

3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies
With benefits unsought.

4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From all our guilty woes.

5. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

*Ralph Wardlaw.*

214. *A Joyful Song.* L.M.D.

1. SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

2. For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.
For He is, etc.

3. For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do;
Praise ye our God, for He is great;
Trust in His name, for it is true.
For He is, etc.

4. For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love;
Exalt His name, for it is joy.
For He is, etc.

5. For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die;
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

215. *At all times praise the Lord.* S. M.

1. AT all times praise the Lord :
His promises are sure.
What if thou doubt? His steadfast word
Unchanging shall endure.

2. Praise Him, when skies are bright
And gladness fills thy days :
Heaven shames thee with its glorious light
And calls thee to His praise.

3. Praise Him, when clouds are dark :
True faith waits not to prove :
Though hope no brightening gleam may mark,
His meaning still is love.

4. Praise Him, when home is sweet,
As though we ne'er should part :
But pray—while kindred spirits meet—
Pray for a thoughtful heart.

5. Praise Him, when far away
On mountain or the sea.
Each place is home to them who pray :
Thy Father guardeth thee.

6. Praise Him, when joyful songs
The saints on earth unite
In sacred chorus with the throngs
Of angels in the height.

7. Praise Him, when drear and lone
The shadows round thee fall—
No eye upon thy sins but One :
Fear not : He pardons all.

8. At all times praise the Lord :
His promises are sure.
Fear not : doubt not : His steadfast word
Unchanging shall endure.

*J. S. Howson.*

## 216. *Hallowed be Thy name.* 7·7·7·5·

1. LORD of nature, whose command
Filled the ocean, air, and land
With the creatures of Thine hand,
Hallowed be Thy name.

2. For the sweetness of the spring,
For the flowerets blossoming,
Birds that in the dawning sing,
Hallowed be Thy name.

3. For the glorious skies of June,
For the splendour of its noon,
For the summer's every boon,
Hallowed be Thy name.

4. For the autumn's bounteous yield,
For the golden harvest-field,
For the winter's snowy shield,
Hallowed be Thy name.

5. For the strength of manhood's arm,
Childhood's grace and woman's charm,
Human love and friendship warm,
Hallowed be Thy name.

6. For ten thousand blessings given,
Labours that through Thee have thriven,
Joys of earth and hopes of heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.

7. For Thy Spirit's inward token,
For the word by prophets spoken,
For the bonds that Thou hast broken,
Hallowed be Thy name.

8. For the labour and the strife,
Years with pain and trial rife,
For the battle-storm of life,
Hallowed be Thy name.

9. For the faith that will not quail,
For the love that cannot fail,
For the truth that shall prevail,
Hallowed be Thy name.

10. For Thy pledge of future joy,
Final peace where none annoy,
Endless life without alloy;
Hallowed be Thy name.

*Percy Greg.*

## 217. *Praise perfected.* C.M.

1. O MAKE me, Lord, Thy statutes learn!
Keep in Thy ways my feet!
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.

2. Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each deed of holiness shall wake
A strain Divine the more.

3. My voice shall more delight Thine ear
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

4. O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn ?
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
Those tuneful seraphim !

5. When, Lord, shall perfect holiness
Make my poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine ?

*T. H. Gill.*

218. *Joy in Heaven and Hope on Earth.* 8.7.6 lines.

1. HALLELUJAH ! Song of gladness,
Voice of joy that cannot die ;
Hallelujah ! Sound the sweetest
Heard amid the choirs on high ;
Which they ever sing, abiding
In God's house, eternally.

2. Hallelujah ! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky !
Hallelujah ! bright and glorious,
Lift ye saints this strain on high !
But by Babylon's dark waters
We in exile still remain.

3. Hallelujah ! Songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn :
Hallelujah ! Sounds of sadness
Midst our joyous strains are borne :
For in this dark world of sorrow
We for sin must often mourn.

4. But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy peace to see!
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah;
Ours at last this strain shall be.

*Latin Hymn, 11th Century.*

## 219. *A Prayer for Mercy.* 8.8.8.4.

1. WHEN first the stream of life runs low
In childhood's veins, and weak and slow
From year to year our forces grow,
Have mercy, Lord!

2. When youthful passions, rising high,
Inflame our thoughts, and pleasures cry
On every hand, Come, taste and try,
Have mercy, Lord!

3. When manhood's baser lusts prevail
O'er virtue's law, and judgments fail
To cause the stony heart to quail,
Have mercy, Lord!

4. When manhood's hair is tinged with grey,
And early pleasures pass away,
With our dull'd senses' swift decay,
Have mercy, Lord!

5. When death seals up this weary eye,
When past the closing agony,
Then hear our solemn litany,
Have mercy, Lord!

## 220. *God our Refuge.* L.M.

1. TO Thine eternal arms, O God,
   Take us, Thine erring children, in ;
   From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
   From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

2. Those arms were round our childish ways,
   A guard through helpless years to be ;
   O leave not our maturer days,
   We still are helpless without Thee !

3. We trusted hope and pride and strength ;
   Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
   Our dreams have faded all at length—
   We come to Thee, O Lord, again.

4. A guide to trembling steps yet be !
   Give us of Thine eternal powers !
   So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
   And life smile on like childhood's hours.

*T. W. Higginson.*

## 221. *Self-Scrutiny.* 8.6.8.4.

1. SHOW me myself, O holy Lord ;
   Help me to look within ;
   I will not turn me from the sight
   Of all my sin.

2. Not mine, the purity of heart
   That shall at last see God ;
   Not mine, the following in the steps
   The Saviour trod :

3. Not mine, the life I thought to live
   When first I took His name ;—
   Mine, but the right to weep and grieve
   Over my shame !

4. Yet, Lord! I thank Thee for the sight
Thou hast vouchsafed to me;
And humbled to the dust I shrink
Closer to Thee:

5. And if Thy love will not disown
So frail a heart as mine,
Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
But keep it Thine!

222. *In God's sight.* 8.6.10.4.

1. WHY should we vex our foolish minds
So much, from day to day,
With what an idle world concerning us
May think or say?

2. Do we not know there sits a Judge,
Before whose searching eyes
Our inmost hidden being cleft in twain
And open lies?

3. O my omniscient Lord and God!
Enough, enough for me,
That Thou the evil in me and the good
Dost wholly see.

4. Let others please to think of me
Or say whate'er they will;
Such as I am before Thy judgment-seat,
So am I still.

5. Praise they my good beyond desert,
And all my bad ignore;—
That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
No less, no more!

6. Decry they all my good, and blame
My evil in excess ;—
That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,
No more, no less.

*E. Caswall.*

## 223. *The Confidence of the Penitent.* S.M.

1. OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear ;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

2. With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee.
Holy and mighty as Thou art—
For Thou wilt pardon me.

3. I feel that I am weak
And prone to every sin ;
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

4. I need not fear my foes ;
I need not yield to care ;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

5. In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee ;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will welcome me.

*Ann Bronte.*

## 224. *Lord have Mercy.* 7s.

1. LORD ! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;

When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew Thy word;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

2. Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

3. Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven;
Then Thy fostering grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

*H. H. Milman.*

225. *The Need of Pity.* 4.6.4.6. D.

1. SHOW pity, Lord,
For we are frail and faint;
We fade away,
O list to our complaint!
We fade away
Like flowers in the sun;
We just begin,
And then our work is done.

2. Show pity, Lord,
Our souls are sore distressed;
As troubled seas,
Our natures have no rest;
As troubled seas
That surging beat the shore,
We throb and heave,
Ever and evermore.

3. Show pity, Lord,
Our grief is in our sin;
We would be cleansed;
O make us pure within!
We would be cleansed,
For this we cry to Thee,
Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

4. Show pity, Lord,
Inspire our hearts with love;
That holy love
Which draws the soul above;
That holy love
Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
Through all eternity.

*D. Thomas.*

## 226. *Blessed are they that Mourn.* C.M.

1. SPEAK to our hearts, O Father, say
What we have been to Thee;
How we have wandered far away,
And hardly turned to see.

2. Then lifted hands will hide the face;
Then tears our grief will prove,
That such hath been the Father's grace,
And such the children's love.

3. Then shall our spirits hold at once
A comfort and a pain;
For we shall know Thy wandering sons
Are turning home again.

4. With such glad grief, such tearful joy,
Be our repentance blest;
Thy comfort then, without alloy,
Shall give us heavenly rest.

*George Macdonald.*

## 227. *Lost and Found.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.

1. THOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to Thee and all Thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.

2. Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves, ourselves disguise;
'Neath the webs enwoven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

3. Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin Thy thunders roll,
Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul;

Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star—and Thou hast found us.

4. O most merciful, most holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray!
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

*F. T. Palgrave.*

## 228. *The Fire of Love.* 6s.

1. WE name Thy name, O God,
As our God call on Thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
Far from Thy ways may be.

2. And we can own Thy law,
And we can sing Thy songs,
While this sad inner soul
To sin and shame belongs.

3. On us Thy love may glow,
As the pure midday fire
On some foul spot look down,
And yet the mire be mire.

4. Then spare us not Thy fires,
The searching light and pain;
Burn out the sin; and, last,
With Thy love heal again.

*F. T. Palgrave.*

## 229. *Forgiving Love.* C.M.

1. LOVE me, O Lord, forgivingly,
O ever be my Friend;

And still, when Thou reprovest me,
Reproof with pity blend.

2. O pity me, when weak I fall;
And as, with saddened eyes,
I upward look, O let Thy call
Come, strengthening me to rise.

3. My sins, dispersed by mercy bright,
Like clouds again grow black;
O change the winds that bring such night,
And drive the darkness back.

4. This fearful striving, let it cease,
Then fervent, fruitful days
Shall yield both promise and increase,
And make my growth Thy praise.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 230. *Freedom from Sin.* C.M.

1. O RICHLY, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by Thee!
And morning, noon, and night Thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

2. Unworthy to be called Thy son,
I come with shame to Thee;
Father! O, more than Father, Thou
Hast always been to me!

3. Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

4. That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith;
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—

5. Faith that, like armour to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

*W. H. Furness.*

## 231. *Comfort Me.* 7.7.7.6.

1. IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

2. When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

3. When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

4. When the tempter me pursu'th,
With the sins of all my youth,
And reproves me for untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

5. When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed;
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

*R. Herrick.*

## 232. *The Cry of the Penitent.* C.M.

1. O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.

2. Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3. We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4. Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5. And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6. Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

*J. Marchant*, 1560.
*Altd. by R. Heber.*

## 233. *Out of the Depths.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing!
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing:

On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee?

2. Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living:
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy

3. Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation:
Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.

4. Like those who watch for midnight's hour,
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

*Martin Luther.*

## 234. *Gratitude and Penitence.* 8.8.8.4.

1. O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank Thee, Lord!

2. For work and rest, for home and friends.
For health and strength Thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank Thee, Lord!

3. For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
When all for Thee we should have wrought,
Forgive us, Lord!

4. From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
O save us, Lord!

5. We trust Thy wisdom, love, and power:
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
Through all our life—in death's last hour,
Be with us, Lord!

*D. Agate.*

## 235. *Confidence in the Divine Goodness.* C.M.

1. O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause,
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

2. If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

3. Thou knowest that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

4. Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

5. Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

*Robert Burns.*

## 236. *Constraining Love.* 11.10.11.10.

1. FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy name;

2. That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

3. Let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
Spent on our life by saints now gone to rest:
Nor that deep sorrow the Redeemer tasted
When on His soul the guilt of men was pressed.

4. Let all this goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all this mercy on our hearts be sealed!
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean,
O speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed.

*J. Freeman Clarke.*

## 237. *The Gentleness that makes Great.* S.M.

1. DEAL gently with us, Lord!
The ways of sin are wide;
O take us by Thy tender hand,
And in Thy pathway guide.

2. Deal gently with us, Lord!
Our foes press thick and bold:
O who shall fight the warfare through,
If Thou Thine arm withhold.

3. Deal gently with us, Lord,
Then we shall gentle be;
And o'er our feeble brethren watch
In love and charity.

*Wm. Everett.*

## 238. *The Cry of the Weary.* 6s.

1. O LIGHT of light, shine in!
Cast out this night of sin,
Create true day within:
O Light of light, shine in!

2. O Joy of joys, come in!
End Thou this grief of sin,
Create calm peace within:
O Joy of joys, come in!

3. O Life of life, pour in!
Expel this death of sin,
Awake true life within:
O Life of life, pour in!

4. O Love of love, flow in!
This hateful root of sin
Pluck up, destroy within:
O Love of love, flow in!

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 239. *Repenting.* 10.10.10.6.

1. BECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.

2. Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

3. Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—
O Lord, I do repent.

4. Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—
O Lord, I do repent.

5. Because I called good evil, evil good,
And thought I, ignorant, knew many things,
And deemed my weight of folly weight of wit—
O Lord, I do repent.

6. Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent.

*Sarah Williams.*

## 240. *Repenting and Believing.* 10.10.10.

1. MY sins have taken such a hold on me,
I am not able to look up to Thee;
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.

2. Of nights unhallowed, and of sinful days, [ways,
Of careless thoughts and words and works and
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.

3. And in the life which doth within me live,
And the Forgiveness which can all forgive;
Lord, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief.

4. Of selfishness, which makes the soul unjust,
Envy and strife, and every sinful lust;
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.

5. Of sins, that as a cloud have hid Thy face,
Of Thy care slighted, and Thy grievèd grace,
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.

6. In Love, which puts sin's envious veil aside,
Rending the veil of flesh which for me died;
Lord, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief.

7. Sin is my sorrow, passion is my pain,
To Thee their vileness—and in me their stain;
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

**241.** *Deliver us from Evil.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.

1. FROM all evil, all temptation
That besets our earthly path;
From Thy final condemnation,
From Thy transitory wrath,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

2. From a heart of hate and blindness,
From all envy, treachery, pride,
From all harshness or unkindness,
All to sin or shame allied,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

3. From the world's deceitful pleasures,
From its soul-invading snares,
From the plotter's crafty measures,
Foolish thoughts and trifling cares,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

4. In the time of tribulation,
In the bright and prosperous way,
In the hour of life's prostration,
In the final judgment-day,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

*R. Mant.*

## 242. *A Prayer for Purity.* 8.8.8.4.

1. ONE thing I of the Lord desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

2. If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

3. Yea, only as the heart is clean,
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

4. So wash Thou me, without, within;
Or purge with fire, if that must be:
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

*Walter C. Smith.*

## 243. *A Cry for Help.* L.M.

1. O HELP me, God, to cast out sin,
That taints the living founts within;
Help me to crush its bitter root,
Whence all my pangs and sorrows shoot.

2. O help me, God, lest I shall fail
When passions fierce my soul assail;
Thy wondrous arm so vast in might
Can shield poor wrestlers for the right.

3. O help me, God, for Thou alone
Hast all my hidden struggles known;
Still make me feel Thy guardian care,
That I life's burdens well may bear.

4. O help me, God, that while I live
I all my heart to Thee may give,
And calmly feel, should death draw nigh,
I would be Thine to live or die.

*T. Knox.*

## 244. *The Love of God.* 6s.

1. O LOVE that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2. True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3. Great love of God, come in,
Wellspring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up and never cease.

4. Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 245. *A Prayer for Humility.* C.M.

1. OUR Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts which are Thy care,
May live in us and grow.

2. For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land—
A pleasure in Thy sight.

3. Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.

4. Hear us, our Saviour! ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

*George Macdonald.*

## 246. *Shield Thy Servants.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. GRACIOUS Father, hear our prayer,
Leave us not, lest we despair;
Let Thine arm our safeguard be,
Hear the prayer we raise to Thee:
God of power, and God of might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight.

2. Soldiers of the Cross, we stand
Armed for battle by Thine hand;
Rock of strength, to Thee we fly;
Hide us in adversity.
God of power, and God of might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight.

*C. Wesley.*

## 247. *Meekness inheriting the Earth.* C.M.

1. A QUIET heart, submissive, meek,
Father, do Thou bestow,
Which more than granted will not seek
To have, or give, or know.

2. Each little hill then holds its gift
Forth to my joying eyes;
Each mighty mountain will uplift
My spirit to the skies.

3. Lo, then the running water sounds
With gladsome secret things!
The silent water more abounds,
And more the hidden springs.

4. Sweet murmurs then the trees will send
To hold the birds in song;
The waving grass its tribute lend
Low music to prolong.

5. The sun will cast great crowns of light
On waves that anthems roar;
The dusky billows break at night
In flashes on the shore.

6. Yea, every lily's shining cup,
The hum of hidden bee,
The odours floating, mingled up
With insect revelry,—

7. All hues, all harmonies divine,
   The holy earth about,
   Their souls will send forth into mine,
   My soul to widen out.

8. And thus the great earth I shall hold
   A perfect gift of Thine;
   Richer by these, a thousand-fold,
   Than if broad lands were mine.

*George Macdonald.*

## 248. *Deliverance.* C.M.

1. THOU, who didst bear man's grief of old,
   Receive my heart sick cry;
   O my great Father, I am bold
   To speak, let me not die.

2. Pity Thyself in pity of me,
   For Thou dost feel my moan,
   Assuage my grief, it paineth Thee:
   Lord, it is even Thine own.

3. Thy Spirit in my spirit pleads,
   And yearns to ways upright,
   With earnest mourning intercedes,
   And moves toward the light.

4. Would I might work Thy perfect will;
   But sin doth yet endure;
   And Thou continuest holy still,
   I know that Thou art pure.

5. Fain would I walk as Christ did walk,
   In ways sincere and sure:
   Holy in mind, in deed, in talk
   Made pure as He is pure.

6. Content Him, save and set me free,
His wounds are not made whole,
Till in high heaven Thou let Him see
Of the travail of His soul.

*From Holy Songs and Carols.*

## 249. *Following Christ.* S.M.

1. THOU say'st "Take up thy cross,
O man and follow me:"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

2. But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessèd face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee!

3. Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
The voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

4. Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5. Ah, sense-bound heart and blind,
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true,
Can we not follow Thee?

6. O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, Thyself restore,
And help to follow Thee!

7. If not as once Thou cam'st,
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

8. Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be :
Set up Thy throne within Thine own :—
Go, Lord : we follow Thee.

*F. T. Palgrave.*

## 250. *What may Thy service be?* C.M.

1. OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

2. Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

3. O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

4. To Thee our full humanity
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

5. Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes
Therein to Thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

6. We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**251.** *Show me Thy way.* 8.8.8.8.7.4.

1. DARK the night, the snow is falling;
Through the storm are voices calling,
Guides mistaken and misleading,
Far from home and help receding:
Vain is all those voices say!—
Show me Thy way!

2. Blind am I, as those who guide me;
Let me feel Thee close beside me!
Come as light into my being!
Unto me be eyes, All-Seeing!
Hear my heart's one wish, I pray!—
Show me Thy way!

3. Thou must lead me and none other,
Truest Lover, Friend, and Brother,
Thou art my soul's shelter, whether
Stars gleam out, or tempests gather,
In Thy presence night is day:
Show me Thy way!

**252.** *Teach me Thy way.* L.M.

1. TEACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
And give me an obedient mind,
That in Thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.

2. Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

3. Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong;
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

4. Bless me, O Saviour, in each task
Begun, continued, done for Thee;
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
What less—what greater—dare I ask?

*W. T. Matson.*

## 253. *Our Pattern.* C.M.

1. LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2. Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

3. Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4. If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry:
Father, Thy will be done!

5. Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim,
To conquer them by love.

6. Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

*J. H. Gurney.*

## 254. *Follow Me.* 8.7.8.7.

1. JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2. Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3. In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

4. Jesus calls us! by His mercies,
May we hear our Saviour's call;
Give our hearts to His obedience,
Serve and love Him best of all.

*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

## 255. *Watch and Pray.* 7.7.7.3.

1. CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Hear thy loving Master say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

2. Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Stand, till evil days be done;
"Watch and pray."

3. Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

4. Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

5. Watch, as if on Thee alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, till sin be overthrown;
"Watch and pray."

*Charlotte Elliot.*

## 256. *To War.* C.M.D.

1. THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His Cross below;
He follows in His train.

2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
  And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
  Who follows in his train?

3. A glorious band, the chosen few
  On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
  And mocked the Cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
  The lion's gory main,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
  Who follows in their train?

4. A noble army, men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Father's throne rejoice
  In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
  Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train.

*R. Heber.*

## 257. *Not Peace, but a Sword.* C.M.

1. FORTH went the heralds of the Cross,
  No dangers made them pause;
They counted all the world but loss
  For their great Master's cause.

2. Through looks of fire and words of scorn,
Serene their paths they trod;
And, to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.

3. Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate,
And home to them was home no more,
Yet mourned they not their fate.

4. In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.

5. Like them all danger let us brave,
What we deem right pursue;
And e'en the gentle chains of love,
Shake off, to seek the True!

*W. Gaskell.*

## 258. *Our Master.* 10.4.10.4.

1. THOU art our Master! Thou of God the Son,
Of man the Friend;
By Thee alone the victory is won;
Our souls defend!

2. Thou art our Master! may we love Thy word;
Thy Spirit give;
May we obey Thee as our risen Lord,
Obey and live.

3. Thou art our Master! with Thy cross, Thy crown,
Thou Crucified!
Now from Thy starry throne look gently down,
With us abide!

4. Thou art our Master! through the narrow way
Thou once didst tread,
Lead Thy disciples upward to the day,
Thou living Head!

5. Thou art our Master! at Thy feet we cast
Our burdens now,
The yoke of love we take: O bind us fast!
To Thee we bow.

*S. D. Robbins.*

## 259. *The Son of Man.* C.M.

1. O SON of Man! Thy name by choice,
Our hope, our joy, our life,
Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice
Was never heard in strife.

2. Holy and harmless, undefiled,
On earth Thou wert alone;
Come from the depths of heaven, a child,
To make the lost Thine own;

3. To be a glory in our night,
And bring us from above,
The way heaven's children live, all bright
With self-forgetting love.

4. In all things like Thy brethren made,
O teach us how to be
With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,
In all things like to Thee.

*George Macdonald.*

## 260. *Pressing Onward.* 7s.

1. JESUS, unto whom we pray,
Christ the Life, the Truth, the Way,

Lord, the path of glory show,
And uphold us as we go.

2. All the past we would forget,
We have not attained yet,
Even our best achievements be
Failures all compared to Thee.

3. Wherefore aid us to aspire
Ever upward, ever higher,
Through the light, or through the dark,
Pressing onward to the mark.

4. Running the appointed race,
May we grow in every grace,
Ripening in Thy knowledge still,
As we do the Father's will.

5. Be it, Lord, by pain and loss,
Be it by a bitter cross,
Living, dying, we would be
In holy beauties liker Thee.

6. Liker Thee till effort cease,
Life in God be perfect peace;
Every thought and wish divine,
All our souls conformed to Thine.

*Walter C. Smith.*

## 261. *The Spirit of Patience.* 10s.

1. BEAR Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st my sin,
Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear;
O take them, call them Thine; yes, Thine though mine;
And give me calm repose in hours of care.

2. Let me not fret because of evil men;
Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my soul,
Reviled, O let me not revile again,
And ever let Thy hand my warmth control.

3. When truth is overborne and error reigns,
When clamour lords it over patient love,
Give the brave calmness which from wrath refrains,
Yet from the stedfast course declines to move.

4. When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
When meekness fain would hide its heavy head,
When trustful truth, shunning the words of wrath,
Waits for the day of right, so long delayed;

5. Beneath the load of crosses and of cares;
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful words;
O bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,
And the one arm faith leans on is the Lord's.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 262. *Led by Christ.* 7s.

1. FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

2. Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son:
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

3. Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on Him;
From His precepts wisdom draw,
Make His life my solemn law.

4. Thus in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die ;—

5. Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

*W. H. Furness.*

## 263. *Dream and Deed.* L.M.

1. DEAR Master, in whose life I see
All that I would but fail to be,
Let Thy clear light for ever shine
To shame and guide this life of mine.

2. Though what I dream, and what I do,
In my weak days are always two ;
Help me, oppressed by things undone,
O Thou whose deeds and dreams were one !

## 264. *True Christianity.* L.M.

1. IN vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the heart of Christ we share.
Through faith and charity alone
Is Christ received, and felt, and known.

2. In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the faith of Christ we share.
Not words alone, but deeds shall prove
The living faith that works by love.

3. In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the Cross of Christ we share.

The path that leads us to the skies
Demands love's perfect sacrifice.

4. In vain the name of Christ we bear
Unless the love of Christ we share;
That love that bids the dying live,
And whispers on the Cross, "Forgive."

*Thomas L. Harris.*

## 265. *Walking with Christ.* L.M.

1. O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2. Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4. In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

*W. Gladden.*

## 266. *The Will of God.* C.M.

1. WE worship Thee, sweet will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day we live we seek
To love Thee more and more.

2. Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
Of Jesus' toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

3. O do Thou breathe into our souls
A special love of Thee—
A love to lose our wills in Thine,
And by that loss be free.

4. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
We do the little we can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

*F. W. Faber.*

**267.** *The Service of Christ.* C.M. 6 lines.

1. DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2. All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

3. Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 268. *The Battle of Truth.* C.M.

1. O GOD of Truth, whose living Word
   Upholds whate'er hath breath,
   Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
   Enslaved by sin and death.

2. Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
   Who claim a heavenly birth,
   May march with Thee to smite the lies
   That vex Thy groaning earth.

3. Ah! would we join that blest array,
   And follow in the might
   Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
   In raiment clean and white!

4. We fight for truth, we fight for God
   Poor slaves of lies and sin!
   He who would fight for Thee on earth
   Must first be true within.

5. Then, God of Truth, for whom we long,
   Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
   Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
   And slay the falsehood there.

6. Still smite! still burn! till naught is left
   But God's own truth and love;
   Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
   Rest on us from above.

7. Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
   From every lie set free,
   Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
   And we shall live in Thee.

*Thomas Hughes.*

## 269. *If a Man hate not his own Life, he cannot be Christ's Disciple.* 6.7.7.7.

1. LET me hate mine own life,
That I led in evil ways;
Envy, lying, lust, and strife,
Selfish nights and careless days.

2. Mine own life, I knew not
It was death; but now 'tis meet
It were buried, hid, forgot;—
Christ, I lay it at Thy feet.

3. Let me lose mine own life
For Thy sake, and put on Thine;
Though it be with dangers rife,
In the ending it shall shine.

4. Mine own life—lay it low;
Let me Thy disciple be;
Bear Thy Cross, and even so
Live to God, and rest in Thee.

*From Holy Songs and Carols.*

## 270. *The Servant as the Master.* L.M.

1. SPORT of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard, nor understood,
With bonds and scorn and evil will
The world requites its prophets still.

2. Men followed where the Highest led
For common gifts of daily bread,
And gross of ear, of vision dim,
Owned not the godlike power of Him.

3. Vain as a dreamer's word to them
His wail above Jerusalem;

And meaningless the watch He kept,
Through which His weak disciples slept.

4. Yet shrink not then, whoe'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far-discerning eyes,
The future as the present lies.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 271. *Glad Service.* C.M.

1. HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!

2. No voice of thunder I expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The loving Father's will.

3. How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,—
The time of rest draws nigh!

4. When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
Then where the Master ever is,
Shall His blest servants be.

*Spitta, tr. H. L. Luther.*

## 272. *The Grace of Christ.* C.M.

1. WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2. For ever on Thy burden'd heart
   A weight of sorrow hung;
   Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
   Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3. Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
   Thy friends unfaithful prove,
   Unwearied in forgiveness still,
   Thy heart could only love.

4. Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee;
   Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
   Far more for others' sins, than all
   The wrongs that we receive.

5. One with Thyself, may every eye,
   In us, Thy brethren, see
   The gentleness and grace that spring
   From union, Lord, with Thee.

*Sir E. Denny.*

## 273. *Bringing us to God.* C.M.

1. THOU loving Friend to all who bowed
   Beneath life's weary load,
   From lips baptized in humble prayer
   Thy consolations flowed.

2. Thou faithful Witness to the truth,
   Thy just rebuke was hurled
   Out from a heart that burned to break
   The fetters of the world.

3. No hollow rite, no lifeless creed
   Thy piercing glance could bear,
   But longing hearts that sought Thee, found
   The peace of heaven was there.

4. Still unto God Thou bring'st us near,
No priest nor veil between,
And dost uplift our downcast eyes
To realms of faith unseen.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

**274.** *To whom shall we go?* S.M.

1. THE one whole truth I seek
In this sad age of strife;
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life.

2. Truth, which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.

3. O True One, give me truth!
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

4. O truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning Star!

*H. Bonar.*

**275.** *Way, Truth, Life.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. O LIGHT! whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2. O Way! through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home and peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3. O Truth! before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the poor and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4. O Life! the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

*E. H. Plumptre.*

## 276. *Obedience and Knowledge.* S.M.

1. WHO will their God obey,
And to His precepts bow,
In will and wish to serve Him, they
His thoughts and ways shall know.

2. Saviour, Thy searching word
I inly would receive;
And have with God the one accord
That mysteries doth perceive.

3. Break, break, thou hindering bond;
Pride of self-will, away;
From darkening air of earthly ground
Raise me to light of day.

4. Let it my purpose be
The will divine to do,
That from delusion I be free,
And truth divine may know.

*G. B. Bubier.*

## 277. *Preparation for Service.* L.M.

1. LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungry ones with manna sweet.

3. O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depth of many a heart.

5. O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

*Frances R. Havergal.*

## 278. *Do the Will.* C.M.

1. BENEATH the thick and struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.

2. Traditions, forms, and selfish aims
Have dimmed the inner light,
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
From our beclouded sight.

3. Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair,
Remove the gathered dust of years,
And show the model fair.

4. We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou find truth? To action wake;
Do the divine behest.

## 279. *Working with Christ.* C.M.

1. THE toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot!
He who God's call can understand,
Will work, and murmur not.

2. Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
True souls from it, all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.

3. O God! who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth Thee.

4. Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
   Nor any question ask,
   And what Thou biddest we will do,
   Whatever be the task.

5. Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
   Are not our own, but Thine;
   We link them to the work of Him
   Who made all life divine!

6. Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,
   Shared all our lot and strife;
   And nobly will our work be done,
   If moulded by His life.

*T. W. Freckleton.*

## 280. *Morbid Fear.* C.M.

1. TIME was, I shrank from what was right,
   From fear of what was wrong;
   I would not brave the sacred fight,
   Because the foe was strong.

2. But now I cast that finer sense
   And sorer shame aside;
   Such dread of sin was indolence,
   Such aim of heaven was pride.

3. So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
   And calmly do my best;
   Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
   Of hope and fear, the rest.

4. I step, I mount where He has led;
   Then count my haltings o'er;—
   I know them; yet though self I dread,
   I love His precept more.

*J. H. Newman.*

## 281. *Guiding Light.* C.M.

1. LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes,
The work of truth can see.

2. The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn,
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

3. Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way,
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.

4. O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give ;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

5. The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord,
It is Thy race we run ;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 282. *Flowers without Fruit.* C.M.

1. PRUNE thou thy words, thy thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng :
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

2. But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

3. Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

*J. H. Newman.*

## 283. *Building on the Rock.* Irregular.

1. SAVIOUR and Master,
These sayings of Thine,
Help me to make them
Doings of mine;
Words that like beams
Of humanity shine,
By them let me build up
The holy, divine.

2. Not on the sand, Lord!
O not on the sand;
On the rock, on the rock,
Let my heritage stand.
Beyond the floods raging,
Beyond the rude storm,
Where the rain cannot injure,
Nor lightning deform.

3. Not on the sand, Lord!
O not on the sand:
On the rock, on the rock,
Let my heritage stand.
Saviour and Master,
These sayings of Thine,
Help me to make them
Doings of mine.

*E. Paxton Hood.*

## 284. *The Labourers are Few.* C.M.

1. OH, still in accents sweet and strong
   Sounds forth the ancient word,
   "More reapers for white harvest fields,
   More labourers for the Lord."

2. We hear the call; in dreams no more
   In selfish ease we lie
   But girded for our Father's work,
   Go forth beneath His sky.

3. Where prophets' work and martyrs' blood,
   And prayers of saints were sown,
   We, to their labours entering in,
   Would reap where they have strewn.

4. O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
   To do Thy will we come;
   For Thee our loving service give,
   And bear our harvest home.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 285. *The Reward of Toil.* L.M.

1. NOW is the seed-time; God alone,
   Beyond our vision weak and dim,
   Beholds the end of what is sown:
   The harvest time is hid with Him.

2. Yet unforgotten where it lies,
   Though seeming on the desert cast,
   The seed of generous sacrifice,
   Shall rise with bloom and fruit, at last.

3. And he who blesses most is blest;
   For God and man shall own his worth
   Who toils to leave as his bequest
   An added beauty to the earth.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**286.** *Ordination.* C.M.

1. O NOT to one, but all, our God,
   Grant ordination free
   To heights of life as yet untrod,
   And nobler ministry;
2. To tenderer words, to manlier deeds,
   To wills set fast in right,
   To heart-beats rhymed to others' needs,
   To sweetness and to light.
3. Ordain in all the seeker's mind
   Of eager, trusting youth,
   That hurries forth each morn to find
   New manna-falls of truth;
4. And knows Thy skies are brightening far
   For every holy act,
   Sees goodness in all things that are
   And grace in every fact.
5. Ordain the prophet-heart that takes
   Lone sides with outcast worth;
   Ordain the helping hand that makes
   A dawn of heaven on earth.

*W. C. Gannett.*

**287.** *We Follow Thee.* 8.8.8.4.

1. THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
   Still guided by Thy faithful word,—
   Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—
   We follow Thee.
2. In silence of the lonely night,
   In the full glow of day's clear light,
   Through life's strange wanderings, dark or bright,
   We follow Thee.

3. Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

4. O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

5. Thou hast passed on before our face:
Thy footsteps on the way we trace:
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

*H. Bonar.*

## 288. *Struggle and Victory.* C.M.

1. O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

2. He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ills are most abroad.

3. Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

4. Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

5. For God upholds the rightful cause,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 289. *Critical Trial.* 8.7.8.7. D.

1. ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,—
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

2. *Then* to side with truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3. Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own!

*J. R. Lowell.*

## 290. *The Path of Duty.* 8.7.8.7.

1. ONWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

2. By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

3. By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver:
O, for their sake, press thou on!

4. Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace:
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

5. Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—"Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

*S. Johnson.*

## 291. *The Spirit of Truth.* C.M.

1. THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest,
Within our hearts to find;—

2. How late Thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin:
Hail, Truth divine, we know Thee now,
Angel of God, come in.

3. Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire;
Earth waits Thy cleansing word.

4. Struck by the lightning of Thy glance,
Let old oppressions die:
Before Thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

5. Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor.

6. Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall;
Then to a mightier yield Thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

*E. Scudder.*

## 292. *The Service of Truth.* C.M.

1. WHEN courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still moveth on.

2. For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.

3. She can both meek and lordly be,
In heavenly might secure;
With her is pledge of victory,
And patience to endure.

4. The race is not unto the swift,
   The battle to the strong,
   When dawn her judgment-days that sift
   The claims of right and wrong.

5. And more than thou canst do for Truth
   Can she on thee confer,
   If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
   And manhood unto her.

6. For she can make thee inly bright,
   Thy self-love purge away,
   And lead thee in the path whose light
   Shines to the perfect day.

7. Who follow her, though men deride,
   In her strength shall be strong,
   Shall see their shame become their pride,
   And share her triumph-song.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 293. *The Divineness of Common Life.* C.M.

1. WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
   For miracle and sign ;
   Anoint our eyes to see within
   The common, the divine !

2. Lo here ! lo there ! no more we cry,
   Dividing with our call
   The mantle of Thy presence, Lord,
   That, seamless, covers all.

3. We turn from seeking Thee afar,
   And in unwonted ways,
   To build from out our daily lives
   The temples of Thy praise.

4. And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
   To hearts of old were dear,
   What joy should mingle with the faith
   That feels Thee ever near!

5. And not the less shall hearts as pure,
   Nor less shall worship be,
   When Thou art found in all our life,
   And all our life in Thee.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 294. *The Lowly Lot.* C.M.

1. THOUGH lowly here our lot may be
   High work have we to do,—
   In faith and trust to follow Him
   Whose lot was lowly too.

2. Our days of darkness we may bear,
   Strong in a Father's love,
   Leaning on His almighty arm,
   And fixed our hopes above.

3. Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
   And loving deeds, may be
   A stream that still the nobler grows
   The nearer to the sea.

4. To duty firm, to conscience true,
   However tried and pressed,
   In God's clear sight high work we do,
   If we but do our best.

5. Thus may we make the lowliest lot
   With rays of glory bright;
   Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
   Into a crown of light.

*Wm. Gaskell.*

## 295. *Rest Awhile.* C.M.

1. O LORD! with toil our days are filled;
They rarely leave us free:
O give us space to seek for grace
In happy thoughts of Thee.

2. Yet hear us, little though we ask:
O leave us not alone;
In every thought, and word, and task,
Be near us, though unknown.

3. Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
Still send us heavenly food;
And mark, as none on earth can mark,
Our struggle to be good.

*Alfred Ainger.*

## 296. *None of us Liveth to Himself.* 6.6.8.6.6.8.

1. WE wonder and adore
God's workings to explore,
And trace one purpose through them all;
Live to himself can none,
Dies to himself not one,
Together bound are great and small.

2. The law of sun and star,
Of things near and afar,
Runs through the changeful life of man;
Lives to himself can none,
Dies to himself not one,
Moves on, for good or ill, God's plan.

3. By simplest daily need,
By smallest trifling deed,

We touch the lives of all around;
Words of love will gladden,
Words of hate will sadden,
And through long centuries resound.

4. O, Father, give us grace
Right well to fill our place,
Amid such mysteries of life;
Our life for Thee to use,
Thy part in life to choose,
And strengthen others for the strife.

*James Legge.*

## 297. *The Humblest Work Divine.* S.M.

1. TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see:
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

2. To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend,
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.

3. All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4. If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

*George Herbert.*

## 298. *Purpose and Deed.* 7s.

1. WHAT Thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive:
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine.

2. Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
Let me find in Thine employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.

3. If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

4. Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant!

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 299. *Walking with God.* L.M.

1. THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with Thee, my God;
And find Thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

2. Each blessing would I trace to Thee,
In every grief Thy mercy see;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of Thine encircling love.

3. And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength that Thou art nigh;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with Thee.

*William Gaskell.*

## 300. *Peace amid Tumult.* L.M.

1. CALM Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of Thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

2. The will to neither strive nor cry;
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

*Matthew Arnold.*

## 301. *Work To-day.* 8.7.8.7.

1. ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2. Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

3. Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labour
Still be sure to do our part.

4. Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

5. Now, to-day, and nct to-morrow,—
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

## 302. *They also Serve who Wait.* S.M.

1. NOT so in haste, my heart!
   Have faith in God and wait;
   Although He seems to linger long,
   He never comes too late.

2. He never comes too late,
   He knoweth what is best;
   Vex not thyself—it is in vain;
   Until He cometh, rest.

3. Until He cometh, rest,
   Nor grudge the hours that roll;
   The feet that wait for God—'tis they
   Are soonest at the goal.

4. Are soonest at the goal
   That is not gained by speed,
   Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
   For I shall wait His lead.

*Bayard Taylor.*

## 303. *A Prayer for Help.* C.M.

1. FATHER in heaven! to whom my heart
   Would lift itself in prayer,
   Drive from my soul each worldly thought,
   And show Thy presence there.

2. Each moment of my life renews
   The mercies of the Lord;
   Each moment is itself a gift,
   To bear me on to God.

3. Help me to break the galling chains
   This world has round me thrown:
   Each passion of my heart subdue,
   Each darling sin disown.

4. And do Thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In Thine almighty name.

*W. H. Furness.*

## 304. *Day by Day.* 7s.

1. DAY by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2. "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,—
Take the manna of to-day.

3. Lord, my times are in Thy hand:
All my eager hopes have planned;
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to Thine.

4. Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

5. O, to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet aglow with gratitude!

*Josiah Conder.*

## 305. *Seeing God in all Things.* 10s

1. GIVE me, my God, to feel Thee in my joy,
So shall my joy to love ennobled be;
Give me to feel Thee in the slight annoy,
That turns to hope through Thy fine alchemy.

2. Give me, within the work that calls to-day,
To see Thy finger gently beckoning on;
Let struggle grow to freedom, work to play,
And toil, begun from Thee, to Thee be done.

3. I lay each humblest hope within my prayer;
To Thee no high seraphic aims I bring;
My daily bread, rest, strength for common care,—
Yet all is truth within my offering.

4. And Thou whose fire forms rubies out of clay,
And bids dull charcoal into diamonds burn,
Add Thou the grace, while for Thy help I pray,
And this poor earth-cry into music turn.

*J. F. Clarke.*

## 306. *Our Citizenship in Heaven.* L.M.

1. O GOD! who know'st how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs;
We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.

2. Let not the choking cares of earth
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow;
But, ever guarded by Thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.

3. To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

*Wm. Gaskell.*

## 307. *Redeeming the Time.* L.M.

1. HE liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

2. Then fill each hour with what will last:
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

3. Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;—
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

4. Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

*H. Bonar.*

## 308. *The Religion of Daily Life.* C.M.

1. THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in His fear.

2. 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne:
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

3. As sanctified to noblest ends,
By each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4. When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.

5. As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band;
In solitude with Thee.

6. In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

*P. Doddridge.*

## 309. *Obedience.* 8.8.8.2.7.

1. LORD of might and Lord of glory,
Humbly do I bow before Thee;
With my whole heart I adore Thee,
Great Lord;
Listen to my cry, O Lord.

2. Passions proud and fierce have ruled me,
Fancies light and vain have fooled me,
But Thy training stern have schooled me;
Now, Lord,
Take me for Thy child, O Lord.

3. Groping dim and bending lowly,
Mortal vision catcheth slowly
Glimpses of the pure and holy;
Now, Lord,
Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord.

4. In the deed that no man knoweth,
Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
Where he may not reap who soweth,
There, Lord,
Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord.

5. In His name who, meek and lowly,
Died to make poor sinners holy,
Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
Great Lord,
Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord.

*John Stuart Blackie.*

## 310. *With God.* S.M.

1. STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee ;

2. With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart ;

3. With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find ;

4. With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close ;

5. With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding would I be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

*J. D. Burns.*

## 311. *Seeking God Everywhere.* C.M.

1. O SAINTS of old! not yours alone
The search for God shall be;
We take the glory for our own;
Lord! *we* are seeking Thee.

2. Not only when ascends the song
And soundeth sweet the word;
Not only with the Sabbath throng,
Our souls would seek the Lord:

3. We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak;
To other business we belong,
Yet still our Lord we seek.

4. We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world His presence ask,
And seek His glory there.

5. O every where, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured:
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray,
Behold Thy seekers, Lord!

*T. H. Gill.*

## 312. *Dedication.* 8.8.8.8.6.

1. O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

2. Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
On Thee, my God, on Thee !

3. Thy glorious eye pervades all space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
To Thee, my God, to Thee !

4. Renouncing every worldly thing ;
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

*Oberlin, tr. Mrs. D. Wilson.*

## 313. *The Sound Life.* 7s.

1. PURE in heart and free of sin,
Upright in thy daily path,
Fair without and true within,
Free from anger, safe from wrath.

2. Mighty in thy silent power
Of great virtue over wrong,
Beautifying every hour
By thy bearing, brave and strong :

3. By thy mercy to the weak,
By thy justice to the low,
By thy grace unto the meek,
By thy kindness to thy foe.

4. Thou art free from passion's rage,
Thou art free from envy's sting,
Thou canst others' griefs assuage,
Canst to others comfort bring.

5. Peace and rest are in thy soul,
Bringing joy into thy life,
Outward storms around thee roll,
But they bring no inward strife.

6. And a sinner, tired and worn,
Weary of this life, at length
Findeth in thy words new hope,
Findeth courage in thy strength.

*Florence T. Griswold.*

## 314. *The Brave Life.* L. M.

1. HOW happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

2. Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

3. Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4. This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

*Sir H. Wotton.*

## 315. *The Perfect Life.* C.M.

1. O HOW the thought of God attracts,
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows,
And dissipating mirth!

2. O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

3. A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

4. How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

5. Press forward to the perfect mind;
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

6. Then keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee:—
Perfection lies in this.

7. Be docile to thine unseen Guide;
Love Him as He loves thee:
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 316. *A Prayer to be led.* 10s.

1. LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.

2. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4. Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

*W. H. Burleigh.*

## 317. *Grant us Thy Light.* L.M.

1. GRANT us Thy light, that we may know,
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

2. Grant us Thy light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3. Grant us Thy light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4. Grant us Thy light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened heart above ;
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5. Grant us Thy light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death ;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

6. Grant us Thy light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

*L. Tuttiett.*

**318.** *Lead, Kindly Light.* 10.4.10.4.10.10.

1. LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom ;
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see
The distant scene : one step enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now—
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on !
Through fear and doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone ;
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*John Henry Newman.*

## 319. *Light, more Light.* 10s.

1. O LIGHT, more light to shine upon my way,
   Light from the source of the eternal day!
   O light, more light, but not the light that fills
   The heart with pride, and faith and feeling kills.
2. O light, more light, for clouds are gathering rife!
   Light, and more light, but still the light of life!
   O light, more light upon my cross, and His
   Whose dying was the life of men, and is!
3. Lo! the light cometh that shall never cease;
   Soon shall the veil be lifted; be at peace!
   Light, and more light shines from the eternal shore,
   Light of the life that dieth nevermore!

*Walter C. Smith.*

## 320. *The Divine Care.* 9.8.9.8.8.8.

1. IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
   And hope in Him through all thy ways,
   He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
   And bear thee through the evil days.
   Who trusts in God's unchanging love
   Builds on the rock that nought can move.
2. What can these anxious cares avail thee—
   These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
   What can it help if thou bewail thee
   O'er each dark moment as it flies?
   Our cross and trials do but press
   The heavier for our bitterness.
3. Only be still, and wait His leisure
   In cheerful hope, with heart content
   To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
   And all-discerning love hath sent.

Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4. Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

*Neumark, tr. T. C. Winkworth.*

## 321. *Latter-day Knowledge.* C.M.

1. O THOU, who as our knowledge grows,
In this world's latter days,
The more Thou seemst to clear the sky,
The more dost hide Thy face.

2. As fears of change, and fears of doubt,
Unnerve the o'er-wrought mind,
Enfeebled 'mid its added strength,
'Mid all its seeing blind:

3. The wider wisdom Thou hast given
Yet is not wholly gain;
The truer vision scathes our sight;
We cannot see Thee plain.

4. Enlarge our hearts and purge our eyes
To bear Thy nearer light;
The world's young ignorance is o'er;
Make us to know Thee right.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

## 322. *Unknown Paths.* C.M.D.

1. O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,

We follow Thee through unknown paths,
Since all to Thee must tend :
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line ;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
Our strength, to trust in Thine.

2. We bless Thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
And wither not with death ;
But most we bless Thee for Thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

3. Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed ;
Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
And Thou by night our rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And Time's last hour is come,
Be Thou, O God, our dwelling place,
And our Eternal Home.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 323. *Guidance and Protection.* C.M.

1. O GOD of Bethel by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led !

2. Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4. O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

5. Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

*P. Doddridge and M. Bruce.*

## 324. *Thy Way.* 6s.

1. THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2. Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3. I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

4. The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 325. *He Leadeth me.* C.M.

1. THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
   He makes me down to lie
   In pastures green: He leadeth me
   The quiet waters by.

2. My soul He doth restore again;
   And me to walk doth make
   Within the paths of righteousness,
   E'en for His own name's sake.

3. Yea! though I walk in death's dark vale,
   Yet will I fear none ill;
   For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
   And staff me comfort still.

4. My table Thou hast furnished,
   In presence of my foes;
   My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
   And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
   Shall surely follow me;
   And in God's house for evermore
   My dwelling place shall be.

*23rd Psalm, Scotch Version.*

## 326. *Thou hast Taught me from my Youth.* C.M

1. O GOD, who wert my childhood's love,
   My boyhood's pure delight,
   A presence felt the livelong day,
   A welcome fear at night.

2. With age Thou growest more divine,
   More glorious than before;
   I feared Thee with a deeper fear,
   Because I loved Thee more.

3. Father! what hast Thou grown to now!
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!

4. With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart,
O, make Thyself more space!

*F. W. Faber.*

## 327. *Fatherly Care.* C.M.

1. ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2. In early days Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

3. I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

4. My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet.

5. Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

6. Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death I'll sing Thy praise,
When death shall be no more.

*Michael Bruce.*

## 328. *Divine Protection.* C.M.

1. I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

2. Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3. The Lord thee keeps: the Lord thy shade,
On thy right hand doth stay.
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4. The Lord shall keep thy soul: He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

*121st Psalm, Scotch Version.*

## 329. *God my Shepherd.* C.M.

1. THE God of love my shepherd is,
To watch me and to feed:
I shall not want, for I am His,
He careth for my need.

2. His gentle goodness leadeth me,
And makes me down to lie
In greenest pastures fearlessly
The quiet waters by.

3. And so restoreth He my soul:
And when I go astray
He brings me back with sweet control
Into the rightful way.

4. When darkness comes and death is near,
I feel my Shepherd's rod,
And so I quite forget my fear,
And lean upon my God.

5. Thy bounties, amid all my foes,
My life, my spirit bless,
My cup of comfort overflows
With tender faithfulness.

6. Goodness and mercy, peace and love,
Shall fill my earthly days;
Till the eternal house above
Shall witness to my praise.

*G. Rawson.*

## 330. *Our Shepherd.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

*J. Addison.*

## 331. *Go Forward.* 6.5.6.5.

1. SAFE across the waters,
Here in peace we stand;
See the wrecks of Egypt
Strewed along the sand.

2. Safe across the waters,
Foes for ever gone,
Now we march in safety,
God our Guide alone.

3. 'Tis the silent desert,
Sand, and rock, and waste;
But the chain is broken,
And the peril past.

4. Onward, then, right onward!
This our watchword still,
Till we reach the glory
Of the wondrous hill.

5. For the journey girded,
Haste we on our way,—
The pillar-cloud above us,
Guide by night and day.

6. On through waste and blackness,
O'er our desert road;
On till Salem greets us,
City of our God!

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 332. *In the Wilderness.* 8.7.8.7.

1. FIERCE the sun doth beat upon me,
From a burning, cloudless sky;
Friendly shadow now I long for,
Rock that higher is than I.

2. Strange and wild the scenes around me,
And no aid from man is nigh;
But a shelter Thou canst give me,
Rock that higher is than I.

3. Treacherous guides have me forsaken,
Many paths deceive my eye;
Thou alone canst help and save me,
Rock that higher is than I.

4. Night is falling dark and dreary,
Help me, or I sink and die!
Guard me when the light shall fail me,
Rock that higher is than I.

*Jones Very.*

## 333. *The Guide in the Wilderness.* L.M.

1. WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
   Out from the land of bondage came,
   Her father's God before her moved,
   An awful Guide in smoke and flame.

2. By day along the astonished lands
   The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
   By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
   Returned the fiery column's glow.

3. Thus present still, though now unseen,
   When brightly shines the prosperous day,
   Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
   To temper the deceitful ray ?

4. And O ! when gathers on our path
   In shade and storm the frequent night,
   Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
   A burning and a shining light.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

## 334. *Prayer for Guidance.* 7s.

1. HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
   Future things unfolded lie !
   Through the desert, where I stray,
   Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2. Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
   Where fierce trials would assail :
   Leave me not, in darkened hour,
   To withstand the tempter's power.

3. Lord ! uphold me day by day ;
   Shed a light upon my way :
   Guide me through perplexing snares :
   Care for me in all my cares.

4. All I ask for is,—enough :
Only when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

5. Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame—
Father! glorify Thy name.

6. Feeling still that Thou art near,
Let me neither faint nor fear ;
But along the dolorous way
Lean on Thee, my only stay!

*Josiah Conder.*

## 335. *He Leadeth me.* C.M.

1. I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill :
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

2. No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

3. I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own :
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

4. I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

5. And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

6. I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

7. He will not leave my soul forlorn;
I still must find Him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

8. Upon His providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 336. *Guide and Friend.* 8.7.8.7.

1. WHEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe Thee near.

2. When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold;
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old.

3. Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.

4. Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

5. Let me find Thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget Thee in my joy;
And from Thee my sunshine borrow,
And by Thee my gloom destroy.

6. God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end.

*Edmund M. Geldart.*

**337.** *The Voice of God.* 6s.

1. SPEAK Thou to me, O Lord,
The living, mighty Word;
And in Thy secret voice
Shall flesh and heart rejoice.

2. The Book of books is mine,
The olden voice divine;
Yet all is dumb therein,
Except Thou speak within.

3. The Church enfolds me round;
Yet there no voice is found;
'Tis discord all and din,
Except Thou speak within.

4. Thine is the inward light;
Yet guides it not aright,
To trust it were to sin,
Except Thou speak within.

5. Speak, then, to me, O Lord,
In Conscience, Church, and Book ;
And more than these can say
I yet shall know one day.

*John Ellerton.*

## 338. *Teach us to Pray.* 4.8.8.4.

1. TEACH us to pray !
O Father we look up to Thee,
And this our one request shall be ;
Teach us to pray !

2. Teach us to pray !
A form of words will not suffice,
The heart must bring its sacrifice.
Teach us to pray !

3. Teach us to pray !
To whom shall we Thy children turn ?
Teach Thou the lesson we would learn :
Teach us to pray !

4. Teach us to pray !
That we may calm our souls in Thee
And all Thy tender mercies see.
Teach us to pray !

5. Teach us to pray !
So shall we find the inner peace,
And from our sins gain sweet release.
Teach us to pray !

6. Teach us to pray !
No longer may we doubt and fear,
But find Thy loving kindness here.
Teach us to pray !

## 339. *The Still Hour.* 10s.

1. FOUNTAIN of Life ! in Thee alone is Light.
Shine through our being, cleansing us from sin,
Till we grow lucid with Thy presence bright,
And know the peace of holiness within.

2. Yet not alone as Light pervading come ;—
O Thou Divine One, meet us as a Friend !
Only with Thee is every heart at home :
Stay with us, best and truest, to the end.

3. If in our thoughts, by Thee made calm and clear,
The brightening image of Thy face we see,
What hour of all our lives can be so dear
As this still hour, O God, we spend with Thee !

*L. Larcon.*

## 340. *On the Heights.* C.M.

1. I WOULD commune with Thee, my God,—
E'en to Thy seat I come ;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2. I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,—
I hear the thunders roll :—

3. But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4. O this is life, O this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so !
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

*G. B. Bubier.*

## 341. *The Soul.* 7s.

1. WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

2. What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

3. 'Tis the Soul,—mysterious name!
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

4. Onward, upward, to Thy throne,
O Thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in Thee.

*W. H. Furness.*

## 342. *Thy Kindling Love.* 11.10.11.10.

1. FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love:
For we are weak and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

2. Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3. In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides ; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair,—O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

4. Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong : we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

*S. Johnson.*

## 343. *The Open Soul.* C.M.

1. LIE open, soul ! around thee press
A thousand things divine ;
All glory and all holiness
Are waiting to be thine.

2. Lie open, soul ! be swift to catch
Each glory ere it flies ;
Life's hours are charged, to those who watch,
With heavenly messages.

3. Lie open, soul ! the Beautiful
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull,
And clothe thee in her grace.

4. Lie open, soul ! the great and wise
About thy portal throng ;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

5. Lie open, soul ! lo, Jesus waits
To enter thine abode ;
Messiah lingers at thy gates,—
Let in the Son of God.

6. Receive Him, soul ! He with H
The blest ones from above ;
The heavenly hosts stretch fortl
To seek and know thy love.

7. Lie open, soul ! in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win ;
The Infinite thy peace shall ble
And God shall enter in.

## 344. *Aspiration.*

1. THIRSTING for a living s
Seeking for a higher ho
Resting where our souls must
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we cc

2. Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that Thou art i
Father ! then our fears are st
Then the soul's bright end is

3. Life's hard conflict we would
Read the meaning of life's fro
Change the thorn-bound wrea
For the Spirit's starry crown.

4. Make us beautiful within
By Thy Spirit's holy light :
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might !

*F. P. Appleton.*

## 345. *Sincere Prayer.* S.M.

1. HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day ;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.

y my woes to be
er, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

f on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly ;
all my song shall be,—
rer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

*An Aspiration.*

that I were better ; that to chilc
oul
ı were joined of solemn year
ɜ's noon doth roll :

to think, to feel, to do, only th

step in the awful race, no blow
ght.

I were better, that I loved with
zeal
3. That source of love whose goodness wide our
so poorly feel ;

4. That I could feel, as well as know, He is tha
we seek,
When our blind creeping souls explore earth's
cold and bleak.

5. O God and Father, holiest Lord ! touch y
creature's heart,
And to my weak and wearied powers the life
impart.

## 347. *Prayer.* C.M.

1. FATHER, we would not dare to change
Thy purpose, if we might;
For how shall man presume to teach
The everlasting Right.

2. No word of ours can make Thee wise
Or better than Thou art;
And yet we lift our souls to Thee
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5. Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

*Sarah F. Adams.*

351. *Thou who hearest prayer.* 5.8.8.5.

1. LORD God Almighty,
Who hearest all who cry to Thee,
To Thee I cry,—O hear Thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

2. Lord God Almighty,
Who lovest all who trust in Thee,
Both small and great,—O love Thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

3. Lord God Almighty,
Who healest all who come to Thee,
In faith I come,—O heal Thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

4. Lord God Almighty,
Who savest all who saved would be,
I fear, I faint,—O save Thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

5. Lord God Almighty,
Which was, and is, and is to be,
All praise and glory be to Thee,
Lord God Almighty. Amen.

*Godfrey Thring.*

## 352. *Whom have we but Thee?* 8.8.8.6.

1. STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
In want, in weakness, and in woe,
To whom, O Father, should we go,
To whom but unto Thee?

2. To whom, when hating what is ill,
We find our strength unequal still
To do, although we love Thy will,
To whom but unto Thee?

3. To whom, with all our faults and fears,
With all our toils and all our tears,
Pouring them into loving ears,
To whom but unto Thee?

4. To whom, when all around appears
Against us, and too anxious fears
Look trembling up the coming years,
To whom but unto Thee?

5. To whom, when gloomy death appals,
And the cold shadow darkly falls
Along our happy household walls,
To whom but unto Thee?

*G. W. Robinson.*

## 353. *Help us.* C.M.

1. O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

2. O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

3. O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4. O help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but Thee !
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be !

*H. H. Milman.*

**354.** *Have mercy.* 6.5.6.5.5.5.

1. HAVE mercy, O Father !
To Thee do we cry ;
Faint, weary, and wayworn,
To Thy wings we fly ;
Speak peace to our souls !
Without Thee we die.

2. We wander in darkness,
O, grant us Thy light !
We stray from the pathway,
Lost, lost in the night ;
O, be Thou our guide,
And lead us aright !

*W. H. Furness.*

**355.** *I give myself to Prayer.* S.M.

1. I GIVE myself to prayer ;
Lord, give Thyself to me,
And let the time of my request,
Thy time of answer be.

2. My thoughts are like the reeds,
And tremble as they grow,
In the sad current of a life
That darkly runs and slow.

3. I am as if asleep,
Yet conscious that I dream;
Like one who vainly strives to wake
And free himself, I seem.

4. The loud distressful cry
With which I call on Thee
Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou
Canst give me liberty.

5. I give myself to prayer:
Lord, give Thyself to me;
And in the time of my distress,
O haste and succour me!

6. Then be my heart, my world,
Rehallowed unto Thee;
And Thy pervading glory, Lord,
O let me feel and see!

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 356. *Silent Musing.* C.M.

1. LORD, when in silent hours I muse
Upon myself and Thee,
I seem to hear the stream of life
That runs invisibly.

2. Then know I what I oft forget,
How fleeting are my days;
Remember me, my God, nor let
My end be my dispraise!

3. O think upon me for my good,
Though little good I do;
My hope and my forgiving Friend
Thou hast been hitherto.

4. And I would live in such a course,
That men to me may say,
"O whence hast thou thy joy and force?
What is thy secret stay?"

5. My joy, when truest joy I have,
It comes to me from heaven;
My strength, when I from weakness rise,
Is by Thy Spirit given.

6. And while He shines as He has shone,
Whom Thou hast made my stay,
Life can but gently float me on,
Not hurry me away.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 357. *An Unmurmuring Heart.* C.M.

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

*Ann Steele*, 1760.

## 358. *The Satisfied Heart.* L.M.

1. I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
   To break my dream of human power ;
   For now my shallow cistern's spent,
   I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.

2. I take Thy hand, and fears grow still ;
   Behold Thy face, and doubts remove ;
   Who would not yield his wavering will
   To perfect Truth and boundless Love ?

3. That Love this restless soul doth teach
   The strength of thine eternal calm ;
   And tunes its sad and broken speech
   To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

4. O be it patient in Thy hands,
   And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
   To service of Thy pure commands,
   The narrow way to Love and Power !

*S. Johnson.*

## 359. *The Spirit of Faith.* C.M.

1. SPIRIT of Faith ! be thou my guide ;
   O clasp my hand in thine !
   And never let me quit thy side :—
   Thy comforts are divine.

2. Pride scorns thee for thy lowly mien :
   But who like thee can rise
   So high above this sordid scene,
   So near the holy skies ?

3. Gentle thine eye, and soft thy voice,
   But glorious is thy might,
   To make the wretched soul rejoice,
   To give the simple light.

4. And still to all who seek thy way
The wondrous power is given,
That while their footsteps press the clay,
Their souls ascend to heaven.

5. Through pain and death I can rejoice,
If but thy strength be mine ;
Earth hath no music like thy voice,
Life owns no joy like thine.

6. Spirit of Faith ! I'll go with thee,
Thou, if I hold thee fast,
Wilt guide, defend, and strengthen me,
And bear me home at last.

*Ann Bronte.*

## 360. *The Peace of Faith.* L.M.

1. O FATHER ! humbly we repose
Our souls on Thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless Thee for the peace which flows
From faith in Thy paternal love.

2. Though every earthly trust may break,
Unfailing might belongs to Thee ;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable Thou still wilt be.

3. Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot hide us from Thy side ;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every cloud canst turn to light.

4. All things Thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath and heaven above ;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in Thy paternal love.

*Wm. Gaskell.*

## 361. *Mercy in All.* L.M.

1. MY God! I thank Thee: may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2. Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3. Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4. Thy various messengers employ!
Thy purposes of love fulfil!
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore Thy will!

*A. Norton.*

## 362. *Patient, O Heart.* 11.10.11.10.

1. FATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.

2. When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

3. Naught shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

4. Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows,
Where now He ploweth, wave with golden grain.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 363. *All as God wills.* C.M.

1. ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2. Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back.

3. That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

4. That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

5. No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find—
God's blessing now and here.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 364. *They that Mourn.* C.M.

1. O WORD divine, like healing balms,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
Thy heavenly consolation falls—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

2. To every hope by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

3. Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals:
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals;

4. The power to look within the veil
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before;

5. Hath never known how full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

*W. H. Burleigh.*

## 365. *The Deeper Peace.* 11.10.11.10.

1. WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

2. Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves glide ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

3. So to the heart that knows Thee, Love Eternal!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4. Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee!

5. O Rest of rests! O Peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest not;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, both now and evermore.

*Harriet B. Stowe.*

**366.** *If He giveth quiet, what can make trouble?* 10s.

1. QUIET from God! How blessed 'tis to keep
This treasure the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven;

2. To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which His Spirit doth reveal.

3. Who shall make trouble then? Not evil minds,
Which like a shadow o'er creation lour.
The soul which peace hath thus attunèd, finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

4. What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of loved ones lost; for that will be a part
Of those undying things which peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

5. What shall make trouble? Not slow wasting pain,
Nor e'en the threatening, certain, stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then break the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

*Sarah J. Williams.*

## 367. *Perfect Peace.* L.M.

1. IN quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

2. The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

3. Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

4. His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of his face.

*Augusta Larned.*

## 368. *The Strength of my Life.* C.M. 6 lines.

1. GO not far from me, O my Strength!
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2. On Thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

3. When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

4. Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away:
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

*Anna L. Waring.*

## 369. *The Goodness of Life.* L.M.

1. FATHER! beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

2. For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys:
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine, that all things sways.

3. And good it is to bear the Cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win:
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4. Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide:
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

*W. H. Burleigh.*

## 370. *Love is Law; Law is Love.* L.M.

1. O GOD, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, Thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will.

2. Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy love beyond the power of speech;
And make them know with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of Thy law.

3. That law doth give to truth and right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly-worshipped lie
And boasting wrong, to cower and die.

4. Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love to come to nought.

5. Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still;
Who works for justice works with Thee,
Who works in love Thy child shall be.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 371. *The Victory of Good.* C.M.

1. O THOU, the great Unknown, Unseen,
But for the thought of Thee

How sad and strange our lives had been,
How full of mystery!

2. But from the light which comes from Thee
To shine upon the way,
How dark our path in life would be,
How cheerless day by day!

3. O happy thought, that we are Thine!
Our life is wrapt in Thee;
The human linked with the divine
For all eternity.

4. The wrong, the false, must pass away
With all things not of Thee,
The darkness vanish in the ray
Of truth and purity.

5. Good only can immortal be,
Evil at last shall fall,
The right must win the victory,
And God be all in all.

*H. P. Hawkins.*

**372.** *The Cry of the Contrite Heart.* 11.11.11.5.

1. FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it;
Upsoaring on the wing of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

2. I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

3. For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;

Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

4. We see Thy hand; it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice; it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away, and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

5. O how long-suffering, Lord; but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering: Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

6. Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
Thy voice paternal, whispering, watching ever?
O let *me* never.

*Sir J. Bowring.*

## 373. *Help my Unbelief.* C.M.

1. LORD! I believe; Thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey:
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.

2. Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight:
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3. Lord! I believe; but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak:
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4. Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow;
Help Thou my unbelief!

*J. G. Wreford.*

## 374. *Seeing the Invisible.* S.M.

1. THOU who dost all things give,
Be not Thyself forgot!
No longer may Thy children live
As if their God were not!

2. But every day and hour,
Since Thou dost bless us thus,
In still increasing light and power
Reveal Thyself to us:

3. Until our faith shall be
Stronger than words can tell,
And we shall live, beholding Thee,
O Thou Invisible!

*W. H. Furness.*

## 375. *Unselfish Love.* C.M.

1. MY God, I love Thee: not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor because they who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2. Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

3. Even so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
My Saviour, and my King.

*Francis Xavier.*

## 376. *God more than His Gifts.* C.M.

1. MY God, I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above,—
Thy glorious works, Thy blessèd gifts,
I praise;—but Thee I love.

2. My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,—
Besides I ask not aught;
If Thee, Thyself, I do not find,
All that I find is nought.

3. If Thou deniest me Thyself,
Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
And grieve unceasingly.

4. Give me to find, O gracious God,
Thee, as my final end:—
To Thee in constancy of love,
Eternally to tend.

*G. B. Bubier.*

## 377. *A Prayer for Love.* 7.7.7.6.

1. GOD of love, to Thee we owe
All our good on earth below,
All the hope of heaven we know:
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

2. On our loveless nature shine,
Come to us in power Divine,
Give us love and make us Thine:
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

3. More than friend, however near;
More than all we hold most dear;
More than all in heaven or here:
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

4. Not from dread of wrath or woe;
Not for all Thou wilt bestow;—
For Thyself whose love we know:
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

5. Though there were no heaven to gain,
Though there were no place of pain;
Still our love would not be vain:
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

6. If we feel Thy bounteous care,
If our lot be poor and bare,
If Thou smite and if Thou spare,
Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

*M. Woodward.*

## 378. *Loving God.* S.M.

1. BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

2. O Thou, our souls' dear Hope,
We to Thy goodness fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect;
Whate'er we need, supply.

3. Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4. Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

*J. Austin*, 1668.

## 379. *Calm.* C.M.

1. CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

3. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

4. Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

5. Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name;

6. Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain—
Moving unruffled through earth's war
Th' eternal calm to gain!

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 380. *The Heavenly Treasures.* C.M.

1. OUR portion is not here, O Lord,
Our riches are in Thee;
And where our wealth is safely stored,
There, too, our hearts would be.

2. Where moth and rust corrupteth not,
Nor thief breaks through to steal,
Where change and trouble are forgot,
Our treasures we conceal.

3. For naught can take Thy peace away,
Nor aught Thy grace impair,
And naught can make Thy love decay;
And all our wealth is there.

4. No tarnish comes upon our gold,
Our silver is most fine;
Our raiment never waxeth old,
Our jewels are divine.

5. Then let us hold on cheerfully
The path which Thou hast trod;
Our wealth in Thee, our hearts with Thee,
All hid with Christ in God.

*Walter C. Smith.*

## 381. *All things for Good.* L.M.

1. WHEN gladness gilds our prosperous day,
And hope is by fruition crowned,

"O Lord," with thankful hearts we say,
"How doth Thy love to us abound!"

2. But is that love less truly shown,
When earthly joys lie cold and dead,
And hopes have faded one by one,
Leaving sad memories in their stead.

3. God knows the discipline we need,
Nor sorrow sends for sorrow's sake;
And though our stricken hearts may bleed,
His mercy will not let them break.

4. O teach us to discern the good
Thou sendest in the guise of ill;
Since all Thou dost, if understood,
Interpreteth Thy loving will.

5. For pain is not the end of pain,
Not seldom trial comes to bless,
And work for us abundant gain,—
The peaceful fruits of righteousness.

6. Then let us not, with anxious thought,
Ask of to-morrow's joys or woes;
But, by His word and Spirit taught,
Accept as best what God bestows.

*W. H. Burleigh.*

## 382. *A Prayer in Sorrow.* C.M.

1. WHEN Thou rebukest me for good,
My Father, tell me so;
That I, in all Thy better ways,
With willing heart may go.

2. And when Thy ways are in the deep,
Thy footsteps all unknown,
Then give me, Lord, to feel, to know,
I am not left alone.

3. And when Thy heavens shine on me,
O teach me what they say,—
How winsomely they ask my heart
To joy in God alway.

4. And when my tasks are sad and hard,
O teach me what they mean,—
How earnestly they ask my soul,
Alone on God to lean.

5. Yea! every hour, and in all things,
May I my Father see;
And live a life of child-like trust,—
My heart at rest in Thee. *J. P. Hopps.*

## 383. *Trust.* 11.10.11.6.

1. STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2. Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3. Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4. Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the Cross.

*W. H. Burleigh.*

## 384. *The Limitations of Knowledge.* 7s.

1. MANY things in life there are
Past our understanding far,
And the humblest flower that grows
Hides a secret no man knows.

2. All unread by outer sense
Lies the soul's experience ;
Mysteries around us rise—
We, the deeper mysteries !

3. While we may so little scan
Of Thy vast creation's plan,
Teach us, O our God, to be
Humble in our walk with Thee !

4. May we trust, through ill and good,
Thine unchanging Fatherhood,
And our highest wisdom find
In the reverent heart and mind !

5. Clearer vision shall be ours,
Larger wisdom, ampler powers,
And the meaning yet appear
Of what passes knowledge here.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 385. *Submission.* C.M.

1. AUTHOR of good ! to Thee I turn ;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2. O let Thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3. And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;

4. Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts supply;
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

*James Merrick*, 1763.

## 386. *The Lesson of Trust.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2. How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

3. Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4. We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;

But birds and flowers around us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5. Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

*J. Anstice.*

**387.** *Give us Rest.* 8.8.8.4.

1. FROM fretful care and worldly strife,
From every low unworthy quest,
Amid the needful toil of life,
Lord, give us rest !

2. When coward love and envious fear
Have left us burdened and distressed,
O, then in pity, Lord, draw near
To give us rest !

3. When hard beset by hungry need,
And in the battle sorely pressed,
From base ambition, aimless greed,
Lord, give us rest !

4. When life seems cruel, death unkind,
And chill despair our only guest ;
Yet lead us, poor, and sick, and blind,
Into Thy rest !

5. When darkness covers earthly things,
And heaven is sunless in the west,
Then gather us beneath Thy wings,
To give us rest !

*Annie Matheson.*

**388.** *The Pure and Peaceful Mind.* 8.6.8.8.6.

1. DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways !
Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2. O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above !
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love !

3. With that deep hush, subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

4. Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease :
Take from our souls the strain and stress ;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5. Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire :
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm !

*J. G. Whittier.*

**389.** *Thy Will be done.* 8.8.8.4.

1. MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3. What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4. If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
"Thy will be done."

5. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done."

6. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

7. Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

*C. Elliot.*

## 390. *Thy Will be done.* 8.8.8.8.4.

1. WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

2. The flesh may fail, the heart may faint ;
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease ?
Thy will be done !

3. We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done !

4. Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done !

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 391. *Fearless Trust.* S.M.D.

1. COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands ;
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands ;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
And shepherd all thy way.

2. Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way :
Abide His will ; and weary night
Shall end in joyous day.

3. He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His path, unsullied light.
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand?
When God His people's cause defends,
What man shall stay His hand?

4. Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the trembling hands;
Confirm the feeble knee!
So shall our life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And all eternity proclaim
Thy love and guardian care.

*P. Gerhardt.*

## 392. *Our Refuge in Sorrow.* C.M.

1. O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

2. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too!

3. O who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4. Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

*Thomas Moore.*

## 393. *Trust.* C.M.

1. MY Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace,
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

2. Lord when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.

3. I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

4. So faith and patience! wait a while!
Not doubting, not in fear;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

5. Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night;
Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light.

*G. Rawson.*

## 394. *Thou doest all Things well.* S.M.

1. THOU doest all things well,
God only wise and true!

My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

2. With sacred toils o'erpressed,
I sink in welcome sleep ;
I wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.

3. Soon finds each fevered day
And each chill night its bourn ;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest or light return.

4. But, be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod—
Thou art my Health, my Sun, my Song,
My Glory, and my God !

5. Thy smiling face lights mine ;
If veiled, it makes me sad—
Even tears in darkness, star-like, shine,
And morning finds me glad !

6. For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above,
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering Love !

7. Hours spent with pain and Thee,
Lost hours have never seemed :
No ; those are lost, which but *might* be
From earth, for heaven, redeemed !

8. Its limit—its relief—
Its hallowed issues—tell
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well !

*W. M. Bunting.*

## 395. *Peace.* C.M.

1. WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

2. We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see ;
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

4. That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5. O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

## 396. *Sorrowful yet Rejoicing.* C.M.

1. WE praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest :
But O ! how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best.

2. We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways :
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days ?

3. We praise Thee when our path is plain
   And smooth beneath our feet ;
   But fain would learn to welcome pain,
   And call the bitter sweet.

4. Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts
   Aright to read Thy way,
   That Thou with loving hand dost trace
   Our history every day.

5. Then every thorny crown of care,
   Worn well in patience now,
   Shall grow a glorious diadem
   Upon the faithful brow ;

6. And sorrow's face shall be unveiled,
   And we at last shall see
   Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
   Her speech but echoes Thee.

*J. P. Hopps.*

## 397. *Submission to the Divine Will.* L.M.

1. O THOU who hast at Thy command
   The hearts of all men in Thy hand !
   Our wayward, erring hearts incline
   To know no other will but Thine.

2. Our wishes and desires control :
   Mould every purpose of the soul ;
   O'er all may we victorious be
   That stands between ourselves and Thee.

3. Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
   When we can look through them to Thee ;
   When each glad heart its tribute pays
   Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

*J. Cotterill.*

## 398. *Prayer for Peace.* 10.4.10.4.10.10.

1. IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace;
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let passion cease;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

2. The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode;
Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.

3. Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot,
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

4. So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;—
Wounded, yet healed; sin-laden, yet forgiven;
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 399. *Rest and Unrest.* 10s.

1. O THOU, the primal Fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And turn to music every jarring sound.

2. How longs each depth within the weary soul
   To taste the life of this benignant hour,
   To be at one with Thine untroubled whole,
   And in itself to know Thy hushing power.

3. Make Thou in me, O God, through shame and pain,
   A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm ;
   Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
   But heal the wounded breast with soothing balm.

4. So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
   In full accord with all Thy works of joy,
   May I be nerved to labours high and pure,
   And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.

5. In One who walked on earth, a man of woe,
   Was holier peace than even this hour inspires ;
   From Him to me let inward quiet flow,
   And give the might my failing will requires.

6. So this great universe, so He, and Thou
   The central Source and wondrous Bound of things,
   May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
   To land and sea, and sea and air, Thy presence brings.

*John Sterling.*

## 400. *My Times are in Thy hand.* C.M. 6 lines.

1. FATHER, I know that all my life
   Is portioned out for me ;
   The changes that must surely come
   I do not fear to see ;
   I ask Thee for a present mind,
   Intent on pleasing Thee.

2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
   Through constant watching wise,

To meet the glad with joyful smile,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3. I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

4. Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do,
For Him on whom I wait.

5. In service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

*A. L. Waring.*

## 401. *The Blessed Life.* L.M.

1. O BLESSÈD life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made ours, the best.

2. O blessèd life! the mind that sees—
Whatever change the years may bring—
Some good still hid in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

3. O blessèd life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense,—beyond, to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4. O blessèd life! heart, mind, and soul
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5. O life! how blessèd! how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Father, fulfil my deep desire
And let this blessèd life be mine.

*W. Tidd Matson.*

## 402. *At Rest in God.* C.M.

1. MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

2. I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

3. Mine be the reverent, listening love,
That waits all day on Thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see.

4. The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

5 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere.

*A. L. Waring.*

## 403. *Perfect through Suffering.* 8.8.8.

1. WE suffer in this world below,
Hard training here we undergo,
Full many a pang and many a throe.

2. We suffer, and we know not why;
In vain with tear-dimmed eyes we try
The reason of our pain to spy.

3. We suffer, and we only know
That wider knowledge cometh so,
And love and faith more ample grow.

4. We suffer, and we taste in pain
The richer life where death is gain,
The death of self, by strong love slain.

5. We suffer, and we grow more strong,
More patient, though the end be long,
More sure to raise the harvest-song.

*E. S. Armitage.*

## 404. *Prayer for Strength.* 10.10.10.10.6.

1. WE ask not that our path be always bright,
But for Thy aid to walk therein aright;
That Thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
Will give us strength sufficient to our day:
For this, for this we pray.

2. Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.

3. Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
Of thankfulness and praise.

4. Thou knowest all our needs, and will supply:
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye,
Nor vainly, from the depths, on Thee we call;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

*W. H. Burleigh.*

## 405. *Blessed are they that Mourn.* L.M.

1. O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2. The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3. There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4. For God has marked each sorrowing hour
And numbered every secret tear;
And Heaven's long age of love and power
Grows out of all we suffer here.

*W. C. Bryant.*

## 406. *Haste not, Rest not.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. WITHOUT haste and without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast,
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb.

2. Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

3. Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

4. Haste not, rest not—calm in strife;
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not, rest not; conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

*Goethe, tr. C. C. Cox.*

## 407. *Bear on!* C.M.

1. BEAR on, my soul! the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

2. Bear on, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance will come;
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring His children home.

## 408. *The Recompense of Reward.* C.M.

1. HOW shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

2. Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real from the thought
Of the eternal years.

3. Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears:
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the eternal years.

4. He practises all virtues well,
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the eternal years.

*F. W. Faber.*

## 409. *Faith.* C.M.

1. THOU, who our faithless hearts canst read,
And know'st each weakness there,

Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead,
O turn not from our prayer!

2. We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith,

3. That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see;
That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.

4. Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and glean
Some beams of heavenly light.

5. Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven;
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven.

*J. Baldwin Brown.*

## 410. *Hope.* 8.7.4.4.7.

1. HOPE on, hope on, the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning;
The mists of night
Precede the light,
And usher in the morning.

2. Hope on, hope on, though black the clouds
Black shadows intertwining,
Yet calm and still,
O'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.

3. Hope on, hope on, through frost and snow,
Through trouble, toil, and sorrow;
Through wind and rain,
And tears and pain,
The sun shall pierce to-morrow.

4. Hope on, hope on, though friends be few,
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love
From heaven above
Shall shed His radiance o'er thee.

*Godfrey Thring.*

## 411. *A Prayer for Love.* C.M.

1. O LORD! Thy heart with love o'erflowed,
Love spoke in every breath;
Unwearied love Thy life declared,
Love triumphed in Thy death.

2. And Thou hast taught Thy followers here
Their faithlessness to prove,
And show their gratitude to Thee,
By living still in love.

3. May we the law of love fulfil
In every act and thought;
Each angry passion be subdued,
Each selfish aim forgot.

4. Teach us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's sorrow share;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

5. In holy love may we increase,
By Thy good Spirit's grace;
Till we Thy perfect image bear,
And see Thee face to face.

## 412. *All ye are Brethren.* 11.10.11.10.

1. "ALL ye are brethren!" Down the aisle of ages
The Master's word comes ringing from afar,
And the sad past's tear-blotted, sin-stained pages
Are lit with brightness from the Bethlehem star.

2. The sightless stranger by the wayside crying,
The lonely widow of her son bereft,
The helpless cripple at Bethesda lying,
The leper, by his nearest kindred left,—

3. These were His brethren. To one certain haven
We voyage on across the same deep sea,
And upon every brow alike is graven
The common seal of our humanity.

4. Levite and priest may look and pass unheeding,
Nor care to claim the brotherhood divine;
But when our brother by the way lies bleeding,
Ours be the hands to pour in oil and wine!

*J. B. Munro.*

## 413. *Litany of Love.* 7.7.7.6.

1. GOD of mercy, loving all,
Pitying Thy creatures' fall,
On Thy name of Love we call:
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

2. Give the love divinely strong,
Moved not though it suffers long,
Kind to those who do the wrong:
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

3. Give the love that envies none
For the joy of work well done,
Or the good which they have won:
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

4. Give the love in kindness shown,
Living not for self alone,
Making others' good her own :
— Hear us, we beseech Thee.

5. Give the love to anger slow,
Fearing seeds of strife to sow,
Never helping strife to grow :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

6. Give the love that thinks no ill,
And with power of gentle will
Can the voice of slander still :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

7. Give the love that will abide
True and firm, however tried,
And a brother's fault will hide :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

8. Give the love that faith makes blest,
Hoping always for the best,
Even when with doubts distressed :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

9. Give the love that foe or friend
Slight or wrong cannot offend,
True, enduring to the end :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

10. Give the love for which we pray,
Love that never can decay,
Never fail or pass away :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

*M. Woodward.*

## 414. *Charity.* L.M.

1. FATHER, I may not ask for less—
Give me the bond of perfectness;
The highest grace of all the three—
Enduring, heavenly charity.

2. Thinking no evil, sin she hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides:
She lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

3. Her tender mercies freely fall
Like heaven's refreshing dews on all,
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes, the human race.

4. Nor bounded by the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown,
And this her highest glory given,
To lead the wanderers back to heaven.

*J. Drummond.*

## 415. *Love of Man is Love of God.* 7s. D.

1. LORD, what offering shall we bring
At Thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Quiet thoughts at peace with all;
Wrongs forgiven into rest;
Sympathy intent to call
Sorrow from the wounded breast;

2. Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O Thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to Thee and all mankind.

*John Taylor.*

## 416. *The Worship of Love.* C.M.

1. HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

2. He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

## 417. *Love of the Neighbour.* 7.6.7.6.

1. O LORD, Thou art not fickle;
Our hope is not in vain;
The harvest for the sickle
Will ripen yet again.

2. But though enough be given
For all the world to eat,
Sin with Thy love has striven
Its bounty to defeat.

3. Were men to one another
As kind as God to all,
Then no man on his brother
For help would vainly call.

4. On none for idle wasting
Would honest labour frown;
And none, to riches hasting,
Would tread his neighbour down.

5. No man enough possesses
Until he has to spare;
Possession no man blesses
While self is all his care.

6. For blessings on our labour,
O, then, in hope we pray,
When love unto our neighbour
Is ripening every day.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 418. *The Law of Love.* C. M.

1. POUR forth the oil,—pour boldly forth:
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

2. Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

3. But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

4. For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.

*R. C. Trench.*

## 419. *Charity.* C.M.

1. O GOD ! whose thoughts are brightest light,
   Whose love runs always clear,
   To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
   Amidst their sins are dear !

2. Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
   With charity like Thine,
   Till self shall be the only spot
   On earth which does not shine.

3. Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
   Round whom Thine arms are drawn ;
   And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
   Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

4. When we ourselves least kindly are,
   We deem the world unkind ;
   Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
   Only the poison find.

5. But they have caught the way of God,
   To whom self lies displayed
   In such clear vision as to cast
   O'er other faults a shade.

6. All bitterness is from ourselves,
   All sweetness is from Thee ;
   Dear God ! for evermore be Thou
   Fountain and fire in me !

*F. W. Faber.*

## 420. *Giving.* 7·5·7·5·

1. THINE are all the gifts, O God !
   Thine the broken bread ;
   Let the naked feet be shod,
   And the starving fed.

2. Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

3. Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

4. Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**421.** *Stewardship.* S.M.

1. WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee;

2. May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3. And hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4. To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5. The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6. And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

*W. W. How.*

## 422. *God is Love, and Love is God.* 8.6.8.4.

1. ETERNAL Love, increase within
The love that saves the soul;
Subdue each rising pulse of sin,
And make us whole.

2. These human hearts in weakness turn
To Thee, O Love most strong!
For help when passions fiercely burn,
And work our wrong.

3. Let then Thine inward aid appear,
Thy strength within our breast;
And we from ills, and pain, and fear,
Shall triumph wrest.

4. May visions of Thine unseen good
Lead where we blindly grope;
Reveal the world's beatitude,
And boundless hope.

5. And may we always keep the sight
Of this earth's heavenlier side;
See Love Divine maintain the right,
Howe'er defied.

6. That God is love, and love is God,
Only love's heart can know ;
The roughest path man ever trod,
This truth may show. *James Bell.*

## 423. *Faith, Hope, and Love.* L.M.

1. WHAT though our hopes, once fair and bright,
Have ended in a darksome night,
Faith points us to another morn,
All bright and radiant, though unborn.

2. What though temptations oft assail
Our feeble virtue, they will fail
To lure us from the heavenly light,
If faith illume our inward sight.

3. What though in age we ne'er enjoy
The dreams of youth without alloy,
Still hope will brighten all our way
And cheer us to life's latest day.

4. Greater than faith, or hope beside,
Is love, which ever must abide.
This turns life's wastes to fountains sweet,
And brings its treasures at our feet.

5. Thus do these angels, given in life,
Help us to bear its woes and strife ;
And thereby is a foretaste given
Of the delights and bliss of heaven.

## 424. *The Gain of Man.* L.M.

1. O SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right ;
And step by step since time began,
We see the steady gain of man ;

2. That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3. We lack but open eye and ear,
To find the Orient's marvels here ;
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood, the burning bush.

4. Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

5. Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore :
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 425. *Hope for Man.* L.M.

1. THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear ;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

2. For man has striven ages long
With faltering steps to come to Thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of Thy grace could see.

3. He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

4. But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou.

5. 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

*T. W. Higginson.*

## 426. *The Holy Land.* C.M.

1. WE go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old;
The Holy Land around us lies
Of which we have been told.

2. I see it when the morning sun
Doth rise o'er land and sea;
The moon's mild beams, the silent stars
Reveal it unto me.

3. In all that's good, in all that's fair,
I see it's glory shine;
As in the Holy Land of old,
The ancient Palestine.

4. And brighter yet, in days to come,
Shall shine its wondrous light,
Till all the earth is holy land,
With heavenly radiance bright.

5. We go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old;
The Holy Land around us lies,
Of which we have been told.

*Jones Very.*

## 427. *Eden a Prophecy.* 7s.

1. ALL before us lies the way;
   Give the past unto the wind.
   All before us is the day;
   Night and darkness are behind.

2. Eden, with its angels bold,
   Love, and flowers, and purity,
   Is not ancient story told,
   But a glowing prophecy.

3. In the spirit's perfect air,
   In the passions deep and kind,
   In the life that has no care,
   Purest Eden we shall find.

4. When the soul to sin hath died,
   True and beautiful, and sound,
   Then all earth is sanctified,
   And our Paradise is found.

*Eliza T. Clapp.*

## 428. *The City of God.* C.M.

1. IN Thee my powers, my treasures, live;
   To Thee my life must tend;
   Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
   O soul-sufficing Friend!

2. And wherefore should I seek above
   The City in the sky,
   Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
   Its broad foundations lie?

3. Since in a life of peace and prayer,
   Nor known on earth nor praised,
   By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
   Its holy towers are raised.

4. Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven.

*Eliza Scudder.*

429. *The Age of Gold.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. THE God that to the fathers
Revealed His holy will
Has not the world forsaken;
He's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way;
Look up, and see the dawning
That broadens into day.

2. 'Twas but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the kingdom,—
The better time to be.
To-day we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold!

3. With trust in God's free spirit,—
The ever broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,—
Let us to-day be faithful,
As were the brave of old,
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

*Minot J. Savage.*

## 430. *Kingdom of our God.* S.M.

1. COME, kingdom of our God!
   Sweet reign of light and love,
   Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
   And wisdom from above.

2. Over our spirits first
   Extend Thy healing reign;
   Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
   That never pains again.

3. Come, kingdom of our God!
   And make the broad earth Thine;
   Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
   That flowers with grace divine.

4. Soon may all tribes be blest
   With fruit from Life's glad tree;
   And in its shade like brothers rest,
   Sons of one family.

*J. Johns.*

## 431. *Heaven is Here.* 8.7.8.7.

1. HEAVEN is here: where hymns of gladness
   Cheer the toiler's rugged way
   In this world, where clouds of sadness
   Often change to night our day.

2. Heaven is here: where misery lightened
   Of its heavy load is seen;
   Where the face of sorrow brightened
   By the deed of love hath been;—

3. Where the sad, the poor, despairing,
   Are uplifted, cheered, and blest;
   Where, in others' labours sharing,
   We can find our surest rest;—

4. Where we heed the voice of duty,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
This is heaven,—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the love of God.

*J. Quincy Adams.*

## 432. *The Brighter Day.* L.M.

1. BLEST be the light that shows the way,
And blest the way the light has shown;
We welcome now the brighter day,
And every faithless fear disown.

2. A tyrant God, the soul's despair,
No more beclouds our earthly lives;
The heavens are wide, and room is there
For every soul that upward strives.

3. In love to God and love to man
Our simple creed finds ample scope;
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

4. Then vanish, spectres of the night,
That once enthralled the darkened soul;
Our watchword be the inward light,
The onward march, the endless goal.

*F. H. Hedge.*

## 433. *Life of Ages.* 7s.

1. LIFE of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophets' word,
And the people's liberty!

2. Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined :
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

3. Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Shaping noblest thought and deed,
Still inspiring truth and good.

4. Consecrating heart and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way,
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.

5. Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophets' word,
And the people's liberty !

*S. Johnson.*

## 434. *The Descent of God on Man.* S.M.

1. SEND down Thy truth, O God !
Too long the shadows frown,
Too long the darkened way we've trod :
Thy truth, O Lord, send down !

2. Send down Thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for Thy worship be :
Thy Spirit, O send down !

3. Send down Thy love, Thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife :
Thy living love send down !

4. Send down Thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down!

*E. R. Sill.*

## 435. *Thy Kingdom Come.* 7s.

1. FATHER, let Thy kingdom come,
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.

2. As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

3. Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
Enter on Thy better reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.

4. O what long, sad years have gone
Since Thy Church was taught this prayer;
O what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere.

5. Break, triumphant day of God,
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

6. Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
May they all for God be won;
And, in every human heart,
Father, let Thy kingdom come.

*J. P. Hopps.*

## 436. *The City of God.* C.M.

1. CITY of God! how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

2. One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working hand, one harvest song,
One King Omnipotent.

3. How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth.

4. How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

5. In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon the Eternal Rock
The Eternal City stands.

*S. Johnson.*

## 437. *Where is the City of God?* 6s. 6 lines.

1. O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor wall'd with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem
God's own Jerusalem!

2. Where'er the gentle heart
   Finds courage from above;
   Where'er the heart forsook
   Warms with the breath of love;
   Where faith bids fear depart,
   City of God! thou art.

3. Thou art where'er the proud
   In humbleness melts down;
   Where self itself yields up;
   Where martyrs win their crown;
   Where faithful souls possess
   Themselves in perfect peace.

4. Where in life's common ways
   With cheerful feet we go;
   Where in His steps we tread
   Who trod the way of woe;
   Where He is in the heart,
   City of God! thou art.

5. Not throned above the skies,
   Nor golden-wall'd afar,
   But where Christ's two or three
   In His name gather'd are,
   Be in the midst of them,
   God's own Jerusalem!

*F. T. Palgrave.*

## 438. *The City of our Dreams.* 8.7.8.7.

1. HAVE you heard of the Golden City,
   Mentioned in the legends old?
   Everlasting light shines o'er it,
   Wondrous things of it are told.

2. Only righteous men and women
   Dwell within its gleaming walls;

Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns through all its halls.

3. We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts ;
All our lives are building-stones.

4. To service humble or exalted,
All are called by voice Divine ;
All may aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

5. For that City we must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief ;
In it find the end of living,
And the anchor of belief.

6. And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

7. It will last and shine transfigured,
In the final reign of Right ;
It will pass into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

*Felix Adler.*

**439.** *Evermore.* 7·7·7·5·

1. WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore !

2. When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore !

3. When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray ;—
Light for evermore !

4. When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore !

5. When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore !

6. When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life ! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore !

*J. Ellerton.*

## 440. *The Rest of Immortality.* S.M.

1. O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :

2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the *whole* of life, to live,—
Nor *all* of death, to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

4. Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 441. *Immortality.* C.M.

1. SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

2. Sweet Rose! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3. Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas! must die.

4. Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly:
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It lives, and cannot die.

*George Herbert.*

## 442. *The God of the Living.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies!
All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of sense set free,
Our dead are living unto Thee;

2. Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
In life, in joy, in peace they be;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

3. Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And thank Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear the world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

4. O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee!

*J. Ellerton.*

## 443. *The Rest after Death.* 10.6.10.4.

1. THOU God of love! beneath Thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!

2. O! when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close!

*Jane Euphemia Saxby.*

## 444. *Life Hid in God.* 7s.

1. LET my life be hid in Thee,
   Life of life, and Light of light!
   Love's illimitable Sea!
   Depth of peace, of power the Height!

2. Let my life be hid in Thee,
   When my foes are gathering round;
   Covered with Thy panoply,
   Safe within Thy holy ground.

3. Let my life be hid in Thee;
   From vexation and annoy;
   Calm in Thy tranquillity,
   All my mourning turned to joy.

4. Let my life be hid in Thee;
   When my strength and health shall fail,
   Let Thine immortality
   In my dying hour prevail.

5. Let my life be hid in Thee;
   In the world, and yet above;
   Hid in Thine eternity,
   In the ocean of Thy love.

*J. B. Clipstone.*

## 445. *The Cry of Frailty.* 6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. LOWLY and solemn be
   Thy children's cry to Thee,
   Father divine!
   A hymn of suppliant breath,
   Owning that life and death
   Alike art Thine.

2. O Father ! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou !

3. By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God !

4. Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

**446.** *Onward.* 8.7.8.7.

1. THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

2. Clear before us through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3. One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

4. One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :

5. One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

6. One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.

7. Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

*B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould.*

## 447. *The Angels of the Home.* C.M

1. O NOT when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs !
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

2. At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room :
And happy spirits' noiseless feet
Come brightening through the gloom.

3. We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came ;
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Father's name !

4. This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
A moment may destroy :
We think of Thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.

5. Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come ;
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When God doth call us home !

*J. Wilson.*

## 448. *Quiet from the Fear of Evil.* C.M.

1. I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

2. I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

3. And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

4. And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

5. I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 449. *Not Alone.* 10.10.6.6.10.10.

1. ALONE, to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before,—
Things of a different hue,
And sounds all strange and new,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

2. Alone! the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife:
O we shall trust Him more in that new life!

3. So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
Our home at once with the Eternal Love!

*F. W. Faber.*

## 450. *The Communion of the Faithful.* 7s.

1. THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

2. Yea, the holy dead have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
One in heart, and one in love,
We below, and they above.

3. Yet in song, and sigh, and prayer,
Each with other hath a share;
With each other join they here,
In affection, doubt, and fear.

4. So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work, and join their praise;
Blessèd pledge that we shall be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with Thee.

**451.** *Light at Evening Time.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. AT evening time—when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose;
To crown my faith before the night,—
At evening time let there be light!

2. At evening time—when labour's past;—
Though storms and toils have marred my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
Now let the parting hour be bright,
At evening time let there be light!

3. God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee;
I trust His promises sublime!
His glory now is risen on me!
His full salvation is in sight,—
At evening time, there now is light.

*G. Rawson.*

**452.** *Faith without Sight.* L.M.

1. NO angel comes to us to tell
Glad news of our belovèd dead;

Nor at the old familiar board
They sit among us breaking bread.

2. Three days we wait before the tomb,
Nay, life-long years ; and yet no more,
For all our passionate tears, we find
The stone rolled backward from the door.

3. Yet are they risen as He is risen ;
For no eternal loss we grieve.
Blessèd are they who ask no sign,
And, never having seen, believe.

*Lewis Morris.*

## 453. *Angels in Disguise.* 11.4.11.4.

1. WITH silence only as their benediction
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

2. Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

3. Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
The good die not !

4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 454. *One Family.* C. M.

1. LET saints on earth in concert sing.
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.

2. One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3. One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4. E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5. By faith we join our friendly hands
With those that went before;
And greet the pure, triumphant bands
On the eternal shore.

6. Our old companions in distress
We hope again to see,
And quietly wait for our release,
And full felicity.

7. O God be Thou our constant guide,
Till death shall set us free;
Then bid the narrow stream divide,
And call us home to Thee.

*C. Wesley.*

455. *The Cloud of Witnesses.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. OFT, as we run the weary way,
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.

2. Faithless and blind, who cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond the senses' ken?
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and man.

3. And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and perfecter of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

4. Therefore, with patience run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
With cheerful hope and power;
Cast off the sin that checks our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.

5. For Heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road:
And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

**456.** *From God to God.* 9.8.9.8.8.8.

TO Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain ;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content—for Thou art ever nigh.

*G. Neumarck.*

**457.** *The Day of Death.* 7.7.7.

1. THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say,
"Thou must rise and come away :

2. All thy other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last."

3. Day, deep hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

4. Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear ?

5. Come thou must, and we must die :
God our helper ! stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

*R. C. Trench.*

**458.** *Restored.* 8.8.8.

1. DUST unto dust, the heart makes cry ;
Ashes to ashes doth reply.
Shall I see God when I shall die ?

2. My hands are strong, the Lord God says,
My arms are wide ; in many ways
My love draws on the better days.

3. Not in hard earth Thou leav'st Thine own,
Not in cold ground the life is thrown ;
Where Thou art, none can be alone.

4. Wherefore, O heart, no longer say :
Dust unto dust our own we lay,
Ashes to ashes leave to-day ;

5. But, with a faith set heavenward,
Say : Life to Life we have restored,
Spirit to Spirit, Man to God. *John Tunis.*

## 459. *The Silent Land.* L.M.

1. GOD giveth quietness at last !
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

2. What to shut eyes hath God revealed ?
What hear the ears that death hath sealed ?
What undreamed beauty, passing show,
Requites the loss of all we know ?

3. O silent land, to which we move,
Enough, if there alone be love !
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow ! *J. G. Whittier.*

## 460. *The Evening of Life.* 11.10.11.6.

1. WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

2. Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

3. Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4. I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
To find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**461.** *The Shadows of Death.* 7.6.7.6.

1. SLOWLY, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink the setting sun.

2. So, round my path, life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And, as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.

3. Yet still, amid the darkness,
I feel the light is near;
And, in the awful silence,
God's voice I seem to hear.

4. His voice I hear above me ;
It says—Wait, Trust, and Pray ;
The night will soon be over,
And light will come with day.

5. Father ! the light and darkness
Are both alike to Thee :
Then, to Thy waiting servant,
Alike they both shall be.

6. That great unending future,
I cannot pierce its shroud,
But I nothing doubt, nor tremble ;
God's bow is on the cloud.

7. To Him I yield my spirit ;
On Him I lay my load ;
Fear ends with death ; beyond it
I nothing see but God.

8. Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait His call,
Seeing and fearing nothing,
Hoping and trusting all.

*Samuel Greg.*

## 462. *The Loneliness of Death.* C.M.

1. THOU must go forth alone, my soul ;
Thou must go forth alone,—
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

2. Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale ;
But He, whose word is sure, hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

3. Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
   To meet thy God above;
   But shrink not; He hath said, my soul,
   He is a God of love.

4. His rod and staff shall comfort thee
   Across the dreary road,
   Till thou shalt join the blessèd ones
   In heaven's serene abode.

*M. A. Jevons.*

## 463. *Our Dead.* C.M.

1. WE cannot think of them as dead
   Who walk with us no more;
   Along the path of life we tread,
   They have but gone before.

2. The Father's house is mansioned fair
   Beyond our vision dim;
   All souls are His, and here or there,
   Are living unto Him.

3. And still their silent ministry
   Within our hearts have place,
   As when on earth they walked with us
   And met us face to face.

4. Ours are they by an ownership
   Nor time nor death can free;
   For God hath given to love to keep
   Its own eternally.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 464. *Fought a Good Fight.* 7s.

1. CALMLY, calmly lay him down:
   He hath fought a noble fight,
   He hath battled for the right,
   He hath won the fadeless crown.

2. Memories, all too bright for tears,
   Crowd around us from the past;
   He was faithful to the last,
   Faithful through long toilsome years.

3. All that makes for human good,
   Freedom, righteousness, and truth,—
   These the objects of his youth,
   Unto age he still pursued.

4. Meek and gentle was his soul,
   Yet it had a glorious might;
   Clouded minds it filled with light,
   Wounded spirits it made whole.

5. Hoping, trusting, lay him down.
   Many in the realms above
   Look for him with eyes of love,
   Wreathing his immortal crown.

*William Gaskell.*

## 465. *The Death of a Comrade.* C.M.

1. CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
   Of Christian chivalry;
   We bless Thee for our comrade true,
   Now summoned up to Thee.

2. We bless Thee for his every step
   In faithful following Thee;
   And for his good fight fought so well,
   And crowned with victory.

3. We bless Thee that his humble love
   Hath met with such regard:
   We bless Thee for his blessedness,
   And for his rich reward.

*George Rawson.*

## 466. *Memories of the Dead.* C.M.D.

1. IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

2. 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But O, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

3. More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.

*J. W. Chadwick.*

## 467. *All Live unto God.* 8.8.8.4.

1. O LORD of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in Thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
Hallelujah!

2. All souls are Thine, and, here or there,
They rest within Thy sheltering care;
One Providence alike they share.
Hallelujah!

3. Thy word is true, Thy ways are just;
Above the requiem, "Dust to dust,"
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.
Hallelujah!

4. O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed;
Living or dying they are blest.
Hallelujah!

## 468. *Love stronger than Death.* C.M.

1. THEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow successive train;
To memory's heart—a gathered band—
Our lost ones come again.

2. Their spirits up to God we gave,
With eyes as wet as dim,
Confiding in His power to save,
For all do live to Him.

3. Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond time's lone and dreaded brink
Their deathless dwellings lie.

4. Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disavow;
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now?

5. Our Father, give them perfect rest
And portion with the blest;
O pity if they went astray,
And pardon for the best.

6. As they may need still deign to bring
The helping of Thy grace,
The shadow of Thy guardian wing
Or shinings of Thy face.

7. For all their sorrows here below
Be boundless joy and peace,
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That nevermore shall cease.

*N. L. Frothingham.*

## 469. *Partakers of the Divine Nature.* L.M.

1. GOD of our fathers! in whose sight
The thousand years that sweep away
Man and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day!

2. Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of Thee,
Which makes Thy children in all time
To share Thine own eternity.

*J. Pierpont.*

## 470. *Trust and Hope.* C.M.

1. MY God, I rather look to Thee
Than to my fancy fond,
And wait, till Thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

2. I seek not of Thy Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow;

3. What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

4. O sweeter far to trust in Thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with Thee alone.

5. In Thee, my powers, my treasures live;
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend.

*Eliza Scudder.*

## 471. *Thine for Ever.* 7s.

1. THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

2. Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Keep us in the righteous way,
Bring us to the realms of day.

3. Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4. Thine for ever! Father keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care;
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5. Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven.

*Mary F. Maude.*

## 472. *All Saints.* 10.10.10.4.

1. FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Alleluia!

2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.
Alleluia!

3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

4. O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

6. The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
Alleluia !

*W. W. How.*

## 473. *All Saints.* 11.11.10.10.

1. SING with our might and uplift our glad voices ;
Sing while the heart with thanksgiving rejoices ;
Sing of all saints spreading goodness abroad,
Prophets and holy ones, sons of the Lord.

2. Thanks to the Lord for His prophets and sages,
Thanks for the saints He hath raised in all ages ;
Hark to their voices ;—they utter One Name ;
One Lord, one Brotherhood, one Hope proclaim.

3. Often forsaken and outcast and friendless,
Wounded and dying in sufferings endless,
Bear they their witness or raise their high song,
Fervent in faithfulness, patient and strong.

4. From age to age the glad tidings are spoken,
Shore calls to shore that the line is unbroken ;
One holy army, one glorious cry,—
On earth be peacefulness, praises on high.

*J. V. Blake.*

## 474. *The Reformers.* L.M.

1. FOR all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee ;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.

2. For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none Thy word of truth could know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds,

3. Thy strength, O Lord, in that dark night,
By mouths of babes Thou didst ordain ;
And Thy free truth went forth with might,
Not empty to return again.

4. With lifted song and bended knee,
For all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord ;
But chief for those who made us free,
The champions of Thy holy word.

*J. Freeman Clarke.*

**475.** *Outside Saints.* L.M.

1. THOUGH scattered far, the flock may stray :
His own the Shepherd still shall claim,—
The saints who never learned to pray,
The friends who never spoke His name.

2. When shall His gathered Church rejoice
His word of promise to recall,—
One sheltering fold, one Shepherd's voice,
One God and Father over all.

3. Dear Master, while we hear Thy voice
That says, "The truth shall make you free,"
Thy servants still by loving choice,
O, keep us faithful unto Thee.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

**476.** *All-Saints' Day.* L.M D.

1. ONE day, of holy days the crest,
Unbound by creeds, we love to keep ;

All Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain, heroic breed,
That loved heaven's silence more than fame.

2. Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to sin and famine known,
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

3. About their lowly brow appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rain-bow gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of a further shore.

*J. Russell Lowell.*

## 477. *The One Family.* C.M

1. SO heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful and blest.

2. The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart;
Part militant in earthly gloom;
In heavenly glory part.

3. But who can speak the rapture, when
The number is complete;
And all the children sundered now
Around one Father meet?

4. One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
One everlasting home,
Our Father's house from whose dear rest
No wanderer e'er shall roam.

*F. D. Huntington.*

## 478. *The Larger Hope.* L.M.

1. O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

2. That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

3. Behold, we know not anything;
We can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

*A. Tennyson.*

## 479. *Final Restoration.* 10.10.10.

1. FATHER of all—we urge as our strong plea—
Thou lovest all; Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee.

2. All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

3. Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame, and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

4. Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal,
In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 480. *The Victory of Hope.* Irregular.

1. KNOW well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

2. What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth;
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

3. Why fear the night? Why shrink from death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven, or earth beneath,
Save God and man.

4. And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Round the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And God is there!

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 481. *The Church of Christ.* C.M

1. THE Faithful men of every land,
Who Christ's own rule obey;
The holy dead of every time—
The Church of Christ are they.

2. The saints who die and leave us now,
The good of long ago ;
Women and men, and children young,
Still living here below,

3. Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One common voice of prayer.

4. Since we are members, then, of Christ,
How holy should we be,
How faithful to obey our Head
In truth and purity !

5. Since we are all made one in Him,
How gentle should we prove,
How peaceful in our ways and words,
How tender in our love !

6. So shall our Head, at all times near,
Dwell in His members blest,
To lead us in His Church on earth
Safe to His Church in rest !

## 482. *The Holy Catholic Church.* C.M.

1. ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

2. From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence, or with psalm.

3. Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
   To serve the world raised up;
   The pure in heart, her baptised ones;
   Love, her communion cup.

4. The truth is her prophetic gift,
   The soul her sacred page;
   And feet on mercy's errand swift,
   Do make her pilgrimage.

5. O living Church, thine errand speed,
   Fulfil thy task sublime;
   With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
   Redeem the evil time!

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## 483. *The God of our Fathers.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. WE come unto our fathers' God;
   Their rock is our salvation;
   The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
   We make our habitation;
   We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
   We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
   In every generation.

2. Their joy unto their God we bring;
   Their song to us descendeth;
   The Spirit who in them did sing,
   To us His music lendeth:
   His song in them, in us, is one;
   We raise it high, we send it on,
   The song that never endeth.

3. Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
   The same sweet theme endeavour!
   Unbroken be the golden chain!
   Keep on the song for ever!

Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver !

*T. H. Gill.*

## 484. *Church Anniversary.* C.M.

1. WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God :
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

2. Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face ;
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place ;

3. And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal God to cheer
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

4. From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found
Which filled their homes again.

5. For faith and peace and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above,
Springs from the life below.

6. They live with God, their homes are dust ;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
To find the narrow way.

7. And now on us, while here we stand,
Thy blessing still let fall;
And still reveal Thy pure command,
O Heart that lovest all!

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## 485. *Commemoration.* 8.6.8.4.

1. WITHIN our fathers' house of prayer,
Our fathers' God, we raise
To Thee, Almighty and All-wise,
Our psalm of praise.

2. We bless Thy holy name that they
Of old were led by Thee,
To love Thy Word, and seek the truth
That maketh free;

3. To choose the life of sovereign aim,
And high desire that turns
From worldly meed of wealth and fame,
And wisdom learns.

4. The goodly heritage they left
Is ours by Thy decree;
And ours to make it goodlier still,
And worthier Thee.

5. Let Thy great Spirit with Thy light
Illume our onward way,
And shine until we reach the realm
Of perfect day.

## 486. *Our Fathers.* 6.6.4 6.6.6.4.

1. GONE are those great and good
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn.

Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

2. Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The truth that made them free,
Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

3. Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All Nature fills!
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O let Thy light repose
On our free hills!

*John Pierpont.*

## 487. *Church Anniversary.* S.M.

1. COME to Thy house, O King!
To Thee Thy people kneel:
Accept the homage that they bring,
And all Thy grace reveal.

2. For many years this ground
Service and song hath known,
From hearts that sought Thee in the sound
Of worship all their own.

3. The ancient and the new,
The ordered and the free,
The elders' trust, the prophets' view,
Blend in our rites to Thee.

4. And still let age to age,
   Through triumph and through loss,
   Walk by that pure and hallowed page,
   Dear Saviour, to Thy Cross.

5. Bind by the Gospel's tie
   The future to the past,
   And, as the father's earliest cry,
   Hear Thou the children's last.

## 488. *An Anniversary.* C.M.D.

1. ON us, great God, on us are come
   The ends of rolling time;
   We would begin this opening year
   With gratitude sublime.
   Men after men have come and gone,
   Myriads have passed away,
   But Thou hast lived unchanged, O God,
   And brought us to this day.

2. A goodly heritage have we,
   Ages of choicest lore;
   What kings and prophets long'd to see
   Are ours for evermore.
   The great men of the past are ours,
   To help us on life's way;
   The Sun of Righteousness we have
   To flood our hearts with day.

3. All that past times have given us
   May we employ aright,
   And live a grand and godly life
   Full worthy of our light.

We follow in the awful march
Of all the mighty dead ;
Eternal Father, succour us,
When all our years have fled.

*David Thomas.*

## 489. *Church Anniversary.* L.M.

1. O THOU, whose liberal sun and rain
Come not upon the earth in vain,
Now let Thy quickening word come down
The worship of this hour to crown.

2. O hear this church renew its vow,
Its solemn consecration now,
To work, with heart and soul and might,
For truth and freedom, love and right ;

3. To listen with a willing faith
To whatsoe'er the Spirit saith,
And year by year to be more true
To Him who maketh all things new.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## 490. *Brotherhood.* L.M.

1. HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds ;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one.

2. To each, the soul of each how dear,
What jealous care, what holy fear ;
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

3. Their holy tears together flow
For human guilt, and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4. Though death the earthly bond shall rend,
Their severed spirits then ascend,
And in the blissful realms above,
Again unite in endless love.

*Anno L. Barbauld.*

## 491. *The Purpose of a Church.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. TO Light, that shines in stars and souls;
To Law, that rounds the worlds with calm;
To Love, whose equal triumph rolls
Through martyrs' prayer and angels' psalm,—
These walls are wed with unseen bands,
In holier shrines not built with hands.

2. May purer sacraments be here
Than ever dwelt in rite or creed:
Hallowed the hours with vows sincere
To serve the time's all pressing need,
And rear its heaving seas above
Strongholds of Freedom, folds of Love.

3. Here be the wanderers homeward led;
Here living streams in fulness flow;
And every hungering soul be fed
That yearns the Eternal Will to know;
Here conscience hurl her stern reply
To Mammon's lust and slavery's lie.

4. Speak, Living God, Thy full command,
Through prayer of faith and word of power,

That we with girded loins may stand
To do Thy work and wait Thine hour;
And sow, mid patient toils and tears,
For harvests in serener years.

*Samuel Johnson.*

## 492. *Catholic Love.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. WEARY of all this wordy strife,
These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Whose love my simple heart inflames,
Divinely taught at last I fly,
With Thee and Thine, to live and die.

2. Forth from the midst of Babel brought,
Parties and sects I leave behind;
Enlarged my heart, and free my thought,
Whene'er the latent truth I find;
The latent truth with joy to own,
And bow to Jesus' name alone.

3. My brethren, friends, and kinsmen these,
Who do my Heavenly Father's will;
Who aim at perfect holiness,
And all Thy counsels to fulfil;
Athirst to be whate'er Thou art,
And love their God with all their heart.

4. From these, howe'er in flesh disjoined,
Where'er dispersed on earth abroad,
Unfeigned, unbounded love I find,
And constant as the life of God—
Fountain of life from thence it sprung,
As pure, as even, and as strong.

*C. Wesley.*

## 493. *Joining a Church.* L.M.

1. WHAT purpose burns within our hearts
That we together here should stand,
Pledging each other mutual vows,
And ready hand to join in hand?

2. We see in vision fair a time
When evil shall have passed away;
And thus we dedicate our lives
To hasten on that blessed day;—

3. To seek the truth whate'er it be,
To follow it where'er it leads,
To turn to facts our dreams of good,
And coin our lives in loving deeds.

4. For this, we gather here to-day;
To such a church of God we bring
Our utmost love and loyalty,
And make our souls an offering.

*Minot J. Savage.*

## 494. *Our Heritage.* 7s.

1. HEIR of all the ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought!
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought!

2. Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labours, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.

3. Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years;

4. Heir of all the faith sublime
   On whose wings they soared to heaven ;
   Heir of every hope that time
   To earth's fainting sons hath given ;

5. Aspirations pure and high ;
   Strength to do and to endure ;
   Heir of all the ages, I—
   Lo, I am no longer poor !

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

**495.** *Our Debt to the Past.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. TO us have distant ages
   Bequeathed their noblest thought ;
   For us have holy sages
   God's hidden wisdom sought ;
   The truth of ancient teachers
   Is precious to us still,
   The words of ancient preachers
   With sacred passion thrill.

2. Not dear their lives accounting,
   The martyrs' blood hath flowed ;
   Their spirits heavenward mounting,
   The path to light have showed ;
   Sublime their holy daring,
   Its fruits to us belong—
   Their faith and freedom sharing,
   Their triumph and their song.

3. Bright are their deeds in story !
   We hail, with homage due,
   The imperishable glory
   Of the brave, the good, the true ;

In love their names enshrining,
We take the blessing given ;
Our lives, with theirs entwining,
We give to truth and heaven.

*S. Wolcott.*

## 496. *A Prayer for Unity.* 7s. D.

1. LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee,
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine ;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

2. Move, and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil ;
Never from our office move ;
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

3. Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy :
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee :
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void :
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O God, art All in all.

*C. Wesley.*

## 497. *A Prayer for Unity.* 10s. 6 lines.

1. ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

2. We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3. We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free,
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4. O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,—
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

*J. W. Chadwick.*

## 498. *A Prayer for Peace.* 10s.

1. RESTORE, O Father, to our times restore
The peace which filled Thine infant church of yore,

Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

2. O never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart;
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3. From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread the universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to Thee,
Parent of peace, and Fount of harmony!

## 499. *The Work of the Church.* S.M.

1. THOU, whose glad summer yields
Fit increase of the spring,
In faith we sow these living fields,
Bless Thou the harvesting.

2. Thy Church must lead aright
Life's work, left all undone,
Till founded fast in love and light,
Earth home to heaven be won.

3. Grant, then, Thy servants, Lord,
Fresh strength from hour to hour;
Through speech and deed the living word
Find utterance with power,

4. To keep the child's faith bright,
To strengthen manhood's truth,
And set the age-dimmed eye alight
With heaven's eternal youth;

5. That in the time's stern strife,
With saints we speed reform,
Unresting in the calm of life,
Unshrinking in the storm. *S. Johnson.*

500. *A Prayer for all Teachers.* 9.8.9.8.8.8.

1. O LORD of hosts, all heaven possessing
Behold us from Thy sapphire throne,
In doubt and darkness dimly guessing,
We might Thy glory half have known;
But Thou in Christ hast made us Thine,
And on us all Thy beauties shine.

2. Illumine all, disciples, teachers,
Thy law's deep wonders to unfold;
With reverent hand let wisdom's preachers
Bring forth their treasures, new and old;
Let oldest, youngest, find in Thee
Of truth and love the boundless sea.

3. Let faith still light the lamp of science,
And knowledge pass from truth to truth;
And wisdom, in its full reliance,
Renew the primal awe of youth;
So holier, wiser, may we grow,
As time's swift currents onward flow.

4. Grant us, O Lord! in patience gleaning,
Thy truths in memory's shrine to store;
Reveal to us each secret meaning
Of all Thy Word's divinest lore;
When round us mists of evening rise,
Shine Thou upon our wistful eyes.

5. Bind Thou our life in fullest union
With all Thy saints from sin set free;
Uphold us in that blest communion
Of all Thy saints on earth with Thee;
Keep Thou our souls, or there, or here,
In mightiest love, that casts out fear.

*G. H. Plumptre.*

## 501. *Home Missions.* L.M.

1. LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

2. In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3. Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4. Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5. Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

*W. C. Bryant.*

## 502. *God of our Salvation.* 11.11.11.5.

1. LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2. See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3. Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4. Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

*Latin, tr. P. Pusey.*

## 503. *Foreign Missions* 6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. THOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2. Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3. Spirit of truth and love,—
Life-giving, holy Dove,—
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

*J. Marriott.*

**504.** *Let the People Praise Thee.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.

2. Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3. Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessings give ;
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

*H. Lyte.*

**505.** *Ordination of a Minister.* C.M.

1. O FATHER of the living Christ,
Fount of the living Word !
Pour on the shepherd and the flock
The Spirit of the Lord.

2. Amid this mingled mystery
Of good and ill at strife,
Help them, O God, in Him to find
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

3. That way together may they tread,
That truth with joy receive,
That life of heaven, on earth begun,
Through cloud and sunshine live.

4. Not chained to creeds, or cramped by forms,
With eyes that hail the light,
In holy freedom keep their souls,
Loyal to truth and right.

5. One may they be in faith and hope,
As one in works of love,
Till all be one in Christ and Thee
In the great Church above.

*Wm. Newell.*

## 506. *Ordination of a Minister.* 10.6.10.6.

1. CHRIST to the young man said, "Yet
one thing more;
If thou would'st perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow Me!"

2. Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said;
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

3. And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm, and say,
"Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?"

4. Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

5. O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the belovèd John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## 507. *Meeting of Ministers.* C.M.

1. OUR Father Thou! in joyful trust
Thy servants gather here,
And worship Thee, O Pure and Just,
With love that casts out fear.

2. One by the tie of brotherhood,
We bow in grateful prayer;
One people, work and daily life,
Held in Thy constant care.

3. With all our varying shades of thought,
One Lord, one faith, we own,
Build as we may, with differing gifts,
On Christ, the Corner-stone.

4. To Thee are known our spirits' needs;
And, whether large or small,
We lift to Thee our several cups,
And Thou dost fill them all.

5. Lord, grant that we take with us home
New knowledge of life's scope,
Still readier will for kindest deeds,
Still larger trust and hope!

## 508. *The Dedication of a Church.* L.M.

1. ALL things are Thine: no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

2. Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

3. In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

4. O Father! deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness:
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee!

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 509. *The Dedication of a Church.* L.M.

1. O GOD, accept the gift we bring,
This house of prayer at last complete;
Now as a grateful offering
We gladly lay it at Thy feet.

2. All was Thine own ere it was ours,
And since 'tis ours 'tis Thine the more,
For we are Thine, and all our powers,
O Thou, our Life, whom we adore.

3. Long be these walls a loving home,
Where rich and poor shall brothers be;
Where strife and envy may not come;
Where all may dwell in charity.

4. Long be this spot a sacred place,
Where burdened hearts shall meet to pray,
Look upward to a Father's face,
And find their burdens melt away.

5. This church we dedicate to Light,
To Light of Truth, and Light of Love,
To Hope, to Faith, to Prayer, to Right,
To man on earth, to God above.

*J. T. Sunderland.*

## 510. *Parting.* 6.6.8.4.

1. WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go ;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2. With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend !

3. With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell ;
Our love below and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4. With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee :
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help shalt be.

5. Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6. Farewell ! in hope and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer ;
Till He, whose home is ours above,
Unite us there !

*G. Watson.*

**511.** *Remembering Christ.* 7s.

1. FATHER, while we break this bread,
And Thy Christ remember thus,
Make us one with Him, our Head,
Thou in Him, and He in us.

2. While to lips with praise that glow,
This Communion cup we press,
Holy Father, let us grow
More like Him we here confess.

3. Reconcile us by Thy Son,
In whose name on Thee we call;
Make us perfect, all in one—
We in Him, and Thou in all.

**512.** *Communion.* C.M.

1. A HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2. O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee nor Thine.

3. But by the Cross of Jesus taught,
And by Thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

*A. A. Livermore.*

**513.** *Remembering Christ.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. WHEN arise the thoughts of sin;
When the world our hearts would win;

When to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven,—
Lord, we would remember Thee:
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

2. When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest,—
Lord, we would remember Thee:
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

3. When the way grows dark and drear;
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling through the thickening night,—
Lord, we would remember Thee:
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

*W. Gaskell.*

## 514. *Remember Me.* C.M.

1. "REMEMBER Me," the Saviour said,
On that forsaken night,
When from His side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

2. Through all the following ages' track,
The world remembers yet;
With love and longing gazes back,
And never can forget.

3. But none of us has seen His face,
Or heard the words He said;
And none can now His looks retrace
In breaking of the bread,

4. O blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe Him still!
They know Him, when His praise they mean,
And when they do His will.

5. We hear His word along our way;
We see His light above;—
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

*N. L. Frothingham.*

## 515. *Communion.* C.M.

1. BE known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

2. There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 516. *Peace.* C.M.

1. O HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2. Not here, where met to think of Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours

3. No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace Thou gavest may yet remain,
Though Thou no more art seen.

4. "Thy kingdom come :" we watch, we wait,
To hear Thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be All in all.

## 517. *The Living Bread.* 6s.

1. TO sacrifice—to share,—
Giving as Jesus gave,—
For others' wants to care,
Not our own lives to save,—

2. This is the living bread,
Which cometh down from heaven,
Wherewith our souls are fed,—
The pure, immortal leaven.

3. The hidden manna this,
Whereof who eateth, he
Grows up in perfectness
Of Christ-like symmetry.

4. Who seeks this bread shall be
Nor stinted nor denied :
Our hungry souls in Thee,
O Christ, are satisfied !

## 518. *The New Commandment.* C.M.

1. BENEATH the shadow of the Cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessèd word of love.

2. O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted Cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3. Let but His spirit be our own,
Then swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## 519. *One Life.* C.M.

1. PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, in humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord!

2. Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our hearts, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3. In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

*Samuel F. Smith.*

## 520. *The Bread and Water of Life.* C.M.

1. O GOD, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessèd rest art Thou!
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with Thee now.

2. All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way,
We seek Thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

3. O welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of Thy love ;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above.

4. Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of Thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

*S. Longfellow.*

521. *Shelter.* L.M. 6 lines.

1. FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

2. Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought for rest in vain :
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

*R. Heber.*

522. *Communion.* 9.8.9.8.

1. BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:

2. Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

## 523. *The Mind of Christ.* 7s

1. FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.

2. Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.

3. Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod;
Die with Jesus on the Cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

*J. Montgomery.*

## 524. *Discipleship.* C.M.

1. O GOD, accept the sacred hour
Which we to Thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

2. Still let us hold till life departs,
The precepts of Thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what He has done.

3. His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like Him to give
Our powers, our wills to Thee.

*S. Gilman.*

## 525. *Abide in me.* 10s.

1. ABIDE in me, O Lord, and I in Thee!
From this good hour, O leave me never more!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

2. Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

3. Abide in me; there have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power,
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

4. These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee!

*Harriet B. Stowe.*

## 526. *Walk in the Light.* C M.

1. WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4. Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

*B. Barton.*

## 527. *Baptism of a Child.* S.M.

1. TO Thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

2. Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3. O then let Thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like showers, from above,
To freshen and make clean.

*James Freeman Clarke.*

## 528. *Baptism of Children.* S.M.

1. TO Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,

To Him who took them to His breast
We bring these children home.

2. To Thee, O God! whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

3. And as the blessing falls
Upon each youthful brow,
Thy holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now.

*James Freeman Clarke.*

## 529. *Of Such is the Kingdom.* L.M.

1. THE very blossoms of our life,
The treasures that no wealth could buy,
We freely bring them here to-day
And give them up to Thee, Most High.

2. Not, as in olden times, to death,
To hermit life, or darksome days;
But unto beauty, goodness, truth,
To all high thoughts and noble ways.

3. To find and serve Thee in the world,
By seeking truth and helping men,—
To this we consecrate them now,
And day by day will o'er again.

4. Thus do we keep them while we give,
And make them still of nobler worth.
When all the world is given thus,
Heaven will indeed have come on earth.

*M. J. Savage.*

## 530. *Marriage.* L.M.

1. FOR this new tie we bless Thee, Lord!
To these dear friends in mercy given;
For hearts, thus joined in one accord,
New bliss for earth, new hope for heaven.

2. Whene'er they tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead their souls aright,
Thy word their guide, Thine arm their stay!

3. Be theirs Thy blessed presence still,
United hearts, unchanging love,
No thought that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above!

4. And since they must be parted here,
Support them when the hour shall come,
Dry gently Thou the mourner's tear,
Rejoin them in their heavenly home.

## 531. *Marriage.* 8.6.8.4.

1. ETERNAL Love, whose law doth sway
The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way
With sacred force;

2. To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift,
For marriage dower.

3. Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
That bind two souls in one;
Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
Thy heaven begun.

4. O hallow with Thy presence now
This sacrament of love;
Breathe in the trembling human vow
Strength from above.

5. Then through what scenes the unknown road
Of outward life may roam,
A flame that on Thine altar glowed
Shall light the home.

*E. S. Armitage.*

## 532. *Awake, my Soul.* L.M.

1. AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

2. Wake and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3. All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

4. Lord! I my vows to Thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5. Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*T. Ken*, 1637.

## 533. *The Gift of Light.* L.M.

1. LORD God of morning and of night !
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light :
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

2. Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part ;
Thy slumber-balms our strength restore
Throughout the day to serve Thee more.

3. Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4. O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God ! we cry for Thee !

5. Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

## 534. *The Daily Opportunity.* L.M.

1. O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !

Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2. New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3. New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4. If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5. Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

6. The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

7. Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

*John Keble.*

## 535. *Morning Praise.* 10.10.10.10.6.

1. FOR the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway,—

For the new miracle of dawning light,
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,
We thank Thee, O our God!

2. For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless—
For calm sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,
To bear to Thee their song of thankfulness,
We praise Thee, O our God!

3. Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of Thy power and glory. So would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
Or at still eve, upon the bended knee,
Adore Thee, O our God!

4. Thou know'st our needs, Thy fulness will supply;
Our blindness,—let Thy hand still lead us on,
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
Our prayer, one only, "Let Thy will be done!"
We breathe to Thee, O God!

*W. H. Burleigh.*

## 536. *Morning Hymn.* 7s.

1. IN the morning I will raise
To my God the voice of praise,
With His kind protection blest,
Sweet and deep has been my rest.

2. In the morning I will pray
For His blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

3. Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine!

4. Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears,
Every step Thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend !

5. Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light ;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

*W. H. Furness.*

## 537. *A Morning Song.* C.M.

1. O LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song ;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.

2. I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind !
Earth is Thy uttered word ;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.

3. Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

4. Lord, let me live and act this day,
Still rising from the dead ;
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.

5. Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till the night comes, and, labour done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

*G. Macdonald.*

## 538. *Another Day.* L.M.

1. O GOD ! I thank Thee for each sight
   Of beauty that Thy hand doth give,--
   For sunny skies and air and light ;
   O God, I thank Thee that I live !

2. That life I consecrate to Thee ;
   And ever, as the day is born,
   On wings of joy my soul would flee,
   And thank Thee for another morn.

3. Another day in which to cast
   Some silent deed of love abroad,
   That, greatening as it journeys past,
   May do some earnest work for God.

4. Another day to do, to dare ;
   To tax anew my growing strength ;
   To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
   And so reach heaven and Thee at length.

*Caroline A. Mason.*

## 539. *Light.* C.M.

1. O LORD, our God, O Light of light,
   Who art Thyself the day,
   Our chants shall break the clouds of night ;
   Be with us while we pray.

2. Who madest all, and dost control,
   Lord, with Thy touch divine,
   Cast out the slumbers of the soul,
   The rest that is not Thine.

3. Each sin to Thee of years gone by,
   Each hidden stain lies bare ;
   We shrink not from Thine awful eye,
   But pray that Thou wouldst spare.

4. Redeemer! send Thy piercing rays,
That we may bear to be
Set in the light of Thy pure gaze,
And yet rejoice in Thee.

*Roman Breviary, tr. J. H. Newman.*

## 540. *The Light of the Lord.* 11.10.11.10.

1. NOW, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee,—

2. To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3. Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4. So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

## 541. *Daily Need.* L.M.

1. NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high;
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2. May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3. O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure;
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.

4. So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise His name for vict'ry gained.

*Ambrose, tr. J. Neale.*

## 542. *God's Blessing on the Day.* C.M.

1. NOW that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the Uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2. No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3. And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.

*St. Ambrose.*

## 543. *The Light of God's Face.* 6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. FATHER of world and soul,
Changeless while ages roll,
Boundless in grace!
Who, with Thy strength and rest,
Quickenest and quietest,
Now in each yearning breast
Unveil Thy face!

2. Word, whose creative thrill
Wakes in all Nature still
Life, light, and bloom!
Now, with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with Thy heavenly day
Our souls illume!

3. Spirit, in whom we live!
Thou who dost yearn to give
All hearts Thy rest!
When earthly joys take flight,
Cheer Thou the earthly night,
And in the morning light
Still be our guest.

4. And when the Eternal Morn,
From death's deep night shades born,
Our eyes shall see,
Father! Thy Word, Thy Breath,
Thy Christ, who conquereth
Sorrow and sin and death,
Our trust shall be.

*Charles T. Brooks.*

## 544. *Still with Thee.* 11.10.11.10.

1. STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh—
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee

2. Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3. Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

4. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

**545.** *Another Blue Day.* 6.5.6.5.

1. SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

2. Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

3. Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

4. Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

*Thomas Carlyle.*

546. *Evening.* 7s.

1. SLOWLY, by Thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness, O how still
Is the working of Thy will!

2. Mighty Maker! Here am I,
Work in me as silently,
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3. From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars. A wondrous birth!
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart.

4. Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

5. Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

6. Thou, who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too,
May the perfect peace of God,
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

7. Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the Universe around.

*W. H. Furness.*

## 547. *Divine Protection.* 10.10.10.4.

1. THE night is come, wherein at last we rest ;
God orders this and all things for the best !
Beneath His blessing, fearless may we lie,
Since He is nigh.

2. Drive evil thoughts and passions far away ;
O Father, watch o'er us till dawning day,
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angels send !

3. Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee ;
In all serve Thee ; in every deed and thought
Thy praise be sought.

4. Give to the sick, as Thy beloved, sleep ;
And help the captive, comfort them who weep ;
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe ;
Keep far our foe.

5. Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom come:
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home ;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever ! Amen.

*Hymn of the Bohemian Brethren.*

## 548. *Evening Hymn.* L.M.

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2. The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close:
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

4. Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Angels and saints, His name adore
With praise and joy for evermore!

*Thomas Ken.*

## 549. *An Evening Blessing.* 8.7.8.7.

1. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the heavenly morn awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

*J. Edmeston.*

## 550. *Sun of our Souls.* L.M.

1. SUN of our souls, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servants' eyes.

2. When with dear friends we converse hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
O let our hearts within us burn,
And evermore of God discern.

3. Abide with us from morn till eve,
For without Thee we cannot live;
Abide with us when night is nigh,
For without Thee we dare not die.

4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5. Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*J. Keble.*

## 551. *Abide with Me.* 10s.

1. ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

5. Hold Thou the Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

*H. F. Lyte.*

## 552. *Light at Evening-time.* 7·7·7·5.

1. HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

2. When youth's brightness disappears,
Heal our sorrows, calm our fears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

3. Great Life-giver be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4. Then rejoicing more and more,
We shall see, our troubles o'er,
Breaking on the heavenly shore
Light at morning-time.

*R. H. Robinson and Stopford A. Brooke.*

**553.** *Evening Prayer.* 8.3.3.6.

1. ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2. O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

3. Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

4. Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

5. Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

6. So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

*J. Cennick.*

## 554. *The Peace of Evening.* 12.11.12.11.

1. HOW calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer ;
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter befriending,
May we and our households continue to share !

2. The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open :
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates ;
The silence and smile of His love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3. We come to be soothed with His merciful healing ;
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day ;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past; for the future we pray.

4. Lord, save us from folly ; be with us in sorrow ;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest ;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possessed.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 555. *Evening Prayer.* C.M.

1. O GOD, whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way,
Who, with Thy sweet repose, dost crown
The labour of the day.

2. Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
With Thy forgiveness dear ;
That so the thing that might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

3. And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me ;
That with the new unsullied day
My soul wake fresh and free.

4. And when Thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me;
That even in visions of the brain
I wander towards Thee.

*George Macdonald.*

## 556. *Light at Evening-Time.* L.M.

1. O THOU true life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day!

2. Thy light upon our evening pour;
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

*Roman Breviary.*

## 557. *Evening.* 7s.

1. NOW that day its wings has furled,
And the earth has gone to rest,
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon Thy breast.

2. All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright;
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of Thine everlasting light.

3. If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise;
And Thy presence in the air
Makes my heart a Paradise.

4. But if trouble in my heart,
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
Then to me Thy peace impart;
Give to Thy belovèd sleep.

5. So when morning, with his wing,
Wakens me to work and play,
I may rise with joy and sing—
"God has turned my night to day.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## 558. *Week-Evening Service.* 7s.

1. NOT one day alone shall be
Given, O God of love, to Thee;
Work and rest alike are Thine;
Brighten all with love divine.

2. Through the passing of the week,
Father, we Thy presence seek:
'Midst this world's deceitful maze
Keep us, Lord, in all our ways.

3. O what snares our path beset!
O what cares our spirits fret!
Let no earthly thing, we pray,
Draw our souls from Thee away.

4. Thou hast set our daily task;
Grace and strength from Thee we ask;
Thou our joys and griefs dost send;
To Thy will our spirits bend.

5. Still in duty's lowly round,
Be our patient footsteps found;
With Thy counsel guide us here,
Till in glory we appear. Amen.

*W. W. How.*

## 559. *Week-Evening Service.* C.M.

1. BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space,
From daily tasks set free,

And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2. Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3. Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4. Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5. Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6. Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

*J. Ellerton.*

## 560. *Week-Evening Service.* L.M.

1. THE sun is gone, the long clouds break
And sink adown his golden wake;
Behold us met, now work is done,
To seek Thy grace at evensong.

2. Break to us, dealer of man's bread,
Food fresh from heaven as manna spread,
Lest of the poisonous fruits of death
Eat the sad soul that hungereth.

3. We would not meagre gifts down-call,
When Thou dost yearn to yield us all;
But for this life, this little hour,
Ask all Thy love and care, and power.

4. Show us Thy pureness here, on earth;
Into Thy kingdom give us birth.
We would not wish or dare to wait
In better worlds a better state.

5. But save us now, and cleanse us now;
Receive each soul, and hear its vow:
"My Father's God, on Thee I call,
Thou shalt be my God, and my All."

*From Holy Songs and Carols.*

## 561. *Evening Prayer.* C.M.

1. AS darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal Light.

2. Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3. We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

4. For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of Love!

5. We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all,
Wilt hear us when we pray.

## 562. *The Shadow of Thy Wing.* C.M. 6 lines

1. O SHADOW in a sultry land!
We gather to Thy breast,
Whose love enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

2. From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

3. That which the garish day has lost,
The twilight vigil brings:
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

4. Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies;

Serene, above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise;
So beautiful may heaven be
When life's last sunbeam dies.

*C. M. Packard.*

## 563. *No Night there.* 8.8.8.4.

1. THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2. Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe home at last.

3. O, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4. Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5. Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

*Godfrey Thring.*

## 564. *The Heavenly Guest.* 10s.

1. O LORD, who by Thy presence hast made light,
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,

Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

2. As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my guest;
As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.

3. How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
But, if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

4. Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

5. Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

*C. J. P. Spitta, tr. R. Massie.*

## 565. *Day of Rest.* 10s.

1. HAIL, holy rest! calm herald of that day,
When all the toils of time shall pass away;
First gift of God, as life on earth began,
We welcome thee, O Sabbath made for man!

2. Lord of the Sabbath, lift our hearts to Thee,
That in Thy light we now may all things see;
By Thee created, loved, redeemed, and blest,
In Thee alone is everlasting rest.

3. Now on the way to our eternal home,
To Thee, true Sabbath of our souls, we come;
In all our path, though countless mercies shine,
The glory and the brightness, Lord, are Thine.

4. If in the cool of day we find Thee near,
Thy voice awakes no dark foreboding fear;
We hear Thy step in every rustling breeze,
Thy shadow glances from the waving trees.

5. Our land enjoys her Sabbaths, Lord, and still
Thy peace on earth breathes soft from vale to hill,
Yet lives the hope, wherever man hath trod,
A rest remaineth for the sons of God!

*William J. Irons.*

## 566. *Day of Rest.* 8.6.8.4.

1. HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.

2. A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3. All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

4. For those, who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

5. Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

*Godfrey Thring.*

## 567. *The Sabbath.* 7.6.7.6. D

1. THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain;
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land;
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2. Lord! we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

3. And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

4. And with that sorrow mingling
A stedfast faith, and sure,

And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure :—
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need ;
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed !

*Ada Cross.*

## 568. *The Consecrated Day.* 10s.

1. AGAIN returns the day of holy rest
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest,
When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2. Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey,
In pure religion's hallowed duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

3. So shall the God of mercy, pleased, receive
That only tribute man has power to give ;
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

4. Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide ;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

*W. Mason.*

## 569. *The First of Days.* S.M.

1. THIS is the day of Light !
Let there be light to-day ;

Dayspring arise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2. This is the day of Rest !
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.

3. This is the day of Peace !
Thy Peace our spirits fill !
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4. This is the day of Prayer !
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5. This is the first of days !
Send forth Thy quick'ning breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death !

*J. Ellerton.*

570. *Veni, Sancte Spiritus.* 6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. COME, Holy One, in love ;
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray :
Divinely good Thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart,
O come to-day !

2. Come, truest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power ;

Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

3. Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4. Exalt our low desires;
Quench reckless passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
This icy coldness end;
Our wayward steps amend,
While heavenward bound.

*Robert II. of France, tr. Ray Palmer.*

## 571. *Sunday Morning.* C.M.

1. "O FATHER! though the anxious fear,
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day.

2. We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple Thine.

3. Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4. At least until to-morrow wait;
Keep back your harsh control;
To-day ye shall not desecrate
The sabbath of the soul."

*M. Barbauld.*

572. *Joy in God.* 8.8.8.8.6.

1. ON this, the holiest and best
Of earth's dim days—the day of rest;
O, let my happy portion be
To find supreme delight in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

2. These precious hours I would improve
In fervent prayer, in sacred love;
From earth's polluting pleasures flee,
To find my every joy in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

3. When, humbly kneeling at Thy throne,
With deep distress my guilt I own,
O, let my contrite spirit see
What boundless mercy dwells in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

4. Thus on each day of holy rest,
May I with heavenly joys be blest;
And in a bright eternity
Have my undying bliss in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

573. *Preparation for Worship.* C.M.

1. O THOU who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,

But by the fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown!

2. While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.

3. When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

4. And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

*Henry Alford.*

## 574. *The Blessing of Worship.* L.M.D.

1. OUR Father, God! not face to face,
May mortal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells Thy secret majesty;
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend,
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find Thy Spirit there.

2. Lord! be the spot where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our many sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,

Or learn of Him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3. Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That Thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And Thy best praise a holy life!

*E. H. Chapin.*

## 575. *Sunday Hallowing the Week.* C.M.

1. NOT on this day, O Lord, alone,
Would we Thy presence seek;
But fain its hallowing power would own,
Through all the coming week.

2. If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To Thee, from whom they flow.

3. Or should they bring us grief severe,
Still may we lean on Thee;
And though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.

4. In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek;
And O! do Thou direct us right
Through all the coming week.

*W. Gaskell.*

576. *The Place and Hour of Worship.* 7s.

1. SOVEREIGN and transforming grace,
We invoke Thy quick'ning power;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

2. Holy and creative Light!
We invoke Thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

3. To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

4. Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

5. Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

*F. H. Hedge.*

577. *The House of Worship.* L.M.

1. UNTO Thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship Thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity:—

2. The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as Thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

3. And dwell Thou with us in this place,
   Thou and Thy Christ, to guide and bless;
   Here make the well-springs of Thy grace
   Like fountains in the wilderness.

4. May Thy whole truth be spoken here;
   Thy gospel light for ever shine;
   Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
   And human life become divine.

*Robert Collyer.*

## 578. *Sabbath Hymn.* C.M.

1. WE meet again this Sabbath day,
   Our praise and prayer to blend,
   And, as we calmly sing and pray,
   Our minds to Heaven ascend.

2. With thoughts of God and hopes of Heaven,
   And with faith's mystic sight,
   We gaze, as though the soul were riven,
   Into yon world of light.

3. And when we leave this hallowed fane
   And to our homes return,
   There may we prove that not in vain
   Our hearts within us burn.

4. Resulting from our piety,
   As here we pray and sing,
   Home and its loved society
   With holier blessings spring.

5. To work and fireside we go back,
   The better for our prayer,
   And strive that home shall never lack
   Love's sweet ambrosial air.

*F. Haydn Williams.*

## 579. *Rest.* 10.6.10.6.

1. THOU givest Thy rest, O Lord: the din is stilled
Of man's unquiet care;
A sacred calm, with Thy deep presence filled,
Breathes through the silent air.

2 O leave us not, through long and darkened hours,
In night of woe and sin,
But pour Thy day with all its radiant powers,
Upon the world within.

3. Purge from our hearts the stains so deep and foul
Of wrath and pride and care;
Send Thine own holy calm upon the soul,
And bid it settle there.

4. Banish this craving self, that still has sought
Lord of the soul to be;
Teach us to turn to fellow-men our thought;
Teach us to turn to Thee.

5. Teach us to love Thy creatures great and small,
To live as in Thine eye,
Thou who hast freely given Thy love to all,
Thou who to all art nigh.

## 580. *The Sacred Day.* S.M.

1. HAIL to the sacred day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2. Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend;
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3. But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.

4. Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand Eternity.

5. Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And grant us in those courts to pray,
In pure unclouded light.

*S. Bulfinch*

## 581. *Gratitude.* C.M

1. WHILE Thee I seek, Protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2. Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3. In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

*Helen M. Williams.*

## 582. *The Help of the Spirit.* S.M.

1. HOW can we upward go
Without Thy help, O Lord?
The way of life indeed we know,
Taught in Thy blessed Word.

2. Still upward doth it lead,
But we grow faint and weak;
A strength above our own we need,
That strength from Thee we seek.

3. For Thou art present still,
Though not to sense and sight,
Thy word of promise to fulfil
Of strength, and peace, and light.

4. Thou hast not left alone
Thy children here below;
To Thee their trials all are known,
And help Thou dost bestow.

5. The Spirit Thou dost send
To cheer the mind and heart,
To guide them to their journey's end,
And nevermore depart!

*Jones Very.*

583. *The Beauty of the Lord.* C.M.

1. NOW let us see Thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before;
And by Thy beauty quicken us
To love Thee and adore.

2. 'Tis easy, when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to Thee.

3. Our every feverish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

4. 'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won
To home and Thee again,
And as we are Thy children true
We are more truly men.

5. Lord, it is coming to ourselves
When thus we come to Thee;
The bondage of Thy loveliness
Is perfect liberty.

6. So now we come to ask again,
What Thou hast often given,
The vision of that loveliness
Which is the life of heaven.

*B. Waugh.*

584. *Evening Prayer.* 7s.

1. HARK! the evening call to prayer!
Lay we down each earthly care;
Still we every anxious fear,
Owning thus that God is here.

2. Father! from our hearts remove
Every veil that hides Thy love;
Here the spirit's eye unseal;
Here Thy glory now reveal.

3. Lord, in whom our spirits live!
Thou dost heavenly guidance give;
As a shepherd, leading still
Hearts submissive to Thy will.

4. Quiet every passion wild;
Speak, as to Thy prophet-child;
Grant us child-like hearts, that we
May be willing, Lord, as he.

5. Send us holy calm within;
Cleanse us from the stains of sin;
Be each heart a sacred shrine,
Still and pure, and wholly Thine.

6. Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,—
May the holy flame aspire;
Thoughts of love and contrite sighs
Be our vesper sacrifice.

*J. Hincks.*

**585.** *Evening Prayer.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. HEAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer!
In the evening stillness we
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee:
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

2. Gladly we Thy presence seek:
Father! to our spirits speak;

Call us from the world away;
Still our passion's restless play;
On our inner darkness shine;
Bend our wayward wills to Thine.

3. In this quiet eventide
May our souls with Thee abide,
Own Thy presence, feel Thy power,
Through this consecrated hour;
And from peaceful vesper-prayer
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

*J. Hincks.*

## 586. *Evening Hymn.* S.M.D.

1. IT is the hour of prayer;
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!
O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

2. The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight
O'er us have had no power:
But smiles from loving eyes
Have been around our way,
And lips on which a blessing lies
Have bidden us to pray.

3. O blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh:

Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
The saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.

## 587. ~~Evening~~ Vesper *Hymn.* L.M.

1. AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And ~~evening~~ Vesper hymn and ~~evening~~ prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2. May struggling hearts that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!

3. O God, our light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4. Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## 588. *God our Strength.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. NOW have we met that we may ask
Recruited vigour for the task
Of living as we would:
For we would live by that same word
Which all the honoured men have heard,
Who by their faith have stood.

2. An inner light, an inner calm,
Have they who trust God's mighty arm,
And hearing do His will:
For things are not as they appear,
In death is life, in trouble cheer,
So faith is conqueror still.

3. Thus would we live: and therefore pray
For strength renewed, that we may say,
Our life it upward tends;
If we who sing must sometimes sigh,
Yet life, beginning with a cry,
In hallelujah ends.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 589. *God in His Temple.* 8.7.8.7.

1. GOD is in His holy temple:
Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before His presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon His name,
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding every upward aim.

2. God is in His holy temple,—
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy Thee.

## 590. *The Light of Life.* L.M.

1. O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
   Before we sleep bow down Thine ear :
   Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
   We have no other hope but Thee.

2. Oft from Thy royal road we part,
   Lost in the mazes of the heart ;
   Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
   We seek for God, and find Him not.

3. What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
   What dawning risen upon the night !
   Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
   Find guide and path and all in Thee.

4. Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
   Abide with us, more nearly near,
   Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
   The Sun of God's own Paradise.

5. Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
   Praise Him, through time, till time shall end,
   Till psalm and song His name adore,
   Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

*F. T. Palgrave.*

## 591. *Evening Hymn.* L.M.

1. AT even, ere the sun was set,
   The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
   O, in what divers pains they met !
   O, with what joy they went away !

2. Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
   Oppress'd with various ills, draw near :
   What if Thy form we cannot see ?
   We know and feel that Thou art here.

3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4. And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7. Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

*H. Twells.*

**592.** *Evening Hymn.* 10.4.10.4.

1. FATHER supreme! Thou high and holy One,
To Thee we bow;
Now, when the service of the day is done,
Devoutly now.

2. From age to age unchanging, still the same
All good Thou art;
Hallowed for ever be Thy holy name
In every heart!

3. When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now, as the darkness gathers over head,
We feel Thy care.

4. Night spreads her shade upon another day
For ever past;
So o'er our faults, Thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.

5. Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
With eye of love,
And Thou wilt wake us when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.

6. O may each heart its gratitude express
As life expands,
And find the triumph of its happiness
In Thy commands!

## 593. *Grant us Thy Peace.* 10s.

1. SAVIOUR! again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

*J. Ellerton.*

**594.** *Evening.* 8.7.8.7. D.

1. NOW, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

2. Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

*S. Longfellow.*

**595.** *Evening Hymn.* S.M

1. OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

2. Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3. Too faint our anthems here;
   Too soon of praise we tire;
   But O, the strains how full and clear
   Of that eternal choir!

4. Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
   If Thou attune the heart,
   We in Thine angels' music still
   May bear our lower part.

5. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
   Each wayward thought reclaim,
   And make our life a daily psalm
   Of glory to Thy Name.

6. A little while, and then
   Shall come the glorious end;
   And songs of angels and of men
   In perfect praise shall blend.

*J. Ellerton.*

## 596. *Parting Hymn.* C.M.

1. THE Lord be with us as we bend
   His blessing to receive;
   His gift of peace upon us send,
   Before His courts we leave.

2. The Lord be with us as we walk
   Along our homeward road;
   In silent thought or friendly talk,
   Our hearts be still with God.

3. The Lord be with us till the night
   Shall close the day of rest;
   Be He of every heart the Light,
   Of every house the Guest.

4. And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His peace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

*J. Ellerton.*

## 597. *Evening Hymn.* 7s. D.

1. THE day is done, the sacred day of thought and toil is past,
Soft falls the twilight cool and grey on the tired earth at last;
By wisest teachers wearièd, by gentlest friends oppressed,
In Thee alone, the soul outworn, refreshment finds and rest.

2. Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'erarching skies,
And to Thy firmament of Love lift up these longing eyes;
And folded by Thy sheltering Hand, in refuge still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep.

3. And when refreshed, the soul once more puts on new life and power,
O let Thine image, Lord, alone gild the first waking hour!
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow fairer than morn's first ray,
And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendour of the day.

4. So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given and fresher life be born,
Shine out true Light! to guide my way amid that deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-spring to illume!

5. I cannot dread the darkness, where Thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise, unless Thy smile I see;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on Thee my soul is cast;
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou my First and Last.

*Elisa Scudder.*

## 598. *Sunday Evening Hymn.* 7.6.7.6.8.8.

1. THE day of prayer is ending,
Our feet must homeward go;
The shades of night ascending
Creep o'er the world below;
But still the mountain-summits fair
Glow with the light of praise and prayer.

2. Here in green pastures guiding,
Thou, Lord, did'st lead Thy flock;
Here from life's noon-day hiding,
We found the cooling rock;
But now we leave the hills of praise
To tread again earth's common ways.

3. To life's dull path returning,
And duty's narrow sphere,

Still in our hearts keep burning
The vision witnessed here;
Still may Thy spell of peace and power
Breathe strength for every toilsome hour.

*E. S. Armitage.*

## 599. *A Song of Trust.* C.M.

1. O LOVE Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon Thy tender breast.

2. As tired of sin as any child
Was ever tired of play,
When evening hush has folded in
The noises of the day.

3. I pray Thee, turn me not away:
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest every thing I need,
And all my need of Thee.

4. And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love,
Since Thou dost seek alway?

5. And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

6. I pray not, then, because I would;
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer,
But thankfulness and trust.

7. I would not have Thee otherwise
Than what Thou ever art;
Be still Thyself, and then I know
We cannot live apart.

8. And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

9. And so, for all my sighs my heart,
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon Thy tender breast.

*John W. Chadwick.*

## 600. *Parting Hymn.* 8.7.8.7. D.

FATHER, give Thy benediction;
Give Thy peace before we part;
Fill our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.
Let Thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 601. *Parting Hymn.* 8.7.8.7.

1. PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise His name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

2. Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving;
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3. Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

4. Part in peace! our duties call us;
We must serve as well as praise;
Ask not what may here befall us;
Leave to God the coming days.

## 602. *Christmas.* C.M.D.

1. IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
Sweeping their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3. Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4. And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Your forms oft bending low,
Toiling along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5. The promised time is hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its undimmed splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
The blessed angels sing.

*E. H. Sears.*

## 603. *The Star of Faith and Hope.* C.M.

1. TO-DAY be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song:

2. "Peace on the earth, good-will to men!"
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births
And life diviner far!

3. Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait!

4. And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword!
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.

5. O star of human faith and hope!
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

*F. T. Hosmer.*

**604.** *Bethlehem.* C.M.D.

1. O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2. For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3. How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given ;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin and enter in ;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emanuel.

*Phillips Brooks.*

## 605. *The Prince of Peace.* L.M.

1. "WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

2. "What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

3. 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb ;
We wait for Him like them of yore ;
Alas, He seems so slow to come.

4. But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

5. All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

6. So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

7. For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

*J. R. Lowell.*

## 606. *Light of the World.* · 7.6.7.6. D.

1. LIGHT of the World! we hail Thee,
Flushing the eastern skies;
Never shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes:
Too long, alas! withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore;
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

2. Light of the World! Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part:

Thou robest in Thy splendour
  The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
  Light back to Thee again.

3. Light of the World! illumine
  Each darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human
  Be touched with life divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
  From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
  We long and pray to see.

*J. S. Monsell.*

## 607. *Christmas.* C.M.D.

1. A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
  And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
  Than ever shone before:
And in the hearts of old and young
  A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
  As ears had never heard.

2. And we are glad, and we will sing,
  As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
  To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
  A summer change began,
And dawning on a lonely birth,
  Uprose the Light of man.

3. For troubles such as man must bear,
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest sheaf
His patient love shall win.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 608. *At the Parting of the Ways.* 7s.

1. BACKWARD looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

2. Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit-wings
Downward through the silent air.

3. Hark! through all their music sweet,
Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
"Happy be the coming year!"

4. Father, comes that voice from Thee!
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—
Good in all Thy future stored,
Fairer than in all the past!

*J. W. Chadwick.*

## 609. *New Year.* C.M.

1. THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,

With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

2. Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

3. To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness.

4. Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

5. From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

6. O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
As angels do above.

*Meaux Breviary, tr. F. Potts.*

## 610. *Another Year.* C.M.

1. WELCOME from God, O glad new year!
Thy paths all yet untrod,
But prophecy and promise, all—
O glad new-year of God!

2. Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

3. Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

4. Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

5. Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

6. Another year at beauty's feast,
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

7. Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God!

*J. W. Chadwick.*

611. *Another Year.* 7.6.7.6.

1. ANOTHER year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee!

2. Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

3. Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

4. Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

5. Another year is dawning ;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee !

*Frances R. Havergal.*

## 612. *The New-born Year.* C.M.

1. BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes, break !
Melodious voices move !
On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

2. The parted year had wingèd feet ;
The Saviour still doth stay :
The New Year comes ; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3. Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;
Our sins are swelling evermore ;
But pardoning grace still streams,

4. Lord ! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight !
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its day with Thee more bright !

5. Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou shouldst take us home.

*T. H. Gill.*

## 613. *The March of Life.* L.M.

1. SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

2. We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the grandeur of the prize.

3. No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
Our hands from earnest toil to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

4. No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

5. What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little, and we rest;
Finished the toil—the race is run;
The battle fought—the field is won.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## 614. *Loss and Gain.* L.M.

1. FROM day to day, from year to year,
New waves of change assail us here;

Each day, each year, prolongs the chain
Where pleasure alternates with pain.

2. New precious obligations come,
New sanctities of love and home,
New tender hopes, new anxious fears,
And sweet experiences of tears.

3. Old tastes are lost, old thoughts grow strange,
Old longings gradually change,
Old faiths seem no more dear or true,
Lost in the full light of the new.

4. Though much be taken, much is left,
Not all forsaken nor bereft;
From change on change we come to rest,
And the last moment is the best.

*Lewis Morris.*

## 615. *The Glory of the Spring.* C.M.

1. THE glory of the Spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad!

2. Divine Renewer, Thee I bless:
I greet Thy going forth:
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.

3. But O, these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine;

4. These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true;

5. This new-born glow of faith so strong,
   This bloom of love so fair,
   This new-born ecstasy of song,
   And fragrancy of prayer!

6. Still let new life and strength upspring,
   Still let new joy be given;
   And grant the glad, new song to ring
   Through the new earth and heaven!

*T. H. Gill.*

616. *Spring.* C.M.

1. THE spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower,
   With songs of life and love:
   And many a lay wears out the day
   In many a leafy grove.

2. Bird, flower, and tree, seem to agree
   Their choicest gifts to bring;
   But this poor heart bears not its part,
   In it there is no spring.

3. Dews fall apace,—the dews of grace,—
   Upon this soul of sin;
   And love divine delights to shine
   Upon the waste within.

4. Yet, year by year, fruits, flowers, appear,
   And birds their praises sing;
   But this poor heart bears not its part,
   Its winter has no spring.

5. Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
   Soft as the south wind blow,
   Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
   And bid its spices flow.

6. And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing:
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## 617. *All Things New.* L.M.

1. O LIFE that makest all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men,—
Our pilgrim feet, wet with Thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again:

2. From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The lovers of the Light are one.

3. One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God.

4. The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new!

*S. Longfellow.*

## 618. *Consider the Lilies.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

2. We linger at the vigil
With Him who bent the knee,
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

3. O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan:
The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows,
We hear Thy wide worlds echo,—
"See how the lily grows!"

4. Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

*W. C. Gannett.*

## 619. *Summer Light.* 11 s.

1. SUMMER suns are glowing over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing bountiful and free.

2. Everything rejoices in the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices swell the psalm of praise.

3. God's free mercy streameth over all the world,
And His banner gleameth everywhere unfurled.

4. Broad and deep and glorious as the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious His eternal love.

5. Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance pour,
For Thy loving kindness make us love Thee more.

6. And when clouds are drifting dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting, Father, be Thou nigh.

7. We will never doubt Thee, though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee; death with Thee is bright.

8. Light of light! shine o'er us on our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us to the endless day.

*W. W. How.*

## 620. *For a Flower Service.* C.M.

1. O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the works of Thine!

2. Apart from Thee, we plant in vain
The root, and sow the seed;
Thy early and Thy latter reign,
Thy sun and dew we need.

3. Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The curse of earth's grey morning is
The blessing of its noon.

4. Why search the wide world everywhere,
For Eden's unknown ground?—
That garden of the primal pair
May never more be found.

5. But, blest by Thee, our patient toil
May right the ancient wrong,
And give to every clime and soil
The beauty lost so long.

6. Its earliest shrines the young world sought,
In hill-groves, and in bowers;
The fittest offerings thither brought,
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

7. And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts, each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 621. *Harvest.* L.M.

1. ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more, with harvest-song and shout,
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

2. O favours every year made new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

3. We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

4. Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

*J. G. Whittier.*

**622.** *Harvest.* 9.8.9.8.

1. NOW sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days!

2. For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the prairie
To delver and husbandman yield!

3. And thanks for the harvest of beauty,—
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold!

4. We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5. But now we sing deeper and higher,—
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free:

6. And these have been gathered and garnered,—
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some, as with heart's-blood, are ruddy,—
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

7. O Thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise!

*W. C. Gannett.*

**623.** *The Giver of All.* 8.8.8.4.

1. O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2. The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3. For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4. For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven;
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

5. We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure, without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6. Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

7. To Thee, from whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

*C. Wordsworth.*

**624.** *Harvest.* 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4.

1. WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land;
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

2. He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

3. We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest—
Our humble, thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

*M. Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell.*

625. *Autumn.* 7.6.7.6.

1. THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding:
The end is nearing fast.

2. The ever-changing seasons,
In silence come and go;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

3. O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

4. Behold the bending orchards,
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts, more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5. O, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain;
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—

6. Our barren hearts make fruitful,
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

*W. W. How.*

## 626. *Winter.* L.M.

1. 'TIS winter now: the fallen snow
   Has left the heavens all coldly clear:
   Through leafless boughs the sharp wind blows,
   And all the earth lies dead and drear.

2. And yet Thy love is not withdrawn;
   Thy life within the keen air breathes,
   Thy beauty paints the crimson dawn,
   And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

3. And though abroad the sharp wind blow,
   And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
   Home closer draws her circle now,
   And warmer glows her light within.

4. O God, who giv'st the winter's cold
   As well as summer's joyous rays,
   Still warmly in Thine arms enfold,
   And keep us through life's wintry days!

*S. Longfellow.*

## 627. *The Changing Seasons.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. LORD of the silent winter,—
   Beneath whose skies of gray,
   The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
   But wait a brighter day:
   If human hearts are dreary,
   By mists of sorrow chilled,
   Give patience to the weary,
   Till they with peace be filled!

2. Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
   When leaves and buds appear,
   And lengthening days of beauty
   Renew the softened year:

Breathe on our hearts in blessing ;
  Away our sadness roll ;
And send, all pain redressing,
  A spring-time to the soul !

3. Lord of the glowing summer,—
  When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen,
  Beneath a cloudless sky :
Shine on our hearts' endeavour
  To give our strength to Thee,
That in our spirits ever
  A richer life may be !

4. Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
  When orchards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
  Pass to the garner door :
Grant now a full fruition
  To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
  Upon our souls in youth !

5. Lord of the changing seasons !
  Lord of our passing days !
Wake Thou in us abundance
  Of duty, love, and praise :
That hearts of wintry sadness
  May feel the breath of spring,
And summer's time of gladness
  The autumn glories bring !

*Dendy Agate.*

**628.** *His Year of Wonder.* 7s.

1. PRAISE to God, and thanksgiving !
  Hearts, bow down ; and voices, sing

Praises to the Glorious One,
All His year of wonder done!

2. Praise Him for His budding green,
April's resurrection-scene;
Praise Him for His shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers!

3. Praise Him for His summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain;
Praise Him for His tiny seed,
Holding all His world shall need!

4. Praise Him for His garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit;
Praise for hills and valleys broad,—
Each the table of the Lord!

5. Praise Him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast;
Praise for happy dreams of birth,
Brooding in the quiet earth!

6. For His year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One!
Hearts, bow down; and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving!

*W. C. Gannett.*

## 629. *Another Year.* 7s.

1. FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

2. In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

3. Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4. Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

*H. Downton.*

630. *Thankfulness.* L.M.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3. With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.

5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

*P. Doddridge.*

## 631. *Mid-night Service.* 8.7.8.7.8.7.

1. ACROSS the sky, the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We deck Thine house, O Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting:
And as the year's last hours go by,
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2. Before Thy mercy, Lord, we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3. We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

4. Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home,
Be Thou at hand to guide us:

Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us!

*J. Hamilton.*

## 632. *The Soldiers of the Cross.* L.M.

1. THOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before Thy face!
Our spirits wait for Thy command;
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.

2. Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on Thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the Cross are Thine.

3. And now, with hymn and prayer, we stand
To give our strength to Thee, great God!
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

4. Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord;
Through rugged toil and wearying fight,
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

5. Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

*O. B. Frothingham.*

## 633. *A New Life.* C.M.D.

1. O LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be,
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee!

If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side.

2. 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin.
And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

3. Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrols.
O speed Thy work, victorious King!
And give Thy workers might,
That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light!

*E. S. Armitage.*

## 634. *Celestial Wisdom.* C.M.

1. O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2. Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3. In her right hand she holds to view
   A length of happy years;
   And in her left the stainless prize
   Of honour fair appears.

4. She guides the young with innocence,
   In pleasure's path to tread;
   A crown of glory she bestows
   Upon the hoary head.

5. According as her labours rise,
   So her rewards increase;
   Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
   And all her paths are peace.

*Michael Bruce.*

## 635. *Noblesse Oblige.* L.M.

1. GO forth to life, O child of earth!
   Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
   Thou art not here for ease or sin,
   But manhood's noble crown to win.

2. Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
   Thy spirit can their flames control;
   Though tempters strong beset thy way,
   Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3. Go on, from innocence of youth,
   To manly pureness, manly truth;
   God's angels still are near to save,
   And God Himself doth help the brave.

4. Then, forth to life, O child of earth!
   Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
   For noble service thou art here;
   Thy neighbour hélp, thy God revere.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 636. *Who is on the Lord's Side.* C.M.

1. GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
Now each man to his post;
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
Who joins the glorious host?

2. He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host.

3. He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host.

4. He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host.

5. He who is ready for the Cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host.

*S. Longfellow.*

## 637. *The Army of the Cross.* S.M

1. REJOICE, ye pure in heart;
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ, your King.

2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3. With all the angel-choirs,
With all the good on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

4. With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

5. Yes, on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6. Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array;
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

7. At last, the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

8. Then on, ye pure in heart;
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ, your King.

*E. H. Plumptre.*

## 638. *The Better Part.* 7s.

1. TAKE, O Lord, my faithless heart,
Make its choice the better part,
Break its chains and set it free,
Take and seal it, Lord, to Thee.

2. Though Thou turn my joy to tears,
Faith to doubt, and hope to fears;
Stern though be the summons home,
Still, Lord, let the summons come.

3. Shouldst Thou bid me lay aside
All that fosters earthly pride,
Let me walk the lowly way,
If Thine arm may be my stay.

4. Should Thy chastening will require
All that feeds mine eyes' desire,
Take it, Lord, if in its place,
Shine the brightness of Thy face.

5. Seal, then, Lord, my heart to Thee,
Set it for Thy service free;
Life and joy are truly mine
If whate'er I have is Thine.

*Henry Alford.*

**639.** *Forward.* 6.5.6.5. 12 lines

1. FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head:
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
Forward, through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

2. Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till around us
Gleams the Father's face.

Forward, all the lifetime,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3. Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day:
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.

Forward, out of error;
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness,
Forward into light!

*Henry Alford.*

## 640. *The True Life.* S.M.

1. GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength for ever art,
We come to do Thy will.

2. Upon the toilsome way,
By saints serenely trod,

Bearing the burden of the day,
Would we go forth, O God!

3. 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear,
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

4. To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown
Of truth and righteousness.

5. No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,—
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
Through Thy completeness strong.

6. Thou hearest while we pray;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, O God, to-day,
Thy Word—"On earth be Light!"

*S. Johnson.*

## 641. *The Battle of Life.* 7s.

1. THERE'S a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close;
Blest the bold who dare engage,
Woe to him who seeks repose!

2. What, our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;—

3. Every suffering which our hand
Can, with soothing care, assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every discord of our age.

4. On then, to the glorious field!
He who dies, true life shall save;
God Himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

*S. G. Bulfinch.*

## 642. *The Church's Chivalry.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1. AWAKE, awake, and for the strife,
For onward, upward, active life,
In earnest faith prepare!
Where conflict rages fierce and high,
There stands the Church's chivalry,
And thou, too, must be there.

2. Not with a sword by bloodshed stained,
Or for a wreath that, soon as gained,
Shall fade upon thy brow;
But, with the sword of God's own word,
And for the "Well done" of thy Lord,
Go forth and conquer now.

## 643. *Strength.* 8.7.8.7.

1. FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2. Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3. Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4. Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

## 644. *Endure Hardness.* C.M.

1. AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lord?
And shall I fear to suffer loss,
Or blush to speak His word?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
Or sail through stormy seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Shall sloth and faintness win Thy peace,
O Thou, the martyr's God?

4. The fearless heart Thou wilt sustain;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear all toil, endure all pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5. The soldiers in Thy glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
By faith's prophetic eye.

*Isaac Watts.*

## 645. *Fulfilling the Divine Purpose.* C.M.

1. GREAT Lord of Life! what length of days
Hast Thou assigned to me;—

How far along life's pleasant ways
Shall I be led by Thee?

2. Must love be quenched, and labour cease
In darkness, ere the night;
Or shall my life's long day of peace
At evening time be light?

3. Lord, closely veiled the future lies;
But may I work Thy will
From morning's glow till daylight dies,
And Thine own aim fulfil;

4. That ere the silent angel's hand
Be on my brow impressed,
My earthly task completed stand,
And nought remain but rest.

*Andrew Chalmers.*

646. *Consecration.* 7s.

1. TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments, and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2. Take my hands, and let them move
With the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4. Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

5. Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6. Take my love, my Lord; I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

*F. R. Havergal.*

647. *Consecration.* C.M.

1. O GOD, whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to Thee.

2. In fearless, world-wide search for truth,
Whatever form it wear,
Or crown or cross, or fame or blame,
We Thine ourselves declare.

3. In love that binds mankind in one,
That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,—
In this we're Thine indeed.

4. In labour, whose far-distant end
Is bringing to accord
The real fact with highest hope,
We follow Thee, O Lord!

5. To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves; and, doing this,
We give ourselves to Thee.

*Minot J. Savage*

**648.** *The Call of the Age.* 8.7.8.7.

1. WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time:
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

2. Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is the Almighty's rally:
God's own arm hath need of thine.

3. On! let all the soul within you,
For the Truth's sake, go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

*A. C. Coxe.*

**649.** *Teach me to Live.* 10s.

1. TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

2. Teach me that harder lesson—how to live!
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

3. Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

4. Teach me to live! no idler let me be;
But in Thy service, hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

*G. E. Burman.*

## 650. *Trust in God, and do the Right.* 8.7.8.7.

1. COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;—
Trust in God, and do the right.

2. Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3. Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4. Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

5. Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
Trust in God, and do the right.

6. Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

7. Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

*Norman Macleod.*

## 651. *Be Just.* L.M.

1. THE Lord is just: He made the chain
Which binds together guilt and pain.
The Lord is just: He loves to shed
His blessings where the virtues tread.

2. Happy the man who dares be just,
Refusing to betray his trust,
Though interest tempt him to the deed,
Though the ensnaring passions plead.

3. Happy the man who dares be just,
Steadfast when duty says, "Thou must,"
Against the tyrant's marking frown,
Or fickle crowd impetuous grown.

4. Him, would the storm-vexed ocean's weight,
Or lightning barbed with instant fate,
Or the last earthquake's awful shock,
Unfearing smite; God is his rock.

*W. Taylor.*

## 652. *Be True.* C.M.

1. BE true to every inmost thought;
Be as thy thought thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

2. Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

3. Show forth thy light! If conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow:
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

4. Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide.
We were not made to sit and dream:
The true must first be tried.

*Henry Alford.*

## 653. *Life is Real.* 8.7.8.7.

1. LIFE is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

2. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

3. Lives of good men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

4. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## 654. *The Heavenly Ladder.* L.M.

1. ALL common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

2. The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the treacherous wine,
And all occasions of excess;

3. The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth.

4. All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the noble will:

5. All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
In the bright fields of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## 655. *Play the Man.* 7·7·7·4.

1. GIRD your loins about with truth;
Life will not always go smooth,
Singing lightsome songs of youth:
Play the man!

2. Learn with justice to keep pace,
Spurning what is vile and base,
And bravely ever set your face
To play the man.

3. Fear not what the world may say,
Hold the straight and narrow way,
In the open light of day,
And play the man.

4. They will call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek:
Heed them not; so you must seek
To play the man.

5. It needeth courage to be true,
And stedfastly the right to do,
Loving him that wrongeth you—
Play the man.

6. Trust in God, and let them mock;
They will break, as they have broke,
Like the waves upon the rock—
Play the man!

*Walter C. Smith.*

656. *March On.* Irregular.

1. MARCH on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the Cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.

2. We march to fight with the powers of night,
That hold the world in sorrow;
And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart
And arise to a joyful morrow.
March on, etc.

3. We fight against wrong, with the weapon strong,
Of the Love that all hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish.
March on, etc.

4. Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us;

And prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.
March on, etc.

5. Till the sunrise broad, of the day of God,
Shall shine on the Victor's glory,
And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,
Shall rejoice in the finished story.

March on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the Cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.

*E. S. Armitage.*

**657.** *Praise.* 6.5. 12 lines.

1. ON our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be.
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee.

On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.

2. If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can—
Thou, who giv'st the seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,

Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3. On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe;
Loving cheer around us,
Cheerful love within,
Faith's good battle fighting,
Vict'ry we shall win.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## 658. *Just as I am.* 8.8.8.6.

1. JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

2. In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3. I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore, to Thee I come.

4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

5. With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold;
For my whole life, I come.

6. And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down;
O Master, Lord, I come.

## 659. *Early Consecration.* C.M.

1. LORD! in the fulness of my might,
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

2. I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

3. I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

4. O, not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O, not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

5. O, choose me in my golden time!
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime—
The fulness of my heart!

6. I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine:
O, ne'er the happy heart may break,
Whose earliest love was Thine!

*T. H. Gill.*

## 660. *The Life worth living.* 7s. 6 lines.

1. LIFE, and light, and joy are found
In the presence of the Lord;
Life with richest blessings crowned,
Light from many fountains poured.
Life and light and holy joy,
None can darken or destroy.

2. Bring to Him life's brightest hours,
He will make them still more bright;
Give to Him your noblest powers,
He will hallow all your might.
Come to Him with eager quest,
You shall hear His high behest.

3. All your questions large and deep,
All the open thought of youth
Bring to Him, and you shall reap
All the harvest of His truth.
You shall find in that great store,
Largest love and wisest lore.

4. Then, when comes life's wider sphere,
And its busier enterprise,
You shall find Him ever near,
Looking with approving eyes
On all honest work and true,
His dear servants' hands can do.

5. And if care should dim your eye,
  And life's shadows come apace,
You shall find Him ever nigh
  In the glory of His face,
Changing sorrow's darkest night
Into morning clear and bright.

*C. E. Mudie.*

**661.** *Students' Hymn.* 6.5.6.5. D.

1. IN life's earnest morning,
  When our hope was high,
Came Thy voice in summons,
  Not to be put by:
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
  Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter—
  Art not Thou our stay?

2. Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom,
  While we seek men's lore;
May the mind be humbled
  As we know Thee more;
Let the larger vision
  Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
  Holier zeal impart.

3. Should our faith be palsied
  By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
  Faithless, undevout,
Lord, in mercy lead us
  To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
  Plentiful and free.

4. Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through Nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
Or the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
To Thy children come.

5. Save us, Lord, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals;
May our life-long passion
Be the love of souls;
Let us live and labour,
Father, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might.

*S. Oakley.*

## 662. *Father I have Sinned.* 7s.

1. LOVE for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I who strayed so long ago,—
Strayed so far, and fell so low?

2. I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!

3. I, who spurned His loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear His call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

4. To my Father can I go?
At His feet myself I'll throw;
In His house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

5. See, my Father waiting stands!
See, He reaches out His hands!
God is love! I know, I see,
There is love for me—even me!

*S. Longfellow.*

## 663. *The Voice of Jesus.* C.M.D.

1. I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

*H. Bonar.*

## 664. *Homeward Come.* 7s.

1. BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

2. Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

3. Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

4. Fall before Him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in His ear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

*J. Freeman Clarke.*

## 665. *The Love of God.* S.M.D.

1. I PRAY to know Thy peace,
I long to feel Thy love;
Each day I yearn the way to learn
Unto Thy home above.

O love of God most full,
O love of God most free,
Come warm my heart, come fill my soul,
Come lead me unto Thee.

2. Warm as the glowing sun,
So shines Thy love on me:
It wraps me round with kindly care,
It draws me unto Thee.
O love of God, etc.

3. No foe can cast me down,
No fear can make me flee,
No sorrow fill my life with ill;
Thy love surroundeth me.
O love of God, etc.

4. The wildest sea is calm,
The tempest brings no fear,
The darkest night is full of light,
Because Thy love is near.
O love of God, etc.

5. I triumph over sin,
I put temptation down;
The love of God doth give me strength
To win the victor's crown.
O love of God most full,
O love of God most free,
Thou warm'st my heart, Thou fill'st my soul,
With might Thou strengthenest me.

*O. Clute.*

## 666. *A Prayer for Children.* 7.6.8.6.

1. GOD bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair,

The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

2. God love the little children,—
The angels at the door;
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

3. God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

4. God keep the little children,
Whom we no more can see;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

*J. P. Hopps.*

**667.** *The Children.* C.M.

1. ALL hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare;
But holy thoughts within us stir,
And rise on lips of prayer.

2. To us, beneath the noonday heat,
Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
The freshness of their morn.

3. Within us wakes the childlike heart,
Back rolls the tide of years;
The silent wells of mem'ry start,
And flow in happy tears.

4. O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 668. *Praise.* 7·7·7·7.

1. ALL that's good and great and true,
All that is and is to be,
Be it old or be it new,
Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

2. Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter, than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

3. Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy Name,
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

4. Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain top and wooded dell,
All in singing, sing of Thee,
Songs of love ineffable.

5. May we all, with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, Thy name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

*Godfrey Thring.*

## 669. *My Life.* C.M.

1. GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

2. God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

3. God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4. God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

5. God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

*M. B. Edwards.*

## 670. *Our Hearts.* C.M.

1. WE bring, O Lord, our hearts to Thee,
O make them truly Thine;
Fill them with love and purity,
With light and life divine.

2. We know not in what words to pray
To Thee so great and wise;
But Thou dost hear each word we say,
And Thou dost hear our sighs.

3. For when his loving children speak,
A father loves to hear;
As loving children, Lord, we seek
Our Father ever near.

4. O Father, we have nothing brought
But these, our hearts, to Thee;
O make us Thine in deed and thought,
Thine evermore to be.

*Thomas Sadler.*

671. *Children's Worship.* 7s.

1. LORD, this day Thy children meet,
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2. Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3. Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day!
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4. All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love,
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

*W. W. How.*

672. *Come to Me.* 7.6.7.6.

1. GOD, who hath made the daisies,
And ev'ry lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

2. Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple,
He heard in days of old;

And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to me."

3. Therefore, we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

*E. Paxton Hood.*

## 673. 7s.

1. FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

2. When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

3. When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And, when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

4. When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5. When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6. May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

7. May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

*J. P. Hopps.*

**674.** *What can we do for Jesus' Sake.* L.M.

1. WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

2. O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3. When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4. Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5. With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make;
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6. There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

## 675. *Evening.* 6.5.6.5.

1. NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2. Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers,
Soon will be asleep.

3. Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4. Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5. Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6. Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7. When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

*S. Baring-Gould.*

## 676. *A Family Gathering.* L.M.

1. THOU Gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold
As in the peaceful days of old.

2. Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

3. For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;

4. The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres;

5. We thank Thee, Father! let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## 677. *A Family Gathering.* L.M.

1. IN this glad hour, when children meet,
And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
One song of praise our voices sing.

2. For all the faithful, loved and dear,
Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given,
For those who still are with us here,
And those who wait for us in heaven ;—

3. For every past and present joy,
For honour, competence, and health,
For hopes which time may not destroy,
Our soul's imperishable wealth ;—

4. For all, accept our humble praise ;
Still bless us, Father, by Thy love ;
And when are closed our mortal days,
Unite us in one home above.

*Henry Ware.*

## 678. *Family Hymn for Christmas.* L.M.

1. FATHER above, Thy name is love,
Thy gifts are more than tongue can tell ;
Each circling year brings Thee more near,
Within our grateful hearts to dwell.

2. Our Christmas praise to Thee we raise
For untold blessings rich and rare,—
For fruitful year, for Christmas cheer,
And all that makes this world so fair ;

3. For loves that bind, for joys refined,
For homes which ever sweeter grow,
For children dear our hearts to cheer,
And make the hearthstone brighter glow.

4. And, while we sing, we hear the ring
Of mystic bells that float in air;
And Bethlehem's star shines from afar
With rays of glory, rich and rare.

5. Come, Light Divine, and on us shine,
Turning all darkness into day!
Star of the dawn! our souls, new born,
Would welcome every kindling ray.

## 679. *Love Divine.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light;
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.

2. The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise;
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:
Thou art the joy of gladness,
The life of life Thou art;
The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

3. O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love;

A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest;
The cottages possessing
Thy blessedness are blest.

4. Bless Thou our hands united;
Bless Thou our hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May we through life go on;
Here, in earth's home, preparing
For brighter scenes above;
And there for ever sharing
Thy home of perfect love.

*J. S. B. Monsell.*

## 680. *Absent Friends.* L.M.

1. ALMIGHTY Father, God of love,
Hear from Thy throne of light above
The prayer, that now to Thee ascends,
For blessings on our absent friends.

2. Our loved ones we commend to Thee,
Who, crossing o'er the restless sea,
Or wandering through a foreign land,
Still lie within Thy mighty hand.

3. It is Thy world where'er they go,
Thy sun that shines on all below;
And we may still be one in Thee,
Whose love encircles land and sea.

4. We cannot wander from Thy sight,
Thy presence fills the morning's light;
And when the evening shadows fall;
Thy sheltering love enfolds us all.

5. Thou seest, even whilst we pray,
Our absent loved ones far away;
O shield them with a Father's care,
And all their joys and sorrows share.

6. Be with them when the day is bright,
Be near them in the gloom of night,
And guide until the end shall come
Of life's long day—then lead them home.

*H. P. Hawkins.*

## 681. *The Death of a Child.* 6.5.6.5.

1. FATHER, now receive him,*
To Thy bosom mild;
For with Thee we leave him,
Happy blessed child.

2. Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way;
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our hearts' dismay;

3. Yield we what was given,
At Thy holy call:
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who givest all!

## 682. *Bereavement.* C.M.

1. ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that reaches heaven.

* Or, her.

2. Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

3. Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

4. Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## 683. *The Angels of the Home.* 6.5.6.5.

1. HAND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

2. Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

3. Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

4. Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

5. Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

*Lucy Larcom.*

**684.** *Save our Land.* C.M.

1. THE land our fathers left to us
Is stained with hateful sin;
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,
And peace and joy begin?

2. Thou, Lord, hast given us might and wealth,
And liberty and fame;
But still the fatal taint of guilt
Our glory turns to shame.

3. Remove, O God, this darksome stain,
Increase the nation's power;
Nor let our crown of strength and pride
Be as a fading flower.

4. Hush Thou the strife of tongues, and give
Thy weary people peace;
Cleanse the dark places of the land
Till wrong and evil cease.

**685.** *God Save the Poor.* 6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. LORD, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the Poor!
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be!
God save the Poor!

2. The arms of wicked men
Do *Thou* with might restrain—
God save the Poor!
Raise *Thou* their lowliness—
Succour *Thou* their distress—
*Thou* whom the meanest bless!
God save the Poor!

3. Give them staunch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the Poor!
Help them to hold the right—
Give them both truth and might—
Lord of all Life and Light!
God save the Poor!

686. *Our Native Land.* 6.6.4.6.6.4.

1. GOD bless our native land:
May Thy protecting hand
Still guard our shore!
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more!

2. May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle!
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

3. Not on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore!

And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er!

*W. E. Hickson.*

**687.** *God Save the People.* 7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5.

1. WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

2. When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

**688.** *Our Country.* C.M.

1. LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most!

2. Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well!

3. O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless :
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4. Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee :
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5. Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

6. Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend ;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

*J. R. Wreford.*

## 689. *Our Country.* 7.6.7.6. D.

1. O BEAUTIFUL, our country !
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair :
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door !

2. For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.

Thou hast no common birthright,
  Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
  Commingled flows in thine.

3. O beautiful, our country!
  Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
  The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
  Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
  Be Peace the crowning gem.

*F. L. Hosmer.*

## 690. *War.* C.M.

1. O GOD! the darkness roll away
  Which clouds the human soul,
And let Thy bright and holy day
  Speed onward to its goal!

2. Let every hateful passion die
  Which makes of brethren foes,
And war no longer raise its cry
  To mar the world's repose.

3. How long shall glory still be found
  In scenes of cruel strife,
Where misery walks, a giant crowned,
  Crushing the flowers of life?

4. O hush, great God, the sounds of war,
  And make Thy children feel
That he, with Thee, is nobler far
  Who toils for human weal;—

5. Let faith, and hope, and charity,
Go forth through all the earth;
And man in holy friendship be
True to his heavenly birth.

*William Gaskell.*

## 691. *Hospital Sunday.* C.M.

1. FROM Thee all skill and science flow;
All pity, care, and love;
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
O, pour them from above!

2. And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3. And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;

4. When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

*Charles Kingsley.*

## 692. *For Those at Sea.* 8.7.8.4.

1. STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me:
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2. Star of hope, gleam on the billow ;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee :
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee :
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4. Star divine, O safely guide him ;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee :
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

*Jane Cross Simpson.*

## 693. *Social Distress.* C.M.

1. O LORD of life and death, we come
In sorrow to Thy throne,
Yet not bewildered, blind and dumb,
Before some power unknown.

2. The scourge is in our Father's hand ;
The plague comes forth from Thee ;
O, give us hearts to understand,
And faith Thy ways to see !

3. Forgive the foul neglect that brought
Thy chastening to our door ;
The homes uncared for, souls untaught,
The unregarded poor.

4. The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
The wasted years, forgive ;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
Then turn, and bid us live.

5. So shall the lives for which we plead
Be spared to praise Thee still,
And we, from fear and danger freed,
Be strong to do Thy will.

*J. Ellerton.*

## 694. *In Dark Days.* 10.10.10.4.

1. AUTHOR of Light! our Father in the Heaven!
Our days are dark with evil's gathering gloom;
Hear Thou the prayer from suffering hearts up-driven,
Thy Kingdom come!

2. Still nation preys on nation; still the strong
Trample the weak, and multiply the sum
Of open violence and shameless wrong:
Thy Kingdom come!

3. Still, while the few heap wealth on wealth increased,
The many lack; still Lazarus craves each crumb
That falls in heedless waste from Dives' feast:
Thy Kingdom come!

4. To heal the want that bars from hope and health
A toiling, suffering multitude, while some
Drag useless lives beneath the load of wealth,
Thy Kingdom come!

5. To bridge the gulf that widens more and more
'Twixt class and class, that chills to deadness numb
The rich man's sympathies, and sours the poor—
Thy Kingdom come!

6. To bid the storms of sin and sorrow cease,
The voice of passion and of strife be dumb;
To give the weary rest, the troubled peace,
Thy Kingdom come!

*Percy Greg.*

**695.** *The Coming Race.* L.M.

1. THESE things shall be! a loftier race
   Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
   And light of knowledge in their eyes.

2. They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
   To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
   On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3. Nation with nation, land with land,
   Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
   The pulse of one fraternity.

4. Man shall love man with heart as pure
   And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
   God's face with undiscordant noise.

5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
   And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
   When all the earth is paradise.

6. There shall be no more sin, no shame,
   Though pain and passion may not die:
For man shall be at one with God
   In bonds of firm necessity.

*John Addington Symonds.*

# DOXOLOGIES.

One of the following Doxologies may be sung at the end of each Psalm or Canticle :—

1. GLORY be to Gód, the | Father Al- | mighty || Ma- | ker of | heaven and | earth ;

As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be || world | without | end. A- | men.

2. GLORY be to the Fathér | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever shall | be || world | without | end. A- | men.

3. NOW unto the King eternál, im- | mortal, in- | visible || the | only | wise | God ;

Be | honour and | glory || for | ever and | ever. A- | men.

4. NOW unto Him that is able to dó ex- | ceeding a- | bundantly || above | all that we | ask or | think ;

Be glory in the Chúrch, through- | out all | ages | world | without | end. A- | men.

5. SALVATION, glorý | honour and | power || be | unto the | Lord our ¦ God;

As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be || world | without | end. A- | men.

6. NOW unto Him that is ablé to | keep us from | falling || and to present us faultless before the presence of His glorý | with ex- | ceeding ¦ joy;

To the only wisé | God, our | Saviour || be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both nów and | ever- | more. A- | men.

# PSALMS AND CANTICLES.

## 696. PSALM 1.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standéth in the | way of | sinners || nor sittéth | in the | seat of the | scornful.

But his delíght is in the | law of the | Lord || and in His láw doth he | meditate | day and | night.

And he shall be like a tree, plantéd by the | rivers of | water || that bringeth fórth his | fruit in | due | season.

His leaf alsó | shall not | wither || and whatsoevér he | doeth | it shall | prosper.

The ungodlý | are not | so || but are like the cháff which the | wind | driveth a- | way.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stánd | in the | judgment || nor sinners in the cóngre- | gation | of the | righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the wáy | of the | righteous || but the wáy of the un- | godly | shall | perish.

## 697. PSALM 5.

GIVE éar to my | words O | Lord || con- | sider my | medi- | tation.

Hearken unto the voice of my crý, my | King and my | God || fór unto | Thee | will I | pray.

My voice shalt thou héar in the | morning, O | Lord || in the morning will I direct my práyer unto | Thee, and | will look | up.

For Thou art a God that hast nó | pleasure in | wickedness || neithér shall | evil | dwell with | Thee.

Lead me O Lórd | in Thy | righteousness || make Thy wáy | straight be- | fore my | face.

Let all those that put their trúst in | Thee re- | joice || let them ever shout for joy, becáuse | Thou de- | fendest | them.

Let them alsó that | love Thy | name || be | joy- | ful in | Thee.

For Thou Lórd wilt | bless the | righteous || with favour wilt Thou compáss | him as | with a | shield.

## 698. PSALM 8.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is Thy náme in | all the | earth || who hast sét Thy | glory a- | bove the | heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thóu or- | dained | strength || that Thou mightest stíll the | enemy | and the a- | venger.

When I consider Thy héavens, the | work of Thy | fingers || the moon and stárs | which Thou | hast or- | dained ;

What is man, that Thóu art | mindful of | him || and the son of mán | that Thou | visitest | him?

For Thou hast made him a little lowér | than the | angels || and hast crownéd | him with | glory and | honour.

Thou madest him to have domínion over the wórks | of Thy | hands || Thou hast pút | all things | under his | feet ;

All | sheep and | oxen || yéa | and the | beasts of the | field ;

The fowls of the áir, and the | fish of the | sea || and whatsoever passéth | through the | paths of the | seas.

O | Lord our | Lord || how excellént is Thy | name in | all the | earth.

## 699. PSALM 16.

PRESÉRVE | me O | God || for in Theé | do I | put my | trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord | Thou art my | Lord || I have nothíng | good with- | out | Thee.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritancé and | of my | cup || Thou | shalt main- | tain my | lot.

The lines are fallen unto mé in | pleasant | places || yéa, I | have a | goodly | heritage.

I have set the Lórd | always be- | fore me || because He is at my right hánd | I shall | not be | moved.

Therefore my heart is glád and my | glory re- | joiceth || my flésh | also shall | rest in | safety.

For Thou wilt not léave my | soul in | sheol || neither wilt Thou suffér Thine | holy one to | see cor- | ruption.

Héar the | right, O | Lord || at- | tend un- | to my | cry.

Give éar | unto my | prayer || that goeth nót | out of | feigned | lips.

My sentence cometh fórth | from Thy | presence || Thine eyes behóld the | things | that are | equal.

Thou hast proved and visited my héart | in the night | season || hold up my goings in Thy páths, that my | footsteps | slip | not.

I have called upon Thee, for Thóu wilt | hear me, O | God || incline Thine éar unto | me and | hear my | words.

Shew Thy marvelloús | loving- | kindness || hide me undér the | shadow | of Thy | wings.

I will behóld Thy | face in | righteousness || and when I awake, I' shall be | satisfied | with Thy | likeness.

## 700. PSALM 19.

THE heavens decláre the | glory of | God || and the firmamént | sheweth His | handi- | work.

Day unto dáy | uttereth | speech || and níght unto | night | sheweth | knowledge.

There is neithér | speech nor | language || their | voice | is not | heard.

Their line is gone fórth through | all the | earth || and their wórds to the | ends | of the | world.

In them hath He set a tabernaclé | for the | sun || which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicéth as a | giant to | run his | course.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuít | unto the | ends of it || and there is nothíng | hid from the | heat there- | of.

The law of the Lord is perféct, con- | verting the | soul || the testimony of the Lord is súre | making | wise the | simple.

The statutes of the Lord are ríght, re | joicing the | heart || the commandment of the Lórd is | pure, en- | lightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is cléan, en- | during for | ever || the judgments of the Lord are trúe and | righteous | alto- | gether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yéa than | much fine | gold || sweeter also than honéy | and the | honey-| comb.

Moreover by thém is Thy | servant | warned || and in keeping of thém | there is | great re- | ward.

Who can undér- | stand His | errors || cleánse Thou | me from | secret faults.

Keep back Thy servant alsó from pre- | sumptuous | sins || let them nót have do-| minion | over | me;

Thén shall | I be | upright || and I' shall be | free from | great trans- | gression.

Let the wórds | of my | mouth || and the médi- | tation | of my | heart,

Be acceptablé | in Thy | sight || O Lórd, my | strength, and | my re- | deemer.

## 701. PSALM 23.

THE Lórd | is my | shepherd || I | shall | not | want.

He maketh me to lie dówn in | green | pastures || He leadeth mé be- | side the | still | waters.

Hé re- | storeth my | soul || He leadeth me in the paths of rightcousnéss | for His | name's | sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of déath, I will | fear no | evil || for Thou art with me, Thy ród and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.

Thou preparest a table before me, in the presencé of | them that | trouble me || Thou anointest my head with óil; my | cup | runneth | over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the dáys | of my | life || and I will dwéll in the | house of the | Lord for | ever.

## 702. PSALM 24.

THE earth is the Lórd's, and the | fulness there- | of || the wórld, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

For He hath founded ít up- | on the | seas || and establishéd | it up- | on the | floods.

Who shall ascend into the híll | of the | Lord || or who shall stánd | in His | holy | place?

He that hath clean hánds | and a pure | heart || who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanitý, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.

He shall receive the blessíng | from the | Lord || and righteousnéss from the | God of | His sal- | vation.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift úp, ye ever- | lasting | doors || and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

Who ís this | King of | glory || The Lord strong and mighty, the | Lord | mighty in | battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift úp, ye ever- | lasting | doors || and the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

Who ís this | King of | glory || The Lord of hósts | He is the | King of | glory.

## 703. PSALM 25.

UNTO Thee, O Lórd, do I | líft up my | soul || O my God, I trust in Thée; let | me not | be a- | shamed.

They that wait on Thée shall | not be a- | shamed || they shall be ashaméd that trans- | gress with- | out a | cause.

Shew mé Thy | ways, O | Lord || and | teach | me Thy | paths.

Lead mé in Thy | truth, and | teach me || for Thou art the God of my salvation ; on Thée do I | wait | all the | day.

Remember O Lórd Thy | tender | mercies || and Thy loving-kindnessés which | have been | ever of | old.

Remember not the sins of my yóuth nor | my trans- | gressions || according to Thy mercy, remember Thou mé for Thy | goodness' | sake, O | Lord.

Good and upríght | is the | Lord || therefore will He téach | sinners | in the | way.

The méek will He | guide in | judgment || and the méek | will He | teach His | way.

All the paths of the Lórd are | mercy and | truth || unto such as kéep His | covenant | and His | testimonies.

For Thy náme's | sake, O | Lord || pardón my | sin, for | it is | great.

The secret of the Lórd is with | them that | fear Him || and Hé will | shew | them His | covenant.

Mine eyes are ever lookíng | unto the | Lord || for He shall plúck my | feet | out of the | net.

Turn Thee unto mé, and have | mercy up- | on me || O bring Thou mé | out of | my dis- | tresses.

Look upon mine afflictión | and my | pain || ánd for- | give me | all my | sin.

O keep my sóul, and de- | liver | me || let me not be ashaméd, for I | put my | trust in | Thee.

Let integrity and uprightnéss pre- | serve | me || fór in | Thee hath | been my | hope.

## 704. PSALM 27.

THE Lord is my light and my salvatión | whom shall I | fear || the Lord is the strength of my lifé ; of | whom shall I | be a- | fraid?

Though an host should encamp against me, my héart | shall not | fear || though war should rise against mé, in | this will | I be | confident.

One thing have I desiréd | of the | Lord || that | will I | seek | after;

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the dáys | of my | life || to behold the beauty of the Lórd, and to in- | quire | in His | temple.

For ín the | time of | trouble || Hé shall | hide me in | His pa- | vilion.

In the secret of His tabernaclé | shall He | hide me || He shall set mé | up up- | on a | rock.

Hear, O Lord, when I crý | with my | voice || have mercy alsó up- | on me, and | answer | me.

When Thou sáidst, | Seek ye my | face || my heart said unto Theé, Thy | face, Lord | will I | seek.

Híde nót Thy | face far | from me || put nót Thy | servant a- | way in | anger.

Thóu hast | been my | help || leave me not, neither forsake mé, O | God of | my sal- | vation.

When my fathér and my | mother for- | sake me || thén the | Lord will | take me | up.

Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and Hé shall | strengthen thine | heart || yea | wait Thou | on the | Lord.

## 705. PSALM 31.

IN Thee, O Lórd, do I | put my | trust || lét me | never | be a- | shamed.

Be Thóu my | strong | rock || fór a | house of de- | fence to | save me.

Into Thy hánds I com- | mend my | spirit || Thou hast redeemed mé, O | Lord, Thou | God of | truth.

I will be glad, and rejóice | in Thy | mercy || for Thou hast considered my trouble; Thou hast knówn my | soul | in ad- | versities.

I trustéd in | Thee, O | Lord || I said Thou art my Gód, my | times are | in Thy | hand.

Make Thy face to shíne up- | on Thy | servant || save mé | for Thy | mercy's | sake.

O how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid úp for | them that | fear Thee || which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thée be- | fore the | sons of | men.

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presencé from the | noise of | men || Thou shalt keep them in Thy tabernaclé | from the | strife of | tongues.

O love the Lórd all | ye His | saints || fór the | Lord pre- | serveth the | faithful.

Be of good courage, and Hé shall | strengthen your | heart || all | ye that | hope in the | Lord.

## 706. PSALM 33.

REJOICE in the Lórd || O ye | righteous || for práise is | comely | for the || upright.

For the wórd of the | Lord is | right || and áll His | works are | done in | truth.

He lovéth | righteousness and | judgment || the earth is fúll of the | goodness | of the | Lord.

By the word of the Lórd were the | heavens | made || and all the host of thém | by the | breath of His | mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea togethér | as a | heap || He layeth úp the | deep as | in a | store-house.

Let the éarth | fear the | Lord || let all the inhabitants of the wórld | stand in | awe of | Him.

For He spáke and | it was | done || He commandéd | and it | stood | fast.

The counsel of the Lórd | standeth for | ever || the thoughts of His héart to | all | gener- | ations.

Blessed is the natión whose | God is the | Lord || and the people whom He hath chosén | for His | own in- | heritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven, He beholdeth áll the | sons of | men || He fashioneth their hearts aliké, He con- | sidereth | all their | works.

Behold, the eye of the Lórd is upon | them that | fear Him || upon thém that | hope | in His | mercy;

To delivér their | soul from | death || ánd to | keep them a- | live in | famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord; Hé is our | help and | shield || our heart shall rejoice in Him, because we have trustéd | in His | holy | name.

Let Thy mercy, O Lórd | be up- | on us || according | as we | hope in | Thee.

## 707. PSALM 34.

I WILL bless the Lórd at | all | times || His práise shall | ever be | in my | mouth.

My soul shall make her bóast | in the | Lord || the humblé shall | hear thereof | and be | glad.

O magnifý the | Lord with | me || and let ús ex- | alt His | name to- | gether.

I sought the Lórd | and He | heard me || and deliveréd | me from | all my | fears.

They looked unto Hím | and were | lightened || ánd their | faces were | not a- | shamed.

This poor man críed, and the | Lord | heard him || and saved hím | out of | all his | troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round aboút | them that | fear Him || and | de- | livereth | them.

O taste and sée that the | Lord is | good || blesséd is the | man that | trusteth in | Him.

O fear the Lórd | ye His | saints || for there is nó | want to | them that | fear Him.

The young lions do láck and | suffer | hunger || but they that seek the Lórd shall | not want | any good | thing.

The eyes of the Lórd are up- | on the | righteous || and His éars are | open | unto their | cry.

The Lord is nigh unto them that aré of a | broken | heart || and saveth súch as | be of a | contrite | spirit.

Many are the afflictións | of the | righteous || but the Lord delivereth hím | out | of them | all.

The Lord redeeméth the | soul of His | servants || and none of thém that | trust in | Him shall be | desolate.

## 708. PSALM 36.

THY mercy O Lórd is | in the | heavens || and Thy faithfulnéss | reacheth | unto the | clouds.

Thy righteousnéss is | líke the great | mountains || Thy judgménts | are a | mighty | deep.

How excellent is Thy lóving- | kindness, O | God || therefore the children of men put their trúst | under the | shadow of Thy | wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the plenteousnéss | of Thy | house || and Thou shalt make them drínk of the | river | of Thy | pleasures.

For with Thée is the | fountain of | life || in Thý | light shall | we see | light.

O continue Thy loving-kindnéss unto | them that | know Thee || and Thy righteousnéss unto | them that are | true of | heart.

## 709. PSALM 37.

FRET not thyself becáuse of | evil- | doers || neither be thou envious agaínst the | workers | of in- | iquity.

Delight thysélf | in the | Lord || and He shall give theé the de- | sires | of thy | heart.

Commit thy wáy | unto the | Lord || trust also in Hím : and | He shall | bring it to | pass.

He shall bring forth thy righteousnéss | as the | light || and thy judgmént | as the | noon- | day.

Rest | in the | Lord || and wáit | patient- | ly for | Him.

Cease from angér, and for- | sake | wrath || fret not thysélf in | any wise | to do | evil.

The méek shall in- | herit the | earth || and shall delight themselvés | in the a- | bundance of | peace.

The Lord knowéth the | days of the | upright || and their inheritancé | shall en- | dure for | ever.

The steps of a good man are orderéd | by the | Lord || and hé de- | lighteth | in His | way.

Though he fall, he shall nót be | utterly cast | down || for the Lórd up- | holdeth him | with His | hand.

The salvation of the righteoús is | of the | Lord || He is their strength | in the | time of | trouble.

Mark the perfect mán, and be- | hold the | upright || fór the énd of | that | man is | peace.

## 710. PSALM 39.

LORD, let me know mine end, and the measúre | of my | days || that I′ may | know how | frail I | am.

Behold, Thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine áge is as | nothing be- | fore Thee || verily every man at his best státe is | alto- | gether | vanity.

Surely every man walkéth in a | vain | shew || surelý he dis- | quieteth him- | self in | vain.

He | heapeth up | riches || and knoweth nót | who shall | gather | them.

And now, Lórd, what | wait I | for || my | hope | is in | Thee.

Deliver mé from | all my trans- | gressions || make me nót the re- | proach | of the | foolish.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give éar | unto my | cry || hold not Thy | peace | at my | tears.

For I ám a ' stranger with | Thee || and a sojournér, as | all my | fathers | were.

O spare me, that I' may re- | cover | strength || before I go hénce | and be | no more | seen.

## 711. PSALM 42, 43.

As the hart panteth aftér the | water | brooks || so panteth my sóul | after | Thee, O | God.

My soul thirsteth for Gód, for the | living | God || when shall I cóme and ap- | pear be- | fore | God?

For I wént | with the | multitude || I went with thém | to the | house of | God;

With the voíce of | joy and | praise || with a multitudé that | kept | holy- | day.

Why art thou cast dówn | O my | soul || and why art thoú dis- | quiet- | ed with- | in me?

Hope | thou in | God || for I shall yet praise Hím | for the | help of His | countenance.

The Lord will command His lovingkindnéss | in

the | day-time || and in the night His song shall be with me, and my práyer | unto the | God of my | life.

O send out Thy light and Thy trúth | let them | lead me || let them bring me to Thy holý | hill and | to Thy | dwelling.

Why art thou cast dówn | O my | soul || and why art thoú dis- | quiet- | ed with- | in me?

Hope | thou in | God || for I shall yet praise Him, who is the héalth of my | countenance | and my | God.

## 712. PSALM 46.

GÓD is our | refuge and | strength || a verý | present | help in | trouble.

Therefore will we not féar though the | earth be | moved || and though the mountains be carriéd | into the | midst of the | sea;

Though the waters thereóf | rage and | swell || though the mountaíns | shake with the | tempest there- | of.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glád the | city of | God || the holy place of the tabernaclé | of the | Most | High.

God is in the midst of her, shé shall | not be | moved || Gód shall | help her, and | that right | early.

The heathen ragéd, the | kingdoms were | moved || He utteréd His | voice, the | earth | melted.

The Lórd of | hosts is | with us || the Gód of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

Come, behold the wórks | of the | Lord || what wondérs He hath | wrought up- | on the | earth.

He maketh wars to céase in | all the | world || He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder, He burnéth the | chariot | in the | fire.

Be still, and knów that | I am | God || I will be exalted among the heathen, I will bé ex- | alted | in the | earth.

The Lórd of | hosts is | with us || the Gód of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

## 713. PSALM 51.

HAVE mercý up- | on me, O | God || according | to Thy | loving- | kindness ;

According unto the multitúde of Thy | tender | mercies || blot | out | my trans- | gressions.

Wash me throughlý from | mine in- | iquity || and | cleanse me | from my | sin.

For I acknowledgé | my trans- | gressions || ánd my | sin is | ever be- | fore me.

Against Thee, Thee onlý | have I | sinned || and dóne this | evil | in Thy | sight.

Behold Thou requirest trúth in the | inward | parts || and in the hidden part, Thóu shalt | make me to | know | wisdom.

Create in me a cléan | heart, O | God || ánd re- | new a right | spirit with- | in me.

Cast me not awáy | from Thy | presence || take nót Thy | holy | Spirit | from me.

Restore unto me the jóy of | Thy sal- | vation || and uphold mé | with Thy | free | Spirit.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou Gód of | my sal- | vation || and my tongue shall sing aloúd | of Thy | righteous- | ness.

O Lórd, open | Thou my | lips || and my móuth | shall shew | forth Thy | praise.

For Thou desirest not sacrificé | else would I | give it || Thou delightést | not in | burnt | offering.

The sacrifices of Gód are a | broken | spirit || a broken and a contrite heart, O Gód | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.

## 714. PSALM 57.

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful | unto | me || for my | soul | trusteth in | Thee.

Yea, in the shadów | of Thy | wings || I | will | make my | refuge.

I will call unto | God most | high || unto Gód that | doeth | good to | me.

He shall send from | heaven and | save me || God shall send fórth His | mercy | and His | truth.

Be Thou exalted, O Gód, a- | bove the | heavens || let Thy glóry | be above | all the | earth.

My heart is fixed, O Gód, my | heart is | fixed || I' will | sing and | give | praise.

For the greatness of Thy mercy reachéth | unto the | heavens || and Thy | truth | unto the | clouds.

Be Thou exalted, O Gód, a- | bove the | heavens || let Thy glorý | be above | all the | earth.

## 715. PSALM 63.

O GÓD | Thou art my | God || early | will I | seek Thee.

My soul thirsteth for Thee; my flésh | longeth for | Thee || to see Thy power and Thy glorý, as I have | seen Thee | in the | sanctuary.

Because Thy lovingkindnéss is | better than | life || my | lips shall | praise | Thee.

Thus will I bless Thée | while I | live || my mouth shall praíse | Thee with | joyful | lips;

When I remember Thée up- | on my | bed || and meditate on Thée | in the | night | watches.

Because Thóu hast | been my | help || therefore under the shadów of Thy | wings will | I re- | joice.

## 716. PSALM 65.

PRAISE waiteth for Thée, O | God, in | Zion || and unto Thée shall the | vow | be per- | formed.

O Thóu that | hearest | prayer || únto | Thee shall | all flesh | come.

Thou shalt shew us wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O Gód of | our sal- | vation || who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afár | off up- | on the | sea.

Who by His strénngth setteth | fast the | mountains || who stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their wáves, and the | tumult | of the | people.

Thou visitést the | earth, and | waterest it || Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of Gód | which is | full of | water.

Thou preparest them corn, when Thou hast só pro- | vided | for it || Thou waterest the ridgés there- | of ab- | undant- | ly.

Thou makést it | soft with | showers || Thou | blessest the | springing there- | of.

Thou crownest the yéar | with Thy | goodness || Thy | paths | drop | fatness.

They drop upon the pasturés | of the | wilderness || and the little hílls re- | joice on | every | side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys are coveréd | over with | corn || they shóut for | joy, they | also | sing.

## 717. PSALMS 66, 68.

MAKE a joyful noise unto Gód | all ye | lands || sing forth the honour of His náme | make His | praise | glorious.

Say unto God, How wonderful art Thoú | in Thy | works || áll the | earth shall | worship | Thee.

O bléss our | God, ye | people || and make the voíce of His | praise | to be | heard,

Who holdéth our | soul in | life || and suffereth nót our | feet | to be | moved.

Sing unto God, sing praisés | unto His | name || ánd re- | joice be- | fore | Him.

He is a father of the fatherless, and defendéth the | cause of the | widows || even Gód in His | holy | habit- | ation.

God settéth the | solitary in | families || He bringeth oút | those that are | bound with | chains.

Thou, O God, sentest a gracious ráin upon | Thine in- | heritance || and refreshédst | it when | it was | weary.

Thy peoplé shall | dwell there- | in || for Thou, O Lord, hast preparéd of Thy | goodness | for the | poor.

Blessed be the Lórd, even the | God who | helpeth us || who bearéth our | burdens | day by | day.

He is our God, even the Gód of whom | cometh sal- | vation || unto God the Lórd be- | long the | issues from | death.

Sing unto God, O ye kingdóms | of the | earth || sing | praises | unto the | Lord.

## 718. PSALM 67.

GOD be mercifúl unto | us, and | bless us || and cáuse His | face to | shine up- | on us.

That Thy way may be knówn up- | on the | earth || Thy savíng | health a- | mong all | nations.

Let the people praíse | Thee, O | God || yéa, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

O let the nations be glád, and | sing for | joy || for Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govérn the | nations up- | on | earth.

Let the people praíse | Thee, O | God || let | all the | people | praise Thee.

Then shall the éarth | yield her | increase || and Gód, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

God | shall | bless us || and all the énds of the | earth shall | fear | Him.

## 719. PSALM 71, 73.

IN Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me nevér be | put to con- | fusion || deliver me in Thy righteousness, inclíne Thine | ear unto | me, and | save me.

Be Thou my stronghold, whereuntó I may | alway re- | sort || Thou hast given commandment to save me; for Thóu art my | rock | and my | fortress.

Thou art my hópe | O Lord | God || Thou art my trúst | even | from my | youth.

Go not fár from | me, O | Lord || O' my | God make | haste to | help me.

I will patiently a- | bide al- | way || ánd will | praise Thee | more and | more.

I will go in the stréngth of the | Lord | God || I will make mention of Thy righteousnéss | even of | Thine | only.

O God Thou hast taught mé | from my | youth || and hitherto have I' de- | clared Thy | wondrous | works.

When I am old and grey-headed, O Gód, for- | sake me | not || until I have shewed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to áll | them that | are to | come.

Thy righteousness, O Gód, is | very | high || O Gód | who is | like unto | Thee?

Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort mé on | every | side || so will I praise Thée and Thy | faithfulness | O my | God.

Whom have I' in | heaven but | Thee || and there is none on eárth that | I de- | sire be- | fore Thee.

My flésh and my | heart | faileth || but God is the strength of my héart | and my | portion for | ever.

## 720. PSALM 84.

How lovely are Thy dwellíngs, O | Lord of | hosts || my soul hath a desire and longing to entér the | courts | of the | Lord.

My héart | and my | flesh || cry | out for the | living | God.

Blessed are they that dwéll | in Thy | house || théy will | still be | praising Thee.

They gó from | strength to | strength || every one of them in Zión ap- | peareth be- | fore | God.

O Lord God of hósts | hear my | prayer || give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.

A day in Thy coúrts is | better than a | thousand || I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my Gód than | dwell in the | tents of | wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield, the Lórd will give | grace and | glory || no good thing will He withhóld from | them that | walk up- | rightly.

O | Lord of | hosts || blessed is the mán that | putteth his | trust in | Thee.

## 721. PSALM 86.

BOW down Thine éar, O | Lord, and | hear me || for | I am | poor and | needy.

Preserve my soúl, for | I am | holy || my God, save Thy servánt that | putteth his | trust in | Thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I crý | unto Thee | daily || rejoice the soul of Thy servant, for unto Thee, O Lórd, do | I lift | up my | soul.

For Thou, Lord, art good, and readý | to for- | give || and plenteous in mercy to áll | them that | call upon | Thee.

Give ear, O Lórd | unto my | prayer || atténd to the | voice of my | suppli- | cations.

In the day of my troublé I will | call upon | Thee || for | Thou wilt | answer | me.

All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worshíp | Thee, O | Lord || ánd shall | glori- | fy Thy | name.

For Thou art great, and dóest | wondrous | things || Thou | art | God a- | lone.

Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will wálk | in Thy | truth || uníte my | heart to | fear Thy | name.

I will praise Thee, O Lord my Gód, with | all my | heart || and I will glorifý Thy | name for | ever- | more.

## 722. PSALM 89.

I WILL sing of the merciés of the | Lord for | ever || with my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulnéss to | all | gener- | ations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be búilt | up for | ever || Thy faithfulness shalt Thóu es- | tablish | in the | heavens.

The heavens shall práise Thy | wonders, O | Lord || Thy faithfulness also, in the cóngre- | gation | of the | saints.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lórd | like unto | Thee || or tó Thy | faithfulness | round a- | bout Thee?

Thou rulest the ragíng | of the | sea || when the waves thereóf a- | rise Thou | stillest | them.

The heavens are Thine, the éarth | also is | Thine || as for the world and the fulness thereóf | Thou hast | founded | them.

Justice and judgment are the habitatión | of Thy | throne || mercy and trúth shall | go be- | fore Thy | face.

Blessed is the people that knów the | joyful | sound || they shall walk, O Lórd, in the | light | of Thy | countenance.

In Thy name shall they rejóice | all the | day || and in Thy righteousnéss | shall they | be ex- | alted.

Blessed be the Lórd for | ever- | more || A- | men, and | A- | men.

## 723. PSALMS 90, 102.

LORD, Thóu hast | been our | dwelling-place || in | all | gener- | ations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the éarth | and the | world || even from everlastíng to ever- | lasting | Thou art | God.

Of old hast Thou laid the foundatións | of the | earth || and the heavéns | are the | work of Thy | hands.

They shall perísh, but | Thou shalt en- | dure || and as a vesture Thou shalt change thém, | and they | shall be | changed.

Thou turnest mán | to de- | struction || and sáyest, Re- | turn ye | children of | men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yes-terdaý | when it is | past || and | as a | watch in the | night.

Thou carriest them awáy, they | are as a | sleep || in the morning, they are liké | grass which | groweth | up.

In the morning it flourishéth and | groweth | up || in the eveníng it | is cut | down, and | withereth.

The days of our years are three-scoré | years and | ten || and if by reason of strénght | they be | four-score | years ;

Yet is their strénght | labour and | sorrow || for it is soón cut | off, and we | fly a- | way.

So teach ús to | number our | days || that we may applý our | hearts | unto | wisdom.

Retúrn, O | Lord, how | long || ánd be | gracious | unto Thy | servants.

O satisfy us earlý | with Thy | mercy || that we may rejóice and be | glad | all our | days.

Make us glad, according to the days wherein Thou hást af- | flicted | us || and the yéars where- | in we have | seen | evil.

Let Thy work appeár | unto Thy | servants || ánd Thy | glory | unto their | children.

And let the beauty of the Lórd our | God be up- | on us || and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hánds, e- | stablish | Thou | it.

## 724. PSALM 91.

HE that dwelleth in the secret pláce of the | most | High || shall abide undér the | shadow | of the Al- | mighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refugé | and my | fortress || my Gód, in | Him | will I | trust.

He shall deliver thee from the snáre | of the | fowler || and | from the | noisome | pestilence.

He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wíngs | shalt thou | trust || His trúth shall | be thy | shield and | buckler.

Thou shalt not be afráid for the | terror by | night || nór for the | arrow that | flieth by | day;

For the pestilencé that | walketh in | darkness || nor for the destructión that | wasteth at | noon- | day.

Because thou hast madé the | Lord thy | refuge || and the Móst | High thy | habi- | tation;

There shall nó | evil be- | fall thee || neither shall any | plague come | nigh thy | dwelling.

For He shall give His angels chargé | over | thee || to keép | thee in | all thy | ways.

They shall bear thee úp | in their | hands || lest thou dásh thy | foot a- | gainst a | stone.

Because he hath set his love upon Me, thereforé will | I de- | liver him || he shall call upon Mé, and | I will | answer | him:

I will bé with | him in | trouble || ánd will | shew him | My sal- | vation.

## 725. PSALM 97, 93.

THE Lord reignéth; let the | earth re- | joice || let the multitudé of | isles be | glad there- | of.

Clouds and darknéss are | round a- | bout Him || righteousness and judgmént are the habi- | tation | of His | throne.

Líght is | sown for the | righteous || and gladnéss | for the | upright in | heart.

Rejoicé in the | Lord, ye | righteous || and give thánks at the re- | membrance | of His | holiness.

The Lord reigneth, Hé is | clothed with | majesty || the Lord is clothed with stréngth, wherewith | He hath | girded Him- | self.

The world also is stablishéd, that it | cannot be | moved || Thy throne is established of óld | Thou art from | ever- | lasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have liftéd | up their | voice || the | floods lift | up their | waves.

Mighty is the noise of many waters, mighty is the ragíng | of the | sea || bút the | Lord on | high is | mightier.

Thy testimoniés are | very | sure || holiness becométh Thine | house, O | Lord, for | ever.

## 726. PSALM 92, 95, 96.

IT is a good thing to give thánks | unto the | Lord || and to sing praisés unto Thy | name | O most | High.

To shew forth Thy lovingkindnéss | in the | morning, || ánd Thy | faithfulness | every | night.

O come, let us síng un- | to the | Lord || let us make a joyful noisé to the | rock of | our sal- | vation.

Let us come before his presénce | with thanks- | giving || and make a joyfúl | noise unto | Him with | psalms.

For the Lórd is a | great | God || and a gréat | King a- | bove all | gods.

In His hand are the deépest | places of the | earth || the stréngth of the | hills is | His | also.

The sea is Hís | and He | made it || and His hánds || formed | the dry | land.

O come, let us worshíp | and bow | down || let us knéel be- | fore the | Lord our | maker.

For | He is our | God || and we are the people of His pasturé, | and the | sheep of His | hand.

Honour and majestý | are be- | fore Him || stréngth and | beauty are | in His | sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindréds | of the | people || give untó the | Lord | glory and | strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory dúe | unto His | name || bring an offeríng and | come in- | to His | courts.

O worship the Lórd in the | beauty of | holiness || rejoicé be- | fore Him | all the | earth.

Let the heavens rejóice, and let the | earth be | glad || let the sea róar | and the | fulness there- | of.

Let the field be joyful, and áll that | is there- | in || then shall all the trees of the wóod re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord.

For He cometh, for He cométh to | judge the | earth || He shall judge the world with righteousnéss, and the | people | with His | truth.

## 727. PSALM 98.

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for He hath dóne | marvellous | things || His right hand, and His holy árm, hath | gotten | Him the | victory.

The Lord hath made knówn | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly shewéd | in the | sight of the | heathen.

He hath remembered His mercy and His trúth toward the | house of | Israel || all the ends of the earth have séen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lórd | all the | earth || make a loud noisé and re- | joice, and | sing | praise.

Sing unto the Lórd | with the | harp || wíth the | harp, and the | voice of a | psalm.

With trumpéts and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful noisé be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.

Let the sea roár, and the | fulness there- | of || the wórld, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

Let the flóods | clap their | hands || let the hills be joyfúl to- | gether be- | fore the | Lord.

For He cométh to | judge the | earth || with righteousness shall He judge the wórld | and the | people with | equity.

## 728. PSALM 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lórd | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness; comé be- | fore His | presence with | singing.

Know ye that the Lórd | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His peoplé, | and the | sheep of His | pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and intó His | courts with | praise || be thankfúl unto | Him, and | bless His | name.

For the Lord is good; His mercý is | ever- | lasting || and His truth enduréth to | all | gener- | ations.

## 729. PSALM 103.

BLESS the Lórd | O my | soul || and all that is withín me | bless His | holy | name.

Bless the Lórd | O my | soul || ánd for- | get not | all His | benefits;

Who forgivéth | all thy | sin || who healéth | all | thine in- | firmities ;

Who redeemeth thy lifé | from de- | struction || who crowneth thee with lovíng | kindness and | tender | mercies ;

Who satisfieth thy móuth | with good | things || so that thy yoúth is re- | newed | like the | eagle's.

The Lord executéth | righteousness and | judgment || for | all that | are op- | pressed.

He made known His wáys | unto | Moses || His wórks | unto the | children of | Israel.

The Lord is fúll of com- | passion and | mercy || long-suffering | and of | great | goodness.

He will nót | always | chide || neither wíll He | keep His | anger for | ever.

He hath not dealt with ús | after our | sins || nor rewarded ús ac- | cording to | our in- | iquities.

For as the heaven is hígh a- | bove the | earth || so gréat is His | mercy toward | them that | fear Him.

As far as the éast is | from the | west || so far hath He removéd | our trans- | gressions | from us.

Like as a fathér | pitieth his | children || so the Lórd | pitieth | them that | fear Him.

Fór He | knoweth our | frame || Hé re- | membereth that | we are | dust.

As for man, his dáys | are as | grass || as a flówer of the | field | so he | flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over ít | and it is | gone || and the pláce there- | of shall | know it no | more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlastíng upon | them that | fear Him || and His righteousnéss | unto | children's | children.

Bless the Lord, ye His angéls that ex- | cel in |

strength || that do His commandments, hearkeníng | unto the | voice of His | word.

Bless ye the Lórd all | ye His | hosts || ye ministérs of | His that | do His | pleasure.

Bless the Lord all His works, in all placés of | His do- | minion || bléss the | Lord | O my | soul.

## 730. PSALM 104.

BLESS the Lórd | O my | soul || O Lord, my God, Thou art very great, Thóu art | clothed with | honour and | majesty;

Who coverest Thyself with líght as | with a | garment || who stretchest óut the | heavens | like a | curtain.

Who layeth the beams of His chambérs | in the | waters || who maketh the clouds His chariot, who walkéth up- | on the | wings of the | wind.

He makéth the | winds His | messengers || the flamíng | fire His | minis- | ter.

He laid the foundatións | of the | earth || that it should nót | be re- | moved for | ever.

Thou coveredst it with the déep as | with a | garment || the watérs | stood a- | bove the | mountains.

At Thý re- | buke they | fled || at the vóice of Thy | thunder they | hasted a- | way.

They go up by the mountains, they go dówn | by the | valleys || unto the pláce which | Thou hast | founded | for them.

He sendeth the springs | into the | rivers || which | run a- | mong the | hills.

They give drink to every béast | of the | field || by them do the fowls of heaven have their habitatión, which | sing a- | mong the | branches.

He watereth the hílls | from a- | bove || the earth is satisfiéd | with the | fruit of Thy | works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and hérb for the | service of | man || that he may bring fórth | food out | of the | earth ;

And wine that maketh glád the | heart of | man || and bréad that | strengtheneth | man's | heart.

He appointéd the | moon for | seasons || the sún | knoweth his | going | down.

Thou makest darknéss, and | it is | night || wherein all the béasts of the | forest do | creep | forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and séek their | meat from | God || the sun ariseth, they get them away together, and láy them | down | in their | dens.

Man goeth forth unto his wórk and | to his | labour || un- | til the | even- | ing.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thoú | made them | all || the éarth is | full | of Thy | riches.

So is this gréat and | wide | sea || wherein are things creeping innumerablé, both | small and | great | beasts.

These waít | all upon | Thee || that Thou mayest give thém their | meat in | due | season.

That Thou givést | them they | gather || Thou openest Thine hánd | they are | filled with | good.

Thou hidest Thy fáce | they are | troubled || Thou takest away their breath, they díe and re- | turn | to their | dust.

Thou sendest forth Thy spirít, they | are cre- | ated || and Thóu re- | newest the | face of the | earth.

The glory of the Lórd shall en- | dure for | ever || the Lórd | shall re- | joice in His | works.

## 731. PSALM 107.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Let the redeeméd of the | Lord say | so || whom He hath redeeméd | from the | hand of the | enemy ;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the eást, and | from the | west || fróm the | north, and | from the | south.

They wandered in the wildernéss in a | solitary | way || they | found no | city to | dwell in.

Hungrý | and | thirsty || their | souls | fainted | in them.

Then they cried unto the Lórd | in their | trouble || and He delivered thém | out of | their dis- | tresses.

And He led them fórth | by the right | way || that they might gó to a | city of | habi- | tation.

O that men would praise the Lórd | for His | goodness || and for His wonderful wórks | to the | children of | men !

For He satisfiéth the | longing | soul || and filléth the | hungry | soul with | goodness.

Such as sit in darknéss and in the | shadow of | death || being boúnd | in af- | fliction and | iron.

He hath brokén the | gates of | brass || and cút the | bars of | iron in | sunder.

O that men would praise the Lórd | for His | goodness || and for His wonderful wórks | to the | children of | men !

And let them sacrifice the sacrificés | of thanks- | giving || and declaré His | works | with re- | joicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do businéss | in great | waters || these see the works of the Lórd, and His | wonders | in the | deep.

He makéth the | storm a | calm || so thát the | waves there- | of are | still.

Then are they glád be- | cause they are | quiet || so He bringeth thém unto | their de- | sired | haven.

O that men would praise the Lórd | for His | goodness || and for His wonderful wórks | to the | children of | men!

## 732. PSALM 111, 112.

I WILL give thanks unto the Lórd with my | whole | heart || in the assembly of the upríght and | in the | congre- | gation.

The wórks of the | Lord are | great || sought out of all thém | that have | pleasure there- | in.

The Lord is gracioús and | full of com- | passion || all | His com- | mandments are | sure.

They stand fást for | ever and | ever || ánd are | done in | truth and up- | rightness.

He sent redemptión | unto His | people || He hath commanded His covenant for ever, holý and | reverend | is His | name.

The feár | of the | Lord || is | the be- | ginning of | wisdom;

A good understanding have all theý that | do His com- | mandments || His | praise en- | dureth for | ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth líght | in the | darkness || He is gracioús, and | full of com- | passion, and | righteous.

Surely He shall nót be | moved for | ever || the righteous shall be héld in | ever- | lasting re- | membrance.

## 733. PSALM 116.

I LOVE the Lórd, be- | cause He hath | heard || the | voice | of my | prayer.

Because He hath inclined His éar | unto | me || therefore will I call upon Hím as | long | as I | live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of héll gat | hold up- | on me || I | found | trouble and | sorrow.

Then called I upon the náme | of the | Lord || O Lord, I beséech | Thee, de- | liver my | soul.

Gracioús is the | Lord, and | righteous || yea | our | God is | merciful.

The Lórd pre- | serveth the | simple || I was brought lów | and He | helped | me.

Return unto thy rést | O my | soul || for the Lord hath déalt | bounti- | fully | with thee;

For Thou hast deliveréd my | soul from | death || mine éyes from | tears, and my | feet from | falling.

What shall I rendér | unto the | Lord || for áll His | benefits | towards | me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call on the náme | of the | Lord || I will pay my vows unto the Lórd in the | presence of | all His | people.

I will offer to Thee the sacrificé | of thanks- | giving || and will call upón the | name | of the | Lord.

I will pay my vówS | unto the | Lord || ín the | presence of | all His | people.

## 734. PSALM 118.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Let them now that féar the | Lord | say || thát His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

I called upon the Lórd | in dis- | tress || and the Lórd | heard me | and de- | livered me.

The Lord is my strénngth | and my | song || and ís be- | come | my sal- | vation.

Open to mé the | gates of | righteousness || I will go into thém and | I will | praise the | Lord.

This is the gáte | of the | Lord || ínto | which the | righteous | enter.

I will praise Theé, for | Thou hast | heard me || and árt be- | come | my sal- | vation.

This is the dáy which the | Lord hath | made || we will rejóice | and be | glad in | it.

Thou art my Gód, and | I will | praise Thee || Thou árt my | God, I | will ex- | alt Thee.

O give thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good || fór His mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

## 735. PSALM 119.

I WILL meditaté | in Thy | precepts || and háve re- | spect un- | to Thy | ways.

I will delight mysélf | in Thy | statutes || I' will | not for- | get Thy | word.

Ópen | thou mine | eyes || that I may behold wondroús | things out | of Thy | law.

I am a strangér | on the | earth || hide nót | Thy com- | mandments | from me.

Blessed are the undefiléd | in the | way || who wálk | in the | law of the | Lord.

Blessed are théy that | keep His | testimonies || and seek Hím | with their | whole | heart.

My soul cleavéth | unto the | dust || quicken Thou mé ac- | cording | to Thy | word.

Remove from mé the | way of | lying || and gránt | me Thy | law | graciously.

Incline my héart | unto Thy | testimonies || and | not to | covetous- | ness.

Turn away mine éyes from be- | holding | vanity || and | quicken me | in Thy | way.

I remembered Thy judgménts of | old, O | Lord || and | have re- | ceived | comfort.

Thy statutés have | been my | songs || ín the | house | of my | pilgrimage.

Before I was troubléd, I | went a- | stray || but | now have I | kept Thy | word.

It is good for me that I' have | been af- | flicted || that | I might | learn Thy | statutes.

O let Thy merciful kindnéss | be my | comfort || according tó Thy | word | unto Thy | servant.

Make Thy face to shiné up- | on Thy | servant || and | teach | me Thy | statutes.

Let my soul livé, and | it shall | praise Thee || and | let Thy | judgments | help me.

I have gone astráy like a | lost | sheep || O seek Thy servant, for I do nót for- | get | Thy com- | mandments.

## 736. PSALM 121.

I WILL lift up mine éyes | unto the | hills || from | whence | cometh my | help.

My help cométh | from the Lord || which | made | heaven and | earth.

He will not suffér thy | foot to be | moved || Hé that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

Behold Hé that | keepeth | Israel || shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.

The Lórd | is thy | keeper || the Lord is thy sháde up- | on thy | right | hand.

The sun shall not smíte | thee by | day || nei- | ther the | moon by | night.

The Lord shall preserve theé from | all | evil || He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going óut and thy | coming | in || from this time fórth, and | even for | ever- | more.

## 737. PSALM 125.

THEY that trust in the Lórd shall | be as mount | Zion || which cannot be removéd | but a- | bideth for | ever.

As the mountains are roúnd a- | bout Je- | rusalem || so the Lord is round about His peoplé from | henceforth | even for | ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lót | of the | righteous || lest the righteous put fórth their | hands | unto in- | iquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto thosé | that be | good || and to thém that are | upright | in their | hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workérs | of in- | iquity || but peacé shall | be up- | on | Israel.

## 738. EVENING CANTICLE.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servánts | of the | Lord || praisé the | name | of the | Lord.

Blessed be the namé | of the | Lord || from this time fórth | and for | ever- | more.

From the rising of the sun unto the going dówn | of the same || the Lord's | name is | to be | praised.

The Lord is hígh a- | bove all ⌋ nations || ánd His | glory a- | bove the | heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our Gód, who | dwelleth on | high || that humbleth Himself to behold the things that aré in | heaven and | in the | earth !

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servánts | of the | Lord || which by night stánd | in the | house of the | Lord.

Lift up your hánds | in the | sanctuary || and | bless | —the | Lord.

The Lord that madé | heaven and | earth || bless | thee | out of | Zion.

Sing unto the Lórd, O ye | saints of | His || and give thánks at the re- | membrance | of His | holiness.

For His anger enduréth | but a | moment || ín His | fa- | vour is | life :

Weeping may enduré | for a | night || but jóy | cometh | in the | morning.

I will both lay me dówn in | peace, and | sleep || for Thou, Lord, onlý | makest me | dwell in | safety.

## 739. PSALM 130.

OUT | of the | depths || have I criéd | unto | Thee, O | Lord.

Lord | hear my | voice || let Thine ears be attentive to the voicé | of my | suppli- | cations.

If Thou, Lórd, shouldest | mark in- | iquities || O | Lord | who shall | stand ?

But there ís for- | giveness with | Thee || that | Thou | mayest be | feared.

I wait for the Lórd, my | soul doth | wait || and ín His | word | do I | hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that wátch | for the | morning || I say, more than theý that | watch | for the | morning.

Let Israel hopé | in the | Lord || for with the Lord there is mercý, and with | Him is | plenteous re- | demption.

And Hé shall re- | deem | Israel || from | all | his in- | iquities.

## 740. PSALM 136.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

O give thánks unto the | God of | gods || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

O give thánks unto the | Lord of | lords || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Him who alóne | doeth great | wonders || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Him that by wisdóm | made the | heavens || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Him that stretched out the éarth a- | bove the | waters || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

To Hím that | made great | lights || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

The sún to | rule by | day || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

The moon and stárs to | rule by | night || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Who remembered ús in our | low es- | tate || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

Who giveth fóod to | all | flesh || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

O give thánks unto the | God of | heaven || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

## 741. PSALM 139.

O LORD, Thou hast searched mé | out and | known me || Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, Thou understandést my | thought a- | far | off.

Thou compassest my páth and my | lying | down || and árt ac- | quainted with | all my | ways.

For there is not a wórd | in my | tongue || but lo ! O Lórd, Thou | knowest it | alto- | gether.

Thou hast beset mé be- | hind and be- | fore || and | laid Thine | hand up- | on me.

Such knowledge is tóo | wonderful | for me || it is hígh, I | cannot at- | tain | unto it.

Whither shall I gó | from Thy | Spirit || or whither shall I' | flee | from Thy | presence?

If I ascend up into heavén | Thou art | there || if I make my bed in sheól, be- | hold Thou art | there | also.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermóst | parts of the | sea || even there shall Thy hand lead mé, and | Thy right | hand shall | hold me.

If I say, Surely the | darkness shall | cover me || evén the | night shall be | light ab- | out me.

Yea the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shinéth | as the | day || the darkness and the líght are | both a- | like to | Thee.

I' will | praise | Thee || for I am fearfullý and | wonder- | fully | made.

Marvelloús | are Thy | works || and thát my | soul | knoweth right | well.

How precious also are Thy thóughts unto | me, O | God || how gréat | is the | sum of | them !

If I should count them, they are more in numbér | than the | sand || when I awáke | I am | still with | Thee.

Search me, O Gód, and | know my | heart || try | me and | know my | thoughts.

And see if there be aný | wicked way | in me || and lead mé in the | way | ever- | lasting.

## 742. PSALM 143.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, give éar to my | supplication || in Thy faithfulness answer mé, and | in Thy | righteous- | ness.

And enter not into judgmént | with Thy | servant || for in Thy síght shall | no man | living be | justified.

I remembér the | days of | old || I meditate on all Thy works, I múse | on the | work of Thy | hands.

I stretch forth my hánds | unto | Thee || my soul thirsteth after Thée | as a | thirsty | land.

Cause me to hear Thy lovingkindnéss | in the | morning || fór in | Thee | do I | trust.

Cause me to know the wáy wherein | I should | walk || for I líft | up my | soul to | Thee.

Teach me to do Thy will, for Thóu | art my | God || Thy spirit is good, lead mé | into the | land of | righteousness.

Quicken me, O Lórd | for Thy | name's sake || for Thy righteousness' saké | bring my | soul out of | trouble.

## 743. PSALM 145.

I WILL extol Thée, my | God, O | King || and I will bléss Thy | name for | ever and | ever.

Every dáy | will I | bless Thee || and I will praisé Thy | name for | ever and | ever.

One generation shall praise Thy wórks | unto an- | other || and shall de- | clare Thy | mighty | acts.

They shall abundantly utter the memóry of | Thy great | goodness || ánd shall | sing | of Thy | righteousness.

The Lord is gracioús and | full of com- | passion || slow to angér | and of | great | mercy.

The Lórd is | good to | all || and His tender merciés are | over | all His | works.

All Thy wórks shall | praise Thee, O | Lord || and | —Thy | saints shall | bless Thee.

They shall speak of the glóry | of Thy | kingdom || and | talk | of Thy | power.

Thy kingdom is an evér- | lasting | kingdom || and Thy dominion enduréth through- | out all | gener- | ations.

Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and áll that | is there- | in || who | keepeth | truth for | ever.

Who executeth judgmént | for the op- | pressed || who givéth | food | to the | hungry.

The Lórd | looseth the | prisoners || the Lórd | openeth the | eyes of the | blind.

The Lord raiseth thém that are | bowed | down || the Lórd | careth | for the | righteous.

The Lord preserveth the strangers, He relievéth the | fatherless and | widow || but the way of the wickéd He | turneth | upside | down.

The Lórd shall | reign for | ever || even thy God, O Zión, unto | all | gener- | ations.

## 744. PSALMS 147, 148.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord || for it is good to síng | praises | unto our | God;

For | it is | pleasant || and | praise | —is | comely.

The Lord healéth the | broken in | heart || He | bindeth | up their | wounds.

He telleth the numbér | of the | stars || He calleth thém | all | by their | names.

Great is our Lórd, and | great is His | power || His | wis- | dom is | infinite.

The Lord liftéth | up the | meek || He bringeth the ungodlý | down | to the | ground.

He hath also established thém for | ever and | ever || He hath máde a de- | cree which | shall not | pass.

Praise the Lórd | from the | earth || ye | dragons and | all | deeps,

Fire and haíl | snow and | vapours || stormý | wind ful- | filling His | word,

Mountaíns and | all | hills || fruitful | trees and | all | cedars,

Béasts and | all | cattle || creeping | things and | flying | fowl,

Kings of the éarth and | all | people || princes and áll | judges | of the | earth,

Both young men and maidéns | old men and | children || let thém | praise the | name of the | Lord.

For His náme a- | lone is | excellent || His glóry is a- | bove the | earth and | heaven.

## 745. JOB.

CANST thou by searchíng | find out | God || canst thou find oút the Al- | mighty | to per- | fection?

He is high as heavén | what canst thou | do || deeper than the gravé | what | canst thou | know?

Behold, I go forwárd, but | He is not | there || and backwárds, but I | cannot per- | ceive | Him;

On the left hand where He doth wórk, but I | cannot be- | hold Him || He hideth Himself on the right hánd | that I | cannot | see Him;

But He knowéth the | way that I | take || when He hath tried mé | I shall come | forth as | gold.

He is of one mínd | who can | turn Him || if He cut off or shut up, or gather togethér | who can | hinder | Him?

He is wise in heárt and | mighty in | strength || He removeth the mountaíns | and they | know it | not.

He shaketh the earth out of its place, the pillárs | thereof | tremble || He spreadeth out the heavens, and walkéth | on the | waves of the | sea.

He knoweth the place where light dwelleth, and whére is the | place of | darkness || He laid the foundations of the earth, and placéd the | corner- | stone there- | of;

When the morning stárs | sang to- | gether || and all the sóns of | God | shouted for | joy.

With Hím is | wisdom and | strength || Hé hath | counsel and | under- | standing.

When He giveth quietness, who thén can | make | trouble || when He hideth His facé | who then | can be- | hold Him?

Behold, He breaketh down, and it cannót be | built a- | gain || He shutteth up a mán, and there | can be | no | opening.

He discovereth deep thíngs | out of | darkness || and everything that is híd | bringeth He | forth to | light.

Dominion and feár | are with | Him || He maketh peacé | in His | high | places.

Lo, these are a part of His ways, but how littlé is | heard of | Him || the thunder of His powér | who can | under- | stand?

## 746. PROVERBS.

HAPPY is the mán that | findeth | wisdom || and the mán that | getteth | under- | standing.

For the merchandise of it is bettér than the | merchandise of | silver || and the gáin there- | of than | fine | gold.

She is móre | precious than | rubies || and all the things that thou canst desire are not to bé com- | pared | unto | her.

Length of dayś is in | her right | hand || and ín her | left hand | riches and | honour.

Her wáys are | ways of | pleasantness || and | all her | paths are | peace.

She is a tree of life to them that láy | hold on | her || and happy is every oné | that re- | taineth | her.

The Lord by wisdóm hath | founded the | earth || by understandíng hath | He es- | tablished the | heavens.

By His knowledge the dépths are | broken | up || ánd the | clouds drop | down the | dew.

If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy vóice for | under- | standing || if thou seekest her as silver, and searchést for | her as | for hid | treasures,

Then shalt thou understánd the | fear of the | Lord || and | find the | knowledge of | God.

## 747. ECCLESIASTES.

TRULY' the | light is | sweet || and a pleasant thing it ís for the | eyes to be- | hold the | sun.

But if a man live many years, and rejoíce | in them | all || yet let him remember the days of darknéss | for they | shall be | many.

Rejoice in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thée in the | days of thy | youth || and walk in the ways of thine héart, and | in the | sight of thine | eyes.

But know thoú that for | all these | things || Gód will | bring thee | into | judgment.

Remember now thy Creatór in the | days of thy | youth || while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt sáy | I have | no pleasure | in them;

While the sun or the light, or the moon or the stárs | be not | darkened || nor the clóuds re- | turn | after the | rain;

Fear Gód, and | keep his com- | mandments || for thís is the | whole | duty of | man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every | secret | thing || whether it be góod, or | whether | it be | evil.

## 748. ISAIAH.

THE peoplé that | walked in | darkness || have | seen a | great | light.

They that dwell in the lánd of the | shadow of | death || upon thém | hath the | light | shined.

The wolf also shall dwéll | with the | lamb || and the leopárd shall | lie down | with the | kid.

And the calf and the young lión and the | fatling to- | gether || ánd a | little | child shall | lead them.

They shall not húrt | nor de- | stroy || ín | all my | holy | mountain.

For the earth shall be fúll of the | knowledge of the | Lord || ás the | waters | cover the | sea.

And in that daý | thou shalt | say || O' | Lord | I will | praise Thee;

Though Thoú wast | angry | with me || Thine anger is turned awáy, and | Thou | comfortest | me.

Behold, Gód is | my sal- | vation || I' will | trust and | not be a- | fraid.

For the Lord Jehováh is my | strength and my | song || He alsó | is be- | come my sal- | vation.

Therefore, with joy shall yé | draw | water || out óf the | wells | of sal- | vation.

And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lórd | call upon His | name || declare His doings among the people, make mentión that | His name | is ex- | alted.

Sing unto the Lord, for He hath doné | excellent | things || thís is | known in | all the | earth.

Cry out and shoút, thou in- | habitant of | Zion || for great is the Holy Oné of | Israel | in the | midst of thee.

## 749. ISAIAH.

O LÓRD | Thou art my | God || I will exalt Thée | I will | praise Thy | name:

For Thou hast dóne | wonderful | things || Thy counsels of óld are | faithful- | ness and | truth.

For Thou hast béen a | strength to the | poor || a stréngth to the | needy in | his dis- | tress;

A refuge from the storm, a shadów | from the | heat ||

when the blast of the terrible onés is as a | storm a- | gainst the | wall.

And the Lord will destroý | in this | mountain || the face of the coveríng | cast | over all | people.

And | —the | veil || thát is | spread over | all | nations.

He will swallow úp | death in | victory || and the Lord God will wipe awaý | tears from | off all | faces ;

And the rebuke of His people shall He take away from óff | all the | earth || fór the | Lord hath | spoken | it.

And it shall be said in that daý, Lo | this is our | God || we have waitéd for | Him, and | He will | save us :

This is the Lórd ; we have | waited for | Him || we will be glád, and re- | joice in | His sal- | vation.

In that day shall this song be súng in the | land of | Judah | We have a strong city, salvation will Gód ap- | point for | walls and | bulwarks.

Open | ye the | gates || that the righteous nation which keepéth the | truth may | enter | in.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mínd is | stayed on | Thee || be- | cause he | trusteth in | Thee.

Trust yé in the | Lord for | ever || for in the Lord Jehováh is | ever- | lasting | strength.

## 750. ISAIAH.

THE wilderness and the solitary pláce | shall be | glad || and the desert shall rejoíce and | blossom | as the | rose.

Ít shall | blossom a- | bundantly || and rejóice | even with | joy and | singing.

Strengthen yé the | weak | hands || ánd con- | firm the | feeble | knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be stróng | fear | not || behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompensé | He will | come and | save you.

Then the eyes of the blínd | shall be | opened || and the eárs of the | deaf shall | be un- | stopped.

Then shall the lame mán | leap as an | hart || ánd the | tongue of the | dumb shall | sing.

For in the wildernéss shall | waters break | out || and | streams | in the | desert.

The parched gróund shall be- | come a | pool || and the thirstý | land | springs of | water.

And a highway shall be thére | and a | way || and it shall be calléd the | way of | holi- | ness.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous béast shall go | up there- | on || bút the re- | deemed shall | walk | there.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and cóme to | Zion with | songs || and with everlastíng | joy up- | on their | heads.

They shall obtaín | joy and | gladness || and sorrów and | sighing shall | flee a- | way.

## 751. ISAIAH.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my peoplé | saith your | God || speak ye comfortablý | to Je- | rusa- | lem.

And cry unto her, that her warfaré | is ac- | complished || that hér in- | iqui- | ty is | pardoned.

The voice of one that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare yé the | way of the | Lord || make straight in the desért a | highway | for our | God.

Every valleý shall | be ex- | alted || and every mountaín and | hill shall | be made | low.

And the crookéd shall | be made | straight || ánd the | rough | places | plain.

And the glory of the Lórd shall | be re- | vealed || and áll | flesh shall | see it to- | gether.

A voice said, Cry ! and he sáid | What shall I | cry || all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereóf is | as the | flower of the | field.

The grass witheréth, the | flower | fadeth || but the wórd of our | God shall | stand for | ever.

O Zion that bringest good tidings, get thee up intó the | high | mountain || O Jerusalem that bringest good tidíngs, | lift up thy | voice with | strength.

Lift it úp, be | not a- | fraid || say unto the citiés of | Judah, Be- | hold your | God !

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His árm shall | rule | for Him || behold, His reward is with Hím, and His | recom- | pense be- | fore Him.

He shall feed His flóck | like a | shepherd || He shall gather the lambs with His árm and | carry them | in His | bosom.

## 752. ISAIAH.

SING, O heavéns, and be | joyful, O | earth || break | forth into | singing, O ! mountains ;

For the Lórd hath | comforted His | people || and will háve | mercy on | His af- | flicted.

The Lord shall comfort Zion, He will comfórt | all her waste | places || and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desért | like the | garden of the | Lord.

Joy and gladnéss shall be | found there- | in || thanksgivíng | and the | voice of | melody.

For ye shall gó | out with | joy || ánd be | led | forth with | peace ;

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before yoú | into | singing || and all the trées of the | field shall | clap their | hands.

Instead of the thórn, shall come | up the | fir-tree || and instead of the brír | shall come | up the | myrtle-tree ;

And it shall be to the Lórd | for a | name || for an everlasting sígn that | shall not | be cut | off.

## 753. ISAIAH.

THUS saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternitý, whose | name is | holy || I dwéll in the | high and | holy | place ;

With him also that is of a contrité and | humble | spirit || to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revíve the | heart | of the | contrite.

I will bring the blind by a wáy that they | know not | of || I will lead thém in | paths that they | have not | known.

I will make darknéss | light be- | fore them || and | crooked | things | straight.

When thou passest through the watérs | I will be | with thee || and through the rivérs, they | shall not | over- | flow thee :

When thou walkest through the firé, thou | shalt not be | burned || neither sháll the | flame | kindle up- | on thee.

For I ám the | Lord thy | God || the Holy Oné of | Isra- | el, thy | Saviour :

I', even | I, am the | Lord || and beside Mé | there is | no | Saviour.

For a small moménts | have I for- | saken thee || but with greát | mercies | will I | gather thee.

In a little wrath I hid My face from thée | for a | moment || but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thée | saith the | Lord thy Re- | deemer.

For the mountains shall depárt, and the | hills be re- | moved || but My kindnéss shall | not de- | part from | thee,

Neither shall the covenánt of My | peace be re- | moved || saith' the | Lord, that hath | mercy | on thee.

## 754. ISAIAH.

How beautifúl up- | on the | mountains || are the féet of | Him that | bringeth good | tidings,

That publisheth peace; that bringéth good | tidings of | good || that publisheth salvation; that sáith unto | Zion | Thy God | reigneth!

Thy watchmén shall | lift up the | voice || with the voicé to- | gether | shall they | sing;

For they shall sée | eye to | eye || whén the | Lord shall | bring again | Zion.

Break | forth into | joy || sing together, ye wasté | places | of Je- | rusalem:

For the Lórd hath | comforted His | people || He | hath re- | deemed Je- | rusalem.

The Lord hath made baré His | holy | arm || ín the | eyes of | all the | nations;

And áll the | ends of the | earth || shall sée the sal- | vation | of our | God.

## 755. ISAIAH.

ARISE, shiné, for thy | light is | come || and the glorý of the | Lord is | risen up- | on thee.

For, behold, the darknéss shall | cover the | earth || and | gross | darkness the | people:

But the Lórd shall a- | rise upon | thee || and His glorý | shall be | seen up- | on thee,

And the Gentilés shall | come to thy | light || and kíngs to the | brightness | of thy | rising.

Lift up thine eyés round a- | bout, and | see || all they gather themselvés to- | gether, they | come to | thee:

Thy sóns shall | come from | far || and thy daughtérs shall be | nursed | at thy | side.

Therefore thy gatés shall be | open con- | tinually || they shall nót be | shut | day nor | night;

That men may bring unto thee the forcés | of the | Gentiles || and thát their | kings | may be | brought.

Violence shall no moré be | heard in thy | land || wastíng nor de- | struction with- | in thy | borders;

But thou shalt cáll thy | walls Sal- | vation || and | —thy | gates | Praise.

The sun shall be no moré thy | light by | day || neither for brightnéss shall the | moon give | light unto | thee;

But the Lord shall be unto thee an evér- | lasting | light || and | thy | God thy | glory.

Thy sun shall gó | no more | down || neither shall thy | moon with- | draw it- | self;

For the Lord shall be thine evér- | lasting | light || and the daýs of thy | mourning | shall be | ended.

## 756. WISDOM.

WISDOM is glorious, and nevér | fadeth a- | way || she is easily seen of them that love hér, and | fond of | such as | seek her.

She goeth about, seeking súch as be | worthy | of her || and meetéth | them in | every | thought.

For the beginning of wisdóm is the de- | sire of dis- | cipline || and the cáre of | discip- | line is | love ;

And love is the keepíng | of her | laws || and the giving heed unto her láws is the as- | surance of | incor- | ruption ;

And incorruption maketh ús near | unto | God || therefore the desíre of | wisdom | bringeth a | kingdom.

She is a treasure unto mén that | never | faileth || which they that úse be- | come the | friends of | God.

For she is the breáth of the | power of | God || and a pure influencé | flowing | from the Al- | mighty.

She is the brightness of the evér- | lasting | light || the unspotted mirror of the power of Gód and the | image | of His | goodness.

And in all ages, enteríng into | holy | souls || she maketh thém | friends of | God and | prophets.

O God of our fathérs, and | Lord of | mercy || who hast máde | all things | with thy | word,

Give us wisdom, that sittéth | by Thy | throne || and reject us nót | from a- | mong Thy | children.

## 757. WISDOM.

GOD created mán to | be im- | mortal || and made him to be an imagé | of his | own e- | ternity.

The souls of the righteoús are in the | hand of | God || ánd there | shall no | torment | touch them.

In the sight of the unwisé they | seemed to | die || and their departure is taken for misery, and their goíng from | us to be | utter de- | struction ;

But théy | are in | peace || for though they be pun-

ished in the sight of men, yet is their hópe | full of | immor- | tality.

Having been a little chastenéd, they shall be | greatly re- | warded || for God proved them, and foúnd them | worthy | for Him- | self.

As gold in the furnacé | hath He | tried them || and received thém | as a | burnt | offering.

The righteous livé for | ever- | more || their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of thém is | with the | most | High.

Therefore shall they receivé a | glorious | kingdom || and a crown of beautý | from the | Lord's | hand.

## 758. ECCLESIASTICUS.

How great is the lovingkindnéss of the | Lord our | God || and His compassion unto súch as | turn unto | Him in | holiness.

Unto such as repent, he grantéth | them re- | turn || and comfortéth | them that | fail in | patience.

Ye that fear the Lórd be- | lieve | Him || hope for good, and for evér- | lasting | joy and | mercy.

Look at the generatións of | old and | see || did ever any trust in the Lord and were confoundéd, or | whom did He | ever des- | pise?

Return unto the Lórd and for- | sake thy | sins || máke thy | prayer be- | fore His | face.

Turn again to the most High, and turn awáy | from in- | iquity || for He will lead thee out of darknéss | into the | way of | light.

As a drop of water unto the séa, and as a | grain of | sand || so are a thousand yéars to the | days | of e- | ternity.

Therefore is Gód | patient with | men || and pouréth | forth His | mercy up- | on them.

The mercy of mán is to- | ward his | neighbour || but the mercý of the | Lord is up- | on all | flesh.

He reprovéth, and | chasteneth, and | teacheth || and bringéth a- | gain as a | shepherd his | flock.

For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering and | very | pitiful || who shall find out His noble acts, and who shall tell oút the | number of | His | mercies?

## 759. ECCLESIASTICUS.

LET us call to remembrancé the | great and | good || through whom the Lórd hath | wrought | great | glory;

Those who were leaders of the peoplé | by their | judgment || giving counsél by their | under- | standing and | foresight;

Wise and eloquént | in their | teachings || and through knowledge and míght fit | helpers | of the | people.

All these were honouréd in their | gener- | ation || and weré the | glory | of their | times.

There be some who have léft a | name be- | hind them || whose remembrance is swéet as | honey | in all | mouths;

And there be somé who have | no me- | morial || who are perishéd as | though they had | never | been.

But their righteousnéss has | not been for- | gotten || and the glory of their wórk | cannot be | blotted | out.

Their bodiés are | buried in | peace || but their namé | liveth for | ever- | more.

The people will téll | of their | wisdom || and the congregatión will | show | forth their | praise.

For the memorial of virtué | is im- | mortal || because it is knówn with | God and | with | men.

When it is present, mankind také ex- | ample | of it || and when it is goné, they | earnest- | ly de- | sire for it.

It weareth a crówn, and | triumpheth for | ever || having gotten the victory strivíng for | unde- | filed re- | wards.

The righteous shall be in evér- | lasting re- | membrance || and the memorý of the | just | shall be | blessed.

Though a good lifé hath | but few | days || yet a góod | name en- | dureth for | ever.

Though the righteous be ovér- | taken by | death || they shall be at rest, their soúls are | in the | hand of | God.

Though they perísh from the | sight of | men || yet is their hopé | full of | immor- | tality.

## 760. LUKE.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel || for He hath visitéd | and re- | deemed His | people.

And hath raised up a mightý sal- | vation | for us || ín the | house of His | servant | David.

As He spake by the moúth of His | holy | prophets || which have béen | since the | world be- | gan;

To perform the mercy promiséd to | our fore- | fathers || ánd to re- | member His | holy | covenant.

That we might serve Hím | without | fear || in holiness and righteousnéss | all the | days of our | life.

To give knowledge of salvatión | unto His | people || for the re- | mission | of their | sins.

Through the tender mercý | of our | God || whereby the day-spríng from on | high hath | visited | us;

To give light to them that sit in darknéss, and in the | shadow of | death || and to guide our féet | into the | way of | peace.

## 761. LUKE.

MY soul doth mágni- | fy the | Lord || and my spirít hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

For He hath regarded the low estaté of | His hand- | maiden || for behold, from henceforth all genér- | ations shall | call me | blessed.

For He that is mighty hath doné to | me great | things || and | holy | is His | name.

And His mercý is on | them that | fear Him || from genér- | ation to | gener- | ation.

He hath shewed stréngth | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the imágin- | ation | of their | heart.

He hath put down the mightý | from their | seats || and exaltéd | them of | low de- | gree.

He hath filled the hungrý | with good | things || and and the rích He | hath sent | empty a- | way.

He hath holpén His | servant | Israel || ín re- | membrance | of His | mercy:

As He spaké | to our | fathers || to Abrahám, and | to His | seed for | ever.

## 762. MATTHEW.

BLESSÉD are the | poor in | spirit || for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.

Blesséd are | they that | mourn || for | they | shall be | comforted.

Blesséd | are the | meek || for | they shall in- | herit the | earth.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thírst | after | righteousness || for | they | shall be | filled.

Blesséd | are the | merciful || for | they shall ob- | tain | mercy.

Blesséd are the | pure in | heart || for | they shall | see | God.

Blesséd | are the | peacemakers || for théy shall be | called the | children of | God.

Blessed are they that are persecutéd for | righteousness' | sake || for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.

## 763. I CORINTHIANS.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of mén | and of | angels || and | have not | chari- | ty,

I am becóme as | sounding | brass || or | as a | tinkling | cymbal.

And though I háve the | gift of | prophecy || and understánd all | mysteries | and all | knowledge,

And though I have all faith, so that I' could re- | move | mountains || and have nót | charity | I am | nothing.

And though I bestow all my góods to | feed | the | poor || and though I gíve my | body | to be | burned,

And | have not | charity || it | profiteth | me | nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind, charitý | envieth | not || charity vaunteth not hersélf | is not | puffed | up;

Seekéth | not her | own || is not easily provokéd | thinketh | no | evil;

Rejoicéth | not in in- | iquity || búť re- | joiceth | in the | truth;

Beareth all thíngs, be- | lieveth | all things || hopéth | all things, en- | dureth | all things.

Charitý | never | faileth || but whether there bé | prophecies | they shall | fail;

Whether there be tongués | they shall | cease || whether there be knowledgé | it shall | vanish a- | way.

Fór we | know in | part || ánd we | prophe- | sy in | part;

But when thát which is | perfect is | come || then that which ís in | part shall be | done a- | way.

For now we sée through a glass | darkly || but | then | face to | face;

Nów I | know in | part || but then shall I knów, even as | also | I am | known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charitý | these | three || búť the | greatest of | these is | charity.

## 764. 1 JOHN.

BEHOLD what manner of love the Fathér hath be- | stowed up- | on us || that wé should be | called the | sons of | God.

Now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appéar | what we | shall be || but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for wé shall | see Him | as He | is.

And every man that háth this | hope in | him || purifieth himsélf | even as | He is | pure.

Whosoever doeth not righteousnéss is | not of | God || neither hé that | loveth | not his | brother.

He that loveth nót | knoweth not | God || for | God | is | love.

No man hath seen Gód at | any | time || if we love one another, God dwelleth in ús, and His | love is | perfected | in us.

Hereby know we that we dwell in Hím and | He in | us || becáuse He hath | given us | of His | spirit.

God | is | love || and he that dwelleth in love, dwelléth in | God, and | God in | him.

## 765. REVELATION.

AND I heard a great voicé out of | heaven | saying || Behold the tabernacle of God is with mén, and | He will | dwell with | them.

And théy shall | be His | people || and God Himsélf shall be | with them, and | be their | God.

And God shall wipe away all teárs | from their | eyes || and there shall be no more deáth | neither | sorrow nor | crying.

Neither shall there bé | any more | pain || for the formér | things are | passed a- | way.

And he shewed me that great cityý, the | holy Je- | rusalem || descendíng | out of | heaven from | God.

And I sáw no | temple there- | in || for the Lord God Almighty and the Lámb | are the | temple | of it.

And the city had nó | need of the | sun || neithér of the | moon to | shine in | it.

For the glorý of | God did | lighten it || and the Lámb | is the | light there- | of.

And the nations of thém | which are | saved || shall | walk in the | light of | it.

And the kings of the eárth do | bring their | glory || and | honour | into | it.

And the gates of it shall not be shút at | all by | day || fór there | shall be | no night | there.

## 766. TE DEUM.

WE praisé | Thee, O | God || we acknowledgé | Thee to | be the | Lord.

All the eárth doth | worship | Thee || the | Father | ever- | lasting.

To Thee all angéls | cry a- | loud || the heavéns and | all the | powers there- | in.

To Thée | Cherubim and | Seraphim || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry :

Holy | holy | holy || Lord | God of | Saba- | oth ;

Heavén and | earth are | full || óf the | majesty | of Thy | glory.

The glorious companý | of the a- | postles || praise | ... | ... | Thee.

The goodly fellowshíp | of the | prophets || praise | ... | ... | Thee.

The nóble | army of | martyrs || praise | ... | ... | Thee.

The holy chúrch throughout | all the | world || doth | ac- | knowledge | Thee ;

The Fá- | ... | ther || óf an | in- | finite | majesty.

Thine honoúr- | able | true || and | on- | ly | Son.

Alsó the | Holy | Ghost || the | com- | fort- | er.

Thou | art the | King || of | glo- | ry, O | Christ.

Thou art the evér- | lasting | Son || the | Son | of the | Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thée to de- | liver | man || Thou didst nót ab- | hor his | low es- | tate.

When Thou hadst overcomé the | sharpness of | death || Thou didst open the kingdóm of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.

Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God || ín the | glory | of the | Father.

Wé be- | lieve | that | Thou || art | exalted to | be our | Judge.

We therefore pray Thée | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast redeeméd | with Thy | precious | blood.

Make them to be numberéd | with Thy | saints || in | glory | ever- | lasting.

O Lórd | save Thy | people || and | bless | —Thine | heritage.

Gov- | —ern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever.

Day | by | day || we | mag- | ni- | fy Thee;

And we | worship Thy | name || ever | world | without | end.

Vouch- | safe, O | Lord || to keep ús | this day | without | sin.

O Lórd, have | mercy up- | on us || have | mer- | cy up- | on us.

O Lord, let Thy mercý | lighten up- | on us || ás our | trust | is in | Thee.

O Lórd, in | Thee have I | trusted || lét me | never | be con- | founded.

## 767. Te Deum.

We práise | Thee, O | Lord || we acknowledgé | Thee to | be the | Lord.

All the eárth doth | worship | Thee || the | Father | ever- | lasting.

To Thee, all angéls | cry a- | loud || the heavéns and | all the | powers there- | in.

To Thée | Cherubim and | Seraphim || con- | tinually do | cry,

Holy | holy | holy || Lord | God Al- | might- | y,

Heavén and | earth are | full || óf the | majesty | of Thy | glory.

The glorious companý | of the ap- | ostles || praise | ... | ... | Thee.

The goodly fellowshíp | of the prophets || praise | ... | ... | Thee.

The nóble | army of | martyrs || praise | ... | ... | Thee.

The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world || doth | ac- | knowledge | Thee,

The | Fa- | ther || óf an | in- | finite | majesty;

Thine honourable, trúe, be- | loved | Son || alsó the | Holy | Spirit, the | Comforter.

O Lórd | save Thy | people || and | bless Thine | herit- | age.

Go- | vern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever.

Day | by | day || we | magni- | fy | Thee,

Ánd we | worship Thy | name || éver | world with- | out | end.

Vouch- | safe, O | Lord || to keep ús | this day | without | sin.

O Lórd, have | mercy up- | on us || have | mer- | cy up- | on us.

O Lord, let Thy mercý | lighten up- | on us || ás our | trust | is in | Thee.

O Lórd in | Thee have I | trusted || lét me | never | be con- | founded.

## 768. BENEDICITE.

BLESSED art | Thou, O Lórd | God of our | fathers || and to be praised and exaltéd above | all for | e- | ver.

And | blessed is Thy glorioús and | holy | name || and to be praised and exaltéd above | all for | e- | ver.

Blessed art | Thou in the templé of Thy | holy | glory || and to be praised and glorifiéd above | all for | e- | ver.

Blessed art | Thou that beholdest the depths and sittést up- | on the | cherubim || and to be praised and exaltéd above | all for | e- | ver.

Blessed art | Thou on the glorioús | throne of Thy | kingdom || and to be praised and glorifiéd above | all for | e- | ver.

Blessed art | Thoú in the | firmament of | heaven || and to be praised and glorifiéd above | all for | e- | ver.

O | all ye works of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O ye | heavens | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O ye | angels of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O | all ye powers of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O | let the eárth | bless the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O | all ye things that grow on the eárth | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O ye | children of mén | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O ye | servants of the Lórd | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O ye | souls of the righteoús | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

O ye | holy and humble men of heárt | bless ye the | Lord || praise and exalt Hím above | all for | e- | ver.

## 769. *The Strain of Praise.*

THE strain upraise of joy and praisé,
Alle- | lu | ia ! ||
To the glory of their King
Shall his faithfúl | people | sing ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia !

And the choírs that | dwell on | high ||
Shall re-echó | through the | sky ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia !

They through the fiélds of | Paradise who | roam ||
The blessed ones, repéat from | that bright | home ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia !

The planets glitteríng on their | heavenly | way ||
The shining constellatións | join and | say ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye wínds on | pinions | light ||
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightníngs | wildly | bright ||
In swéet con- | sent u- | nite || your
Alle- | lu- | ia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye stórms and | winter | snow ||
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frót and | summer | glow ||
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorioús | forests | sing ||
Alle- | lu- | ia !

First let the birds, with paintéd | plumage | gay ||
Exalt their great Creatór's | praise, and | say ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia !

Then let the beasts of eárth, with | varying | strain ||
Join in creation's hýmn, and | cry | again ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia !
Here let the mountains thundér | forth so- | norous ||
Alle- | lu- | ia ||
There let the valleys síng | in gentle | chorus ||
Alle- | lu- | ia !
Thou jubilant abýss of | ocean | cry ||
Alle- | lu- | ia ||
Ye tracts of earth and cónti- | nents, re- | ply ||
Alle- | lu- | ia !
To God, who áll cre- | ation | made ||
The frequent hýmn be | duly | paid ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia !
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lórd Al- | mighty | loves || Alle- | lu- | ia ||
This is the song, the heavenly song, our Gód Him- | self ap- | proves || Alle- | lu- | ia !
Wherefore we sing, both heárt | and voice a- | waking ||
Alle- | lu- | ia ||
And children's voices echó | answer | making ||
Alle- | lu- | ia !
Now from all mén | be out- | poured ||
Alleluia | to the | Lord ||
With Alleluia | ever- | more ||
Our God and Fathér | we a- | dore.
Praise be givén to the | only | One ||
Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia || Alle- | lu- | ia ||
Amen !

## 770. *Praise.*

WE praise Theé in Thy | power, O | God || we | praise Thee | in Thy | sanctity ||

We praise Thee, who reignést in the | furthest | heavens || we praise Thee, who dwellest in our inmost souls, our Lórd and | hidden | Comfort- | er.

No voice can dulý pro- | claim Thy | greatness || no heart can comprehend Thy goodness, O Thóu | Father of | all our | spirits.

The longings of the spirít are | inex- | haustible || ónly | Thou canst | fill the | heart.

When it is emptý, and | aching for | Thee || hungerfng and | thirsting | for Thy | righteousness,

Thou | visitest | it || with | peace un- | speaka- | ble.

With Thee there is no miserý to | the dis- | tressed || but sorrów is | hallowed, and | pain is | sweetened.

And hardship is assuagéd, and | fear is | calmed || for Thine own nature is blessedness, and Thóu | makest Thy | worshippers | blessed.

Yea, blesséd | is Thy | presence || O | Lord, most | ho- | ly!

Blessed is it to dwell with Thée | and to | know Thee || to rést on | Thee | and to | serve Thee.

Blesséd shall the | nations | be || when | Thy | glory is | recognized.

When all who lové | Thee u- | nite || to succoúr | and to | raise the | weak.

Strengthen us in life or death, in thís and in | every | life || to be Thine in déed, as | we are | Thine in | right.

To obey cheerfullý, to | strive | loyally || to suffer meeklý, to en- | joy | thankful- | ly.

So shall we love Theé | while we | live || ánd par- | take | of Thy | joy;

And triumph over sorrów, and ful- | fil Thy | work || and be numbered with Thy sáints, and | die | on Thy | bosom

## 771. *The True Light.*

Lo ! at léngth the | true | light || light for every mán | born | into the | world ;

Kindling the fáce of | them that re- | ceive it || till théy be- | come the | sons of | God.

Cease, blinding gloriés | of the | heavens || which | none could | see and | live !

Cease, gross darknéss | of the | earth || where the righteoús put | forth their | hands and | fear !

The veil betwéen is | taken a- | way || ánd the | mingling | day-spring | comes ;

No longer is the dwelling of eternal lifé too | bright a- | bove || and the perishablé | world too | dark be- | low.

The Son of Gód hath | dwelt a- | mong us || fúll of | grace | and | truth.

The Son of Mán hath gone | up on | high || made perfect through sufferíng | for the | holy of | holies.

He | is our | peace || giving us access by óne | spirit | to the | Father ;

No móre | strangers and | exiles || but fellow-citizens with the sáints | and of the | household of | God.

O Lord Almightý ! we had | said of | Thee || "Thy thoúghts are | not as | our | thoughts ;"

But Thou hast looked on us as with the pitý | of a | man || and raised ús to | think the | thoughts of | God.

We had said, "Our righteousness reacheth nót | unto | Thee || or tó the | holy ones | of Thy | presence;"

But Thou hast made one familý | there and | here || one living communión of | seen and | un- | seen.

We had said, "Thou layest men fást in | everlasting | sleep" || but lo ! they sléep into | ever- | lasting | waking.

Blessed be the Lord God, that givéth | beauty for | ashes || and the garment of práise | for the | spirit of | heaviness.

## 772. *The Advent of God.*

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | ages || who nevér | ceaseth to | draw more | nigh.

His voice in the morning of the wórld was | heard from | far || in the evening He speaketh at the door, and enteréth to a- | bide with | us for | ever.

Manifold are Thy witnesses O God, and the angels of Thíne in- | visible | presence || else | had we | never | known Thee.

How should man that is born as the wild ass's colt strétch his | wisdom to | Thee || to Thée | save to Thy- | self, Un- | searchable?

Though Thou unsealest the líght for | all that | live || and lookest through the dóors | of the | shadow of | death;

Though Thou causest the day-spríng to | know its | place || and sayest to the sea, "Hére shall | Thy proud | waves be | stayed;"

Though Thou seest the énd | from the be- | ginning || and weavest the agés as a | work up- | on the | loom;

Yet lo! Thou goest by ús, and we | see Thee | not || Thou passest on alsó, and | we per- | ceive Thee | not.

For the days of man are passéd, like the | swift | ships || and his line reachéth | not to | Thee, E- | ternal!

Till Thou didst look for him upon the eárth | he was | not || and when Thou sayest "Retúrn," | he is | no | more.

But Thy years are countléss | as the | stars || from everlasting to evér- | lasting | Thou art | God.

Hadst Thou not rememberéd our | low es- | tate || and bent to ús with Thy | testimonies | from of | old;

We had been in darknéss and the | shadow of | death || and the líght of Thy | countenance | had been | hid.

But the firmaménť de- | clareth Thy | glory || the | prophets pro- | claim Thy | judgments;

The righteous wonder at Thy láw | in their | heart || and the songs of Zión make | melo- | dy to | Thee.

Lo! these are a párt | of Thy | mercies || yet how littlé a | portion is | heard of | Thee!

## 773. *Holy Day.*

I WAS glad when my companións | said unto | me || Cóme, it | is our | holy | day;

Let us go into the hoúse | of the | Lord || let ús | take sweet | counsel to- | gether;

Let our feet stánd with- | in His | gates || and heart and voíce give | thanks | unto | Him.

Blessed be the temple hallowéd | by His | name || práy for | peace with- | in its | walls,

Peace to young and óld that | enter | there || peace to every sóul a- | biding | there- | in.

For friends' and brethren's sake, I will nevér | cease to | say || Peace | be with- | in | thee!

What though for Him who filléth | heaven and | earth || there can be nó | dwelling | made with | hands;

What though His way is in the deep, and His knowledgé too | wonderful | for us || and before Him we áre as | children that | cannot | speak;

Yet, touched by the altár's | living | glow || we léarn as an | infant to | lisp His | name;

And try the wíngs that | beat for His | refuge || and flée as a | bird | to the | mountain.

O Lord when we cry unto Thée | from the | deep || and wait for Thée as | they that | wait for the | morning;

Thou wilt have regárd to | our en- | treaty || the sigh of the lowlý | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.

Not long, O Lord, shall we feel after Thee, in thése | courts be- | low || not long wilt Thou hearkén to | these | faltering | lips.

Our fathers Thou hast calléd to Thy | higher | praise || and gathered to their fathérs must | all the | children | be.

Let the dead and living praise Thee, O Gód, a- | bove, be- | low || let all the genér- | ations | praise | Thee.

Let the glorified company of the | first- | born || whose nánes are | in the | book of | life;

Let angéls | in the | height || praise Thée, who | dwellest | in the | heavens;

Let Thy church on éarth | praise | Thee || the delight of whose wisdóm is | in the | children of | men.

O hóuse of the | Lord's | praise || peace bé to | them that | love | thee!

If I' for- | get | thee || may my ríght | hand for- | get its | cunning.

## 774. *The Father of Mankind.*

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel || who draweth the eyes of all natións | to His | holy | hill;

And saith, "Living waters shall go óut | from Jer- | usalem || and turn the éarth | into a | fruitful | field."

Though Abrahám be | ignorant | of us || and | Ísrael ac- | knowledge us | not;

Thou, O Lord, art our Fathér | our Re- | deemer || Thy náme | is from | ever- | lasting.

Great art Thou in counsél and | mighty in | work || Thine eyes are upón | all the | sons of | men;

To write upon their héarts that | they may | know Thee || from the léast | even | unto the | greatest.

Through the tender mercý | of our | God || the day-spríng from on | high hath | visited | us,

To give light to them that sit in darknéss and the | shadow of | death || and to guide our féet | into the | ways of | peace.

He is found of thém that | sought Him | not || and pursueth the sóuls that | had for- | gotten | Him.

O Lord, give unto Thy people a pure speech, that they may cáll up- | on Thy | name || to sérve | Thee with | one con- | sent;

To preach glad tidíngs | unto the | meek || and proclaim the acceptablé | year | of the | Lord.

## 775. A Psalm of Trust.

Marvellous thíngs of the | Lord our | God || have we héard | and our | fathers have | told us.

Repeat to their childrén His | ancient | praise || that the generatións may | set their | hope in | God.

They that trust in the Lord, shall bé as His | holy | hill || which | cannot | be re- | moved.

As the mountains are róund a- | bout Jer- | usalem || so the Lórd en- | compasseth | them for | ever.

The secret of the Lórd is with | them that | fear Him || in the time of trouble He hidéth | them in | His pa- | vilion.

In the day-time He leadeth thém | with a | cloud || and in the níght | with a | light of | fire.

Though they fall, they shall nót be | utterly cast | down || for the Lórd up- | holdeth them | with His | arm.

They shall not be afráid of | evil | tidings || fór their | times are | in His | hands.

Because their heart is not haughtý nor their | eyes | lofty || and they are quíet | as a | weaned | child;

Thereforé He | lifteth them | up || and girdeth them with míght | though they | know it | not.

Commit thy way unto the Lord, wáit | patiently | for Him || and thóu shalt | never | be for- | saken;

He will draw thee out óf the | dark | waters || and shów | thee the | path of | life.

Who is among yoú that | feareth the | Lord || yet walkéth in | darkness, and | hath no | light?

Let him surely trúst | in the | Lord || and | stay up- | on his | God.

Lift up your éyes | to the | heavens || and lóok up- | on the | earth be- | neath;

The heavens shall vanísh a- | way like | smoke || and the earth shall wáx | old | like a | garment;

And théy that | dwell there- | in || shall | die in | like | manner;

But the salvation of the Lórd shall | be for | ever || and His righteousnéss | shall | not | fail.

## 776. THE CITY OF GOD.

GLORIOUS thíngs of | thee are | spoken || Jerusalém | city | of our | God.

Of thee it shall be said, Hére were the | prophets | born || hére the | most | High was | known;

Look on the mountaín | of His | holiness || a líght and | joy to the | whole | earth;

Mark well her tówers, and con- | sider her | bulwarks || that ye may tell ít to | gener- | ations to | come.

O Zión that | bringest good | tidings || lift úp thy | voice to | every | age;

Let the watchmen crý | from thy | palaces || Be- | hold | —your | God!

As a banner from thy walls, an ensígn | from a- | far || ís the | testi- | mony of | Israel.

For darknéss | covered the | earth || and gróss | dark- | ness the | people;

But the Lord aróse as a | light up- | on thee || ánd His | glory was | seen up- | on thee;

Till the Gentiles cáme | to thy | light || and thy walls were called salvatión | and thy | gates | praise.

We will remembér the | days of | old || the years of the right hánd | of the | most | High;

We will meditaté on | all His | work || and wríte His | law up- | on our | hearts.

O Lord Thou art a Gód that | doest | wonders || Thou hast declaréd Thy- | self a- | mong the | people.

Thy wáy is | in the | sanctuary || who is so gréat a | God as | our | God?

## 777. EVERLASTING LOVE.

HOLY is Thy name, O Lord, Thóu art | God a- | lone || Thy glory is in the earth and heavén, and Thy | witness in | all the | nations.

Who hath not heard of Thee from the visión | of Thy | prophets || and met Theé in the | secrets | of the | heart?

Our fathers have told ús Thy | wonders of | old || how Thou calledst them by the tendér | voice of the | Son of | Man:

And therein we toó | weary and | listening || still | find | — our | rest.

With Thee may we live as childrén | with a | father || lovéd with an | ever- | lasting | love:

Seeking not our ówn | will, but | Thine || that we may be perféct as | Thou | art | perfect.

Lay on us the cróss of | others' | sorrows || if thus we may fulfíl the | healing | sufferings of | Christ.

Remind us in every troublé | of the | soul || that for this causé | came we | unto this | hour.

And when at last we commit our spirít | unto | Thee || receive us into the highér | mansions | of Thy | house.

## 778. The Song of the Lamb.

Sing no móre the | song of | Moses || lift on hígh the | song | of the | Lamb;

For the former thíngs have | passed a- | way || and heaven and eárth | have be- | come | new.

Ó Jer- |usalem, Jer- | usalem || thy childrén re- | fused | to be | gathered;

But a Zion of heavenlý | pattern de- | scends || whose | builder and | maker is | God.

The tabernacle of Gód | is with | men || He dwelleth nót in | temples | made with | hands.

The templé of our | holy Jer- | usalem || are the Lord Gód Him- | self | and the | Lamb;

They are the líght that | lighten | it || though | sun and | moon should | fail.

All dáy its | gates are | open || and no níght | shuts the | way of | mercy.

Come to the river of Gód | in the | midst || to him that is athirst He givéth of its | living | waters | freely.

Cóme to the | tree of | life || whose leaves are fór the | healing | of the | nations.

Blessed be the Lórd that | draweth | nigh || and openeth deep thíngs of the | Spirit to | them that | love Him ;

And calleth the kingdóms | of this | world || to be the kingdóms of our | God and | of His | Christ.

## 779. God, our Creator, Father, and Saviour.

The Lord is our Creatór, we will | glorify | Him || our Father, and we will love Him; our Savioúr, and | we will | trust in | Him.

Praise Hím | heaven and | earth || all that is abové and be- | low | praise | Him.

Praisé | Him, my | soul || all that ís with- | in me | praise | Him.

The Lord is plenteoús in | loving- | kindness || and áll His | ways are | ways of | mercy.

Day after daý | night after | night || the univérse pro- | claims His | good- | ness.

All thíngs de- | clare His | love || it shines in the brightness of the sún, and in the | beauty of | field and | flower.

The | food that | nourisheth || kind friends and happý | homes are | all His | gifts.

The Lórd is the | Saviour of | sinners || mágni- | fy His | holy | name.

He delivereth the wicked from the bonds of iniquity,

He healéth the | wounded | soul || He giveth eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf, joy to the sorrowfúl | and new | life to the | dead.

Daily He goeth through our streets and knockéth | at our | doors || offering the breád of | life to | starving | children.

With base ingratitude they revile Him and transgress His wíll, for they | know Him | not || yet He has lové and com- | passion | unto the | wicked.

His nature is love, anger and vengeancé He | knoweth | not || Hé is | patient | and long- | suffering.

He delighteth not in the miserý | of the | sinner || and will nót | suffer | him to | perish.

He is the Good Shepherd who goeth aboút to | seek and to | save || and rejoicéth | when the | lost is | found.

His mercý | vanquisheth | sin || and who can measure the length and breadth and dépth of | His re- | deeming | love?

## 780. A Morning Litany.

Blessed be Thoú, Lord | God of our | fathers || and our God who turnést the | shadow of | night into | morning;

Who makest night and daý | darkness and | light || and lightenest our eyés | that they | sleep not in | death.

Thou Eternal and Ineffablé | Fountain of | Life || renew our souls with Thy breathíng, and | make us | children of | light.

Teach us to do the thing that pleaseth Thée, for | Thou art our | God || and let not our days be spent in vanitý | nor our | years in | sorrow.

Remove from us foolish thoughts, and let not our ears be quíck to | evil | sound || but be opén to the in- | struction | of Thy | oracles.

Let our speech be out of the abundancé of a | pure | heart || and help us to do some work which may be acceptablé | in | Thy | sight.

## 781. An Evening Litany.

We thank Thee, Lórd, for the | day that is | gone || make bríght to | us the | coming | night.

When life's long daý is | grey with | evening || make líght to | us the | time of | age.

Cast us not awaý in the | time of | weakness || but be our strength' and our | Friend when | strength | faileth us.

Perféct Thy | strength in | us || and when day is far spént | lighten | our | darkness.

As the Lord has granted His lovingkindnéss | in the | day time || at even will we lift up our heads in the sanctuarý and | praise the | God of our | life.

Through all chances and changés | Thou a- | bidest || and givest ús | songs | in the | night.

Lord, as we ádd | day to | day || let us nót | add | sin to | sin.

In whatsoever we have sinned, let ús re- | pent | truly || and hélp | Thou our | unre- | penting.

Let Thy mercy be greatér than | all our | offences || and beyond our guílt | let Thy | love a- | bound.

Heal, O Life-givér every | wound of the | past || take away the shamé, and | cleanse us | from our | sin.

Vouchsafe, O Gód | rest to our | weariness || and visit us with visions of wisdóm and | with re- | freshing | peace.

Shelter our slumbér with the | wing of Thy | pity || and when we awaké | may we be | still with | Thee.

## 782. A Litany of Thanksgiving.

O Lord, open Thóu our | lips with | goodness || and let our speech show fórth Thy | praise | with | power.

Make perfect the turníng of our | hearts unto | Thee || and let us love múch | sincé to | us much is | given.

O bless the Eternál | and Un- | speakable || for His Godheád and | power and | provi- | dence.

Praise Him who has broúght us | into | life || who has upheld us hitherto, and will be our guidé | even | unto the | end;

Through the tender merciés | of our | God || the Day-spríng from on | high hath | visited | us.

Thine is the beauty of the world, and Thine alsó is the | light in- | visible || whatsoevér is | true and | good with- | in us;

All holy writings and teachíngs, and | all helpful | thoughts || are rays from Thy brightnéss, with | whom is no | night for | ever.

Though our sins be many, yet the multitudé of Thy | mercies pre- | vail || and Thou dost hear us in our tíme of | need, and | give us | peace.

Glory to Thee, O Lórd, for | life and | reason || fór pro- | tec- | tion and | guidance.

Thy love is in all our gífts of | training and | prayer || Thy grace in naturé | and Thy | purpose in | chance.

Thiné are | all our | friends || the smiles of home, and the human love that beárs and | puts a- | way our | sin.

Blaming ourselvés, we | bless Thee, O | Lord || to think of Thee is peacé, to | love | Thee is | joy.

## 783. A Litany of Penitence.

Lord, who knowest all things, and lovest all mén | better than Thou | knowest || Thiné is | might and | will to | save us.

With Thee is tendernéss and | multitude of | mercies || in pardoning the sins of yeárs, and | not chas- | tising | willingly.

Remember not, Lord, the shame of to-day, nor the dark story of | days gone | by || but after Thine infinité | pity | deal with | us.

Let Thy love plead with Thee to také a- | way our | sins || and to save ús | even | as our | fathers.

Save us from all hopeless shamé | and re- | morse || and deliver ús in | every | day of | judgment.

Save us from all hardness of heart, and áll | blindness of | soul || and from all things that separate ús from each | other | and from | Thee.

Make our thoughts the lively echoés of | Thy com- | mands || and wín our af- | fections | for Thy | kingdom.

Help us to offer to Thee the sacrificé | of the | life || ánd to ful- | fil Thy | will in | well-doing.

For Thy name's sake perféct Thy | work in | us || and let ús | live | as Thy | children.

Our hope is ín Thy | goodness for | ever || O let us not go hencé till our | eyes have | seen Thy sal- | vation.

## 784. Thanksgiving.

Let all Thy wórks | praise Thee, O | Lord || and Thy childrén re- | joice in | thanking | Thee.

Thine is our breáth, and | Thine our | likeness ||

Thou quickenest our minds, and makést | fine the | springs of | conscience.

From Thee came anciént revel- | ation and | writing || deep sayíngs of | prophets and | songs of | praise.

From Thee are all the wise wórds of | olden | time || the counsels of trúth, and | worship of | prayer and | deed.

O everlasting Teachér | of man- | kind || from Thee comé the | workers of | good for | ever.

Thine are the revivers of godlinéss | in the | world || and the sowérs of | winged | seeds of | truth.

Thine, O Lord, is the great companý | of our | ancestors || the sacréd | truth-tellers | and brave | patriots ;

All makers of story and song and the mastérs of | harmony are | Thine || and the puré | suffer- | ers for | goodness.

Whoevér has | vanquished | evil || and in faith and hopé | gone through | labour for | right.

Lord, let not áll Thy | work be in | vain || whereby Thou dost redeem our racé, that | it may par- | take of Thy | glory.

If stories of old time fade, and earthlý | parables | fail || let Thy kindness be ever néw, and | truth become | perfect | in us.

Open to us the door of faith, and of a new mínd, and of | deep | insight || and the God of óld will be | known as the | Living | Friend.

## 785. A National Anniversary.

Blessed is the natión whose | God is the | Lord || the people that Hé hath | chosen for | His in- | heritance.

Opén | ye the | gates || that the righteoús | nation may | enter | in.

For when the righteous are in authoritý the | people re- | joice || but when the wickéd bear | rule the | people | mourn.

Woe unto thee, O land, when equitý | cannot | enter || when judgmént is | turned a- | way | backward;

When justice standéth a- | far | off || and trúth is | fallen | in the | street;

When thy rulers follów | after re- | wards || and their | eyes are | blinded with | bribes;

When none bringéth his | suit with | justice || and | no one | pleadeth with | truth.

Blesséd art | thou, O | land || whén thy | law is | not | slackened;

When thou makést thy | rulers | righteousness || and | —thine | officers | peace;

When each despiséth the | gain of op- | pression || and shakéth his | hands from | holding | bribes;

When he respecteth not the persón | of the | poor || nor honouréth the | person | of the | mighty;

But in righteousnéss | serveth the | people || and establishéth true | judgment | in thy | gates.

Then shall violence be no moré | heard in thy | land || wastíng and de- | struction with- | in thy | borders.

Then shall justicé roll | down as | waters || and righteousnéss | as a | mighty | stream.

And thou shalt cáll thy | walls Sal- | vation || and | —thy | gates | Praise.

For righteousnéss ex- | alteth a | nation || and injusticé is a re- | proach to | any | people;

And in righteousnéss hath the | Lord | called thee || and given thée | for a | light to the | kingdoms.

O God, we have heard with our eárs, and our | fathers have | told us || what wórks Thou didst in their dáys and | in the old | times be- | fore them.

Our lines have fallen unto ús in | pleasant | places || yeá we | have a | goodly | heritage.

O give thanks unto the Lórd, for | He is | good || fór His | mercy en- | dureth for | ever.

And práy for the | peace of our | country || all théy shall | pros- | per who | love Thee.

## 786. SPRING.

LO, the wintér is | over and | gone || the flowers appeár a- | gain | on the | earth,

The time of the singíng of the | birds has | come || and the voicé of the | dove is | heard in our | land;

The orchards put fórth their | green | fruit || and the vinés are | fragrant with | tender | grapes.

The cóld came | out of the | north || by the breáth of | God the | frost was | given.

The dúst | grew into | hardness || ánd the | clods cleaved | fast to- | gether.

The waters were híd as | with a | stone || ánd the | face of the | deep was | frozen.

Thou sendest oút Thy | word and | meltest them || Thou causest Thy wind to blów | and the | waters | flow.

Thou visitést the | earth and | waterest it || Thou waterést the | hills there- | of a- | bundantly;

Thou sendest raín | into the | valleys || and | makest them | soft with | showers;

Thou satisfiést the | desolate | ground || and | blessest the | springing there- | of.

Wherefore if God so clothé the | grass of the | field || will He not much moré | care | for His | children?

The grass witheréth, the | flower | fadeth || but the mercý of the | Lord en- | dureth for | ever.

## 787. CHRISTMAS OR EASTER.

BLESSÉD be the | Lord | God || for He hath not léft Him- | self with- | out a | witness.

But hath spoken by the moúth of His | holy | prophets || which have béen | since the | world be- | gan.

That we should serve Hím | without | fear || in holiness and righteousnéss | all the | days of our | life.

Through the tender mercý | of our | God || a dayspríng from on | high hath | visited | us.

Giving light to thóse who | sit in | darkness || and guiding our féet | into the | way of | peace.

How beautifúl up- | on the | mountains || are the féet of | Him that | bringeth good | tidings.

That | publisheth | peace || that proclaiméth glad | tidings | of sal- | vation.

He shall nót | strive nor | cry || nor cause His voicé to be | heard | in the | street.

A bruised réed shall | He not | break || and the smokíng | flax shall | He not | quench.

He shall not fafl nor | be dis- | couraged || till He have establishéd | equity | on the | earth.

The spirit of the Lórd shall | rest up- | on Him || the spirít of | wisdom and | under- | standing.

The spirít of | counsel and | might || the spirit of knowledgé | and of the | fear of the | Lord.

Anointing Him to preach good tidíngs | to the | poor || to bínd | up the | broken- | hearted.

To comfórt | those who | mourn || to proclaím | liberty | to the | captives.

The opening of the prisóns to | thóse who are | bound || to announcé the | new year | of the | Lord.

In Him did the fulnéss of the | spirit | dwell || and of His fulnéss | may we | all par- | take.

In Him was the Word made flésh, and | dwelt a- | mong us || fúll of | grace | and | truth.

In Hím was | life and | light || and whoso followeth Hím | shall not | walk in | darkness.

He went aboút | doing | good || and the commón | people | heard Him | gladly.

He came to bear witnéss | to the | truth || and every one that is of the trúth | heareth | His | voice.

Being madé | perfect through | suffering || He became obedient unto deáth | even the | death of the | Cross.

He finished the wórk that was | given Him to | do || and being lifted úp | draws all | men unto | Him.

# ANTHEMS.

## 788. *O Lord, my God.* (1 C.P.*)

O LORD, my God, hear Thou the prayer Thy servant prayeth: have Thou respect unto his prayer. Hear Thou in Heav'n, Thy dwelling place, and when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

*Rev. C. Malan, D.D.*

## 789. *Lord, for Thy tender mercies' Sake.* (2 C.P.)

LORD, for Thy tender mercies' sake, lay not our sins to our charge, but forgive that is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful lives, to decline from sin and incline to virtue, that we may walk with a perfect heart before Thee now and evermore.

*R. Farrant.*

## 790. *Incline Thine Ear.* (3 C.P.)

INCLINE Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me. O save me for Thy mercies' sake.

*Himmel.*

* Number in Congregational Psalmist. *See* Preface.

**791.** *Comfort, O Lord, the Soul of Thy Servant.* (4 C.P.)

COMFORT, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant, for unto Thee do I lift up my soul.

*Dr. Crotch.*

**792.** *Holy is the Lord our God.* (6 C.P.)

HOLY, holy, holy, is the Lord our God, glorious in His high abode. Angels praise the heav'nly King, men on earth His glory sing.

*Abbé Vogler.*

**793.** *O Praise God in His Holiness.* (7 C.P.)

O PRAISE God in His holiness, praise Him in the firmament of His power. Praise Him in His noble acts; praise Him according to His excellent greatness. Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet; praise Him upon the lute and harp; praise Him in the cymbals and dances; praise Him upon the strings and pipe. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

*J. Weldon.*

**794.** *Be Thou exalted, O God.* (12 C.P.)

BE Thou exalted, O God, above the heav'ns, let Thy glory be above all the earth. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise. Awake up my glory, awake psaltery and harp. I myself will awake early. I will praise Thee, O Lord, among the people; I will sing unto Thee among the nations; for Thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and Thy truth unto the clouds.

*August Kreissman.*

## 795. *Like as the Hart.* (13 C.P.)

LIKE as the hart desireth the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God.

*Vincent Novello.*

## 796. *Turn Thy Face from my Sins.* (25 C.P.)

TURN Thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds. Make me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

*Thomas Attwood.*

## 797. *Let Thy Mercy.* (29 C.P.)

LET Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee.

*From a "Miserere," by Haydn.*

## 798. *God be Merciful unto us.* (37 C.P.)

GOD be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause Thy face to shine upon us. Hide not Thy face from us in times of trouble. God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause Thy face to shine upon us, and give us peace.

*Haydn.*

## 799. *Teach me, O Lord.* (40 C.P.)

TEACH me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

*Thomas Attwood.*

## 800. *O Lord, my Strength.* (43 C.P.)

O LORD, my strength, to Thee I pray; turn not Thou Thine ear away. Grant me, Lord, Thy love to share; feed me with a shepherd's care. Thou my rock and fortress art; Thou the refuge of my heart.

*Auber.*

## 801. *The Sacrifices of God.* (46 C.P.)

THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

## 802. *Ho, every one that Thirsteth.* (50 C.P.)

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye, O come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat. Yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come, O come, unto the waters of life.

*Arranged from Mozart by R. Palmer.*

## 803. *Sing unto the Lord.* (55 C.P.)

SING unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness. For His anger endureth but a moment, and in His favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

*E. Prout.*

## 804. *Enter not into Judgment.* (56 C.P.)

ENTER not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.

*T. Attwood.*

**805.** *Teach me Thy Way.* (58 C.P.)

TEACH me Thy way, O Lord: I will walk in Thy truth. O knit my heart to Thee that I may fear Thy name. O turn Thou unto me: have mercy upon me.

*From Spohr.*

**806.** *O Praise the Lord, all ye Heathen.* (59 C.P.)

O PRAISE the Lord, all ye heathen: praise Him all ye nations. For His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise the Lord.

*Earl of Wilton.*

**807.** *Sanctus.* (60 C.P.)

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

*Haydn.*

**808.** *The Lord is in His Holy Temple.* (63 C.P.)

THE Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

*Sir G. J. Elvey.*

**809.** *Holy, Holy, Holy is God our Lord.* (67 C.P.)

HOLY, holy, holy is God our Lord, the Almighty One: He that is, and He that was, and is to come.

*Spohr.*

## 810. *Hear my Prayer, O Lord.* (69 C.P.)

HEAR my pray'r, O Lord; give ear to my supplications. In Thy faithfulness answer me, and in Thy righteousness.

*From Winter.*

## 811. *O Taste, and see, how gracious.* (70 C.P.)

O TASTE, and see, how gracious the Lord is: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O fear the Lord, ye that are His saints, for they that fear Him lack nothing. The lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good.

*Sir John Goss.*

## 812. *Blessed is He who cometh.* (71 C.P.)

BLESSED is He who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

*Ch. Gounod.*

## 813. *Behold the Lamb of God.* (73 C.P.)

BEHOLD the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. All ye that pass by, come see if ever sorrow was like unto His. O Lamb of God, we bless Thee; Thy sore humiliation, for us who now confess Thee, has wrought a great salvation; O King of kings, we praise Thee, with heart and voice we raise Thee, now and through every generation, loud songs of ceaseless adoration.

*Arranged from F. Silcher.*

## 814. *Gloria in Excelsis.* (76 C.P.)

GLORY be to God on high, and in earth peace, good-will towards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father.

*E. Prout.*

## 815. *Therefore with Angels.* (78 C.P.)

THEREFORE with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name; evermore praising Thee and saying, Holy, holy, Lord God of hosts; heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high.

*Vincent Novello.*

## 816. *O be Joyful.* (80 C.P.)

O be joyful, sing, and rejoice before the Lord, give thanks unto Him that reigneth for ever, for His mercy reacheth unto the heav'ns and His faithfulness unto the clouds. Thou, O Lord, dost sit above the heavens, Thou commandest the waters, and Thou rulest the

raging of the sea. O let not my foes triumph over me. Blessed for ever, blessed be God the Lord in all places of His dominion. He is good and gracious, showing mercy unto them that call on His holy name. His excellent majesty shall last for ever and ever.

*Haydn.*

**817.** *Swiss Morning Hymn.* (81 C.P.)

MORN awakes in silence, still in the vaulted sky, stars with fading lustre, gem its canopy; hail, then, hail, fair morning's gleam! Praise to Him who kindleth every sunny beam; swell your grateful voices, bend in adoration, praise the Lord of Light; Lord of every land and nation, thron'd in boundless might.

*Franz Abt.*

**818.** *Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel.* (82 C.P.)

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock. Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth. Hallelujah!

*Bortnianski.*

**819.** *But the Lord is mindful of His own.* (86 C.P.)

BUT the Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His children. Bow down before Him ye mighty, for the Lord is near us! yea, the Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His children.

*Mendelssohn. Arranged by G. A. Löhr.*

**820.** *The Earth is the Lord's.* (91 C.P.)

THE earth is the Lord's and all that therein is, the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein: for

He hath founded it upon the seas, and prepared it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall rise up in His holy place? Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart, and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

*W. H. Monk.*

821. *Sanctus.* (92 C.P.)

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who wast, and art, and art to come. Who shall not fear Thee and glorify Thy name; for Thou alone art holy?

*R. Schumann.*

822. *Holy is the Lord.* (94 C.P.)

HOLY is the Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and earth are full of His glory. Hosanna in the highest.

*Haydn.*

823. *O Lamb of God.* (95 C.P.)

O LAMB of God that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Grant us Thy peace.

*Ch. Gounod.*

824. *Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge.* (102 C.P.)

LORD, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, ere the earth was formed or the world made, Thou art God from everlasting. O teach us to number our days, and apply our hearts unto wisdom. Satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon, so shall we rejoice and

be glad all the days of our life. Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory, and the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us. O prosper the work of our hands.

*Dr. Gauntlett.*

**825.** *Sanctus.* (103 C.P.)

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high.

*E. Prout.*

**826.** *All ye Nations praise.* (105 C.P.)

ALL ye nations praise the Lord, all ye lands, your voices raise! Heav'n and earth, with one accord, praise the Lord for ever, praise! Praise the Lord all ye lands, praise the Lord, for ever praise! For His truth and mercy stand, past and present, and to be, like the years of His right hand, like His own eternity.

*W. F. Müller.*

**827.** *The Lord is gracious.* (106 C.P.)

THE Lord is gracious, and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy. The Lord is good, and His tender mercies are over all His works.

*A. E. Grell.*

**828.** *How lovely are Thy dwellings.* (108 C.P.)

HOW lovely are Thy dwellings fair! O Lord of hosts, how dear the pleasant tabernacles are, where Thou dost dwell so near.

*Spohr.*

**829.** *O worship the Lord.* (1 C.C.H. *)

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before Him, all the earth. Honour and majesty are before Him; strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.

**830.** *They that wait upon the Lord.* (5 C.C.H.)

THEY that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint.

Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

*G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.*

**831.** *God, my Help.* (7 C.C.H.)

GOD, my help, unto Thee I lift my eyes; hear, O Lord, my prayer; leave me not in trouble, God, my help; and leave me not in days of grief. O God, my help, show Thy mercy.

*M. Hauptmann.*

**832.** *Look up to God.* (8 C.C.H.)

LOOK up to God and bless His name, thy broken heart will then find peace; His streams of mercy never cease, and hosts on high His powers proclaim.

O trust Him; soon He'll hear thy cry, and send thee comfort, peace, and joy. His justice like the hills remains; His providence the world sustains.

*M. Hauptmann.*

* Number in Congregational Church Hymnal. *See* Preface.

## 833. *The Heavens proclaim Him.* (9 C.C.H.)

THE heavens proclaim Him with ceaseless devotion, the Eternal's name o'er all is heard; His praise is echoed by earth and by ocean, receive, O man, their Godlike word.

He holds the stars in the firmament glowing, he bids the sun in splendour rise; in songs of gladness we join to adore Him, our God all-good, all-great, all-wise.

*Beethoven.*

## 834. *I will arise.* (12 C.C.H.)

I WILL arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.

*R. Cecil.*

## 835. *How lovely are the Messengers.* (20 C.C.H.)

HOW lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace. To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words; throughout all the lands their glad tidings.

*Mendelssohn.*

## 836. *O Death, where is thy Sting?* (23 C.C.H.)

O DEATH, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

*A. H. Brown.*

**837.** *Worthy is the Lamb.* (24 C.C.H.)

WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

*C. Darnton.*

**838.** *What shall I render?* (25 C.C.H.)

WHAT shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people. Praise ye the Lord.

*A. H. Brown.*

**839.** *Create in me a clean heart, O God.* (26 C.C.H.)

CREATE in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

*E. Prout.*

**840.** *Thine, O Lord, is the greatness.* (27 C.C.H.)

THINE, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that

is in the heaven and the earth are Thine, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head over all.

*J. Kent (adapted by W. Shore).*

**841.** *Lift up your Heads.* (28 C.C.H.)

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, mighty in battle. He is the King of glory.

*J. L. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.*

**842.** *Christ is risen.* (30 C.C.H.)

CHRIST is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb.

*J. Goss, Mus. Doc.*

**843.** *Sleepers, wake: a Voice is calling.* (31 C.C.H.)

Sleepers, wake: a voice is calling; it is the watchman on the walls, thou city of Jerusalem. For lo, the Bridegroom comes! Arise, and take your lamps. Hallelujah! Awake! His kingdom is at hand. Go forth to meet your Lord.

*Mendelssohn.*

**844.** *The Lord is my Strength.* (32 C.C.H.)

THE Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation. Open me the gates of righteousness, that I may go into them, and give thanks unto the Lord. The same stone which the builders refused is

become the head stone in the corner. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Hallelujah.

*W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.*

**845.** *O love the Lord.* (33 C.C.H.)

O LOVE the Lord, all ye His saints, for the Lord preserveth them that are faithful, and plenteously rewardeth the proud doer. Be strong and He shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord.

*Arthur Sullivan.*

**846.** *What are these that are arrayed?* (34 C.C.H.)

HALLELUJAH! What are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

*J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.*

**847.** *O Lord my God.* (36 C.C.H.)

O LORD my God, hear Thou the prayer Thy servant prayeth; have Thou respect unto his prayer. Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

*S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.*

**848.** *O Lord, how manifold are Thy works.* (37 C.C.H.)

O LORD, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of Thy riches. The valleys stand so thick with corn, that they laugh and sing. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

*J. Barnby.*

**849.** *Blessed are the Merciful.* (38 C.C.H.)

BLESSED are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

*H. Hiles, Mus. Doc.*

**850.** *It is high time to awake out of sleeep.* (39 C.C.H.)

IT is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

The night is far spent; the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

*J. Barnby.*

**851.** *Rejoice in the Lord.* (40 C.C.H.)

REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous; for it becometh well the just to be thankful.

Praise the Lord with harp; sing praises unto Him with the lute and instrument of ten strings.

*G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.*

**852.** *He that shall endure.* (41 C.C.H.)

HE that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

*Mendelssohn.*

## 853. *Cast thy Burden.* (42 C.C.H.)

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He will never suffer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee.

*Mendelssohn.*

## 854. *Arise, Shine, for thy Light is come.* (52 C.C.H.)

ARISE, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

*G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.*

## 855. *There were Shepherds.* (54 C.C.H.)

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, goodwill towards men.

*C. Vincent, Mus. Doc.*

**856.** *O Lord and Ruler.* (56 C.C.H.)

O LORD and Ruler of the house of Israel, who didst appear to Moses in a flame of fire in the bush, and gavest him the law in Sinai, come and redeem us with an outstretched arm. Come, Lord Jesus! Come!

*E. Prout.*

**857.** *O Dayspring.* (59 C.C.H.)

O DAYSPRING, brightness of the everlasting Light, and Sun of righteousness. O Dayspring, come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Come, Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus, come!

*J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.*

**858.** *O Shepherd of Israel.* (63 C.C.H.)

O SHEPHERD of Israel and Lord over the house of David, whose goings forth have been of old from everlasting, come and feed Thy people in Thy strength, and rule over them with justice and judgment. O come, Lord Jesus!

*G. A. Macfarren, R.A.M.*

**859.** *Grant, we beseech Thee.* (68 C.C.H.)

GRANT, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people, pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*J. Booth.*

**860.** *Jubilate Deo.* (75 C.C.H.)

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands, serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a

song. Be ye sure that the Lord, He is God; it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people and the sheep of His pasture. O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise. Be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name. For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth from generation to generation. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

*G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc.*

**861.** *Nunc dimittis.* (77 C.C.H.)

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

*J. Baptiste Calkin.*

**862.** *Magnificat.* (78 C.C.H.)

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden. For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name. And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations. He hath showed strength with His arm. He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the

mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away. He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel, as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed for ever. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

*E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc.*

## 863. *Cantate Domino.* (80 C.C.H.)

O SING unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things. With His own right hand and with His holy arm hath He gotten Himself the victory. The Lord declared His salvation; His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen. He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel, and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands, sing, rejoice, and give thanks. Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving, with trumpets also and shawms. O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King. Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is, the round world and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord, for He cometh to judge the earth; with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

*E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc.*

## 864. *Deus Misereatur.* (81 C.C.H.)

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise Thee. O let the nations rejoice and be glad, for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

*E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc.*

## 865. *Lift up your Hearts.* (82 C.C.H.)

LIFT up your hearts. We lift them up unto the Lord. Let us give thanks unto the Lord our God. It is meet and right so to do. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, holy Father almighty, everlasting God.

Therefore, with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee and saying,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

*J. Barnby.*

# INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

END.

## ERRATA.

Preface, page 7, for *Mr.* read *Mrs.* Alexander.
Hymn 148, last line, for *me* read *we.*
Hymn 286, for *Gannelt* read *Gannett.*
Hymn 308, line 10, for *by* read *be.*
Index, page 641, line 11, for *something* read *somehow.*